

J. HUGHES ESQ.

G. Kneller Eq: Bar: Pinx: 1718.

G. Vander Gucht Sculp.



J. HUGHES ESQ.

G. Kneller Eq: Bar: Pinx: 1718.

G. Vander Gucht Sculp.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WITH SOME

SELECT ESSAYS IN PROSE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By *JOHN HUGHES*, Esq;

ADORN'D WITH SCULPTURES.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON *and* J. WATTS.

MDCCXXXV.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

39c

To the Right Honourable

EARL *COWPER*.

My Lord,

IT has been observed by Mr. *Hughes*, that * "an "Editor of the Works of "a dead Author ought to consider "himself as a kind of Executor of "his Will; which he shou'd endea-

* *Dedication of* SPENSER's *Works to the late* SOMMERS.

" your to perform with the ſame
" Care, and, in every Circumſtance,
" after the ſame Manner he believes
" the Author himſelf would have
" done, if living."

With this Rule for my Direction, I could not be at a Loſs to whom I ſhould addreſs the following Collection of Mr. *Hughes*'s Works. YOUR LORDSHIP has an Hereditary Title to them; and (if That were wanting) there would ſtill be a Propriety in offering the Works of our fineſt *Lyrick* Poet to the Patronage of a young Nobleman, who makes it his Pleaſure to promote and cultivate the polite Arts.

The

DEDICATION.

The Friendſhip with which Your LORDSHIP's Noble Father was pleaſed to honour the Author, will convey his Character to Poſterity in the faireſt Light; and, at the ſame time, reflects a Luſtre on his own. It is recorded, as a remarkable Diſtinction, in the Life of our celebrated Poet *Spenſer*, that he was admired and beloved by Sir *Philip Sidney*, who was eſteemed the moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman of the Age in which he lived. The Parallel is obvious.

To be temperate in the Bloom of Youth and amid the Allurements of Pleaſure, humble in a high Station,

and courteous to Inferiors, has such an irresistible Grace, that it is impossible not to admire so amiable a Character, tho' I am not allowed to apply it.

Your LORDSHIP's particular Indulgence (of which I have a just Sense) encourages me to gratify my Ambition, in declaring with how much Zeal I am,

MY LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S *most Obliged,*

and most Obedient Servant,

10 April, 1735.

WILLIAM DUNCOMBE.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Royal Paper of Mr. *Hughes*'s Works.

A.

ANT. ALLEN, *Esq; One of the Masters of the* High Court *of* Chancery.
The Reverend Dr. Atwell, *Rector of* Exeter-College, Oxon.
Mrs. Adams.
Mrs. Abney.

B.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford.
Her Grace the Dutchess of Bedford.
His Grace the Duke of Buckinghamshire.
His Grace the Duke of Bridgewater.
His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh.
Monsieur L'Abbé de Bignon.
Lady Brooke, *Two Sets.*
Mountague Brooke, *Esq;*
Mrs. Bulstrode.
John Barrington, *Esq;*
Tho. Borret *of the* Inner-Temple, *Esq;*
Alex. Bayne, *Esq; Professor of Law at* Edinburgh.
John Baker, *Esq;*
John Bridges, *Esq;*
Levett Blackbourne, *Esq;*
Isaac Hawkins Brown, *Esq;*
James Brockman, *Esq;*
Richard Banner, *Esq;*
John Bridger *of* Canterbury, *Esq;*
John Brown, *Esq;*
The Reverend Dr. Bowes.
Charles Boehm, *Esq;*
Mr. Edm. Boehm, *Merchant.*

The

Francis Bernard *of* Chriſt-Church, Oxon, *Eſq;*
John Burford, *Fellow of* King's-College, Cambridge, *Eſq;*
Tho. Baxter, *Eſq;*
The Reverend Mr. Brooke *of* York.
The Reverend Mr. John Bunce, *Jun.*
Mr. Rob. Berkeley, *Merchant.*
Mr. Rob. Bewlay.
Mrs. Mary Barber.
Mrs. Bendiſh.
Mrs. Berners.
Mr. Thomas Becke *of* Lincoln.

C.

The Right-Honourable Earl Cowper, *Twelve Sets.*
Her Grace the Dutcheſs of Cleveland.
The Right Honourable the Lady Caroline Cavendiſh.
The Right Honourable the Lady Eliza Cavendiſh.
The Right Honourable the Lady Rachael Cavendiſh.
The Right Honourable the Lady Carolina Campbell.
The Right Honourable the Lady Sarah Cowper.
The Right Honourable the Lady Cobham.
Sir William Clayton, *Bart.*
The Lady Clayton.
Kenrick Clayton, *Eſq;*,
Sir Clement Cotterel, *Maſter of the Ceremonies.*
Sir George Cook.
The Honourable Spencer Cowper, *Eſq;*
The Honourable Dr. Carmichael.
The Honourable Colonel Churchill.
William Cowper, *Eſq; Clerk of the Parliament.*
The Reverend Dr. Cowper.
Aſhley Cowper, *Eſq;*
Miſs Mary Cowper.
Richard Comyns, *Eſq; Serjeant at Law.*
John Covell *of* Wisbech, *Eſq;*
Roger Coningsby, *Eſq;*
The Honourable William Cavendiſh, *Eſq;*
Henry Cavendiſh, *Eſq;*
William Colvert, *Eſq;*
The Reverend Dr. Croxall.

Charles

harles Clark *of* Lincoln's-Inn, *Esq;*
illiam Cheſelden, *Esq; Surgeon to Her Majeſty.*
hn Clavering, *Esq;*
ontague Chamberlayne, *Esq;*
he Reverend Mr. Chamberlayne.
ugh Corry, *Esq;*
hilip Caldicot *of* Lincoln's-Inn, *Esq;*
Mrs. Crawford.
he Reverend Mr. Chandler, *Chancellor of the Diocese of* Durham.
Mr. John Cook.
Mr. Abraham Crop, *Merchant.*
Mrs. Cotton.
Dr. Cranmer *of* Kingſton.
Mr. Martin Clare, *Maſter of the Academy in* Soho-Square, F. R. S.
Mr. William Colvill.

D.

His Grace the Duke of Devonſhire.
The Right Honourable the Earl of Dalkeith.
The Right Honourable Sir Conyers D'Arcy, *Knight of the* Bath.
William Drake, *Esq;*
Anthony Duncombe, *Esq;*
Francis Duncombe *of* Broughton, *Esq;*
John Duncombe *of* Stocks, *Esq; Four Sets.*
Mrs. Duncombe, *Two Sets.*
Miſs Duncombe.
John Duncombe *of* Barley-End, *Esq;*
John Denew *of St.* Stephen's *near* Canterbury, *Esq;*
The Reverend Dr. Denne, *Arch-Deacon of* Rocheſter.
Mrs. Elizabeth Denne.
The Reverend Mr. D'Oyley.
Mr. William Dillingham, *Apothecary, Two Sets.*
Thomas Lee Dummer, *Esq;*
The Honourable Edward Digby, *Esq;*
Peter Ducane, *Esq;*
Thomas Delaſaye, *Esq; of* Merton-College, Oxon.
Mr. John Duncombe *of* Berkhamſted.

Richard

Albert Delande *of* Grays-Inn, *Esq;*
Richard Ducane, *Esq;*
Francis Dayrell, *Esq;*
Charles Dunſter, *Esq;*
Mr. Andrew Drummond, *Banker.*
Mr. Deacon.

E.

The Honourable Richard Edgcumbe, *Esq;*
Sir John Eyles, *Bart.*
Sir Joſeph Eyles.
John Effington, *Esq;*
Miſs Eyles.
Mrs. Ekens.
Mrs. Edwards.

F.

The Right Honourable the Counteſs of Ferrers.
The Right Honourable the Lady Anne Finch.
The Right Honourable the Lord Fitz-Williams.
The Right Honourable Duncan Forbes, *Esq; Lord-Advocate for* Scotland.
John Fawler *Esq; one of the Commiſſioners of His Majeſty's Navy.*
William Forteſcue, *Esq; Attorney-General to the Prince.*
Monſieur De Fontenelle, *Secretary to the Royal Academy of Sciences at* Paris.
Frederick Frankland, *Esq;*
Miſs Frankland.
Robert Fenwick, *Esq;*
Charles Fletewood, *Esq;*
John Fox, *Esq;*
Roger Flemyng, *Esq;*
The Reverend Mr. Thomas Fletcher.

G.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Grantham, *Two Sets.*
The Right Honourable Sarah, *Counteſs* Gyllenborg.
The Right Honourable Elizabeth, *Counteſs* Gyllenborg.

William

lliam Gore, *Esq;*
omas Gore, *Esq;*
. Philadelphia Gore.
g Gould, *Esq;*
rick Garden, *Esq;*
lliam Garforth, *Esq;*
nuel Morrice Gale, *Esq;*
's Green.
Reverend Mr. Garthorne.
. Richard Graham, *F. R. S.*
. Galliard.
. Ant. Giffard.
. George Green *of* Staple's-Inn.
Reverend Mr. Greenhill.

H.

Grace the Dutchess of Hamilton.
Right Honourable the Countess of Hertford.
Right Honourable the Lady Effingham Howard.
Right Honourable the Lady Archibald Hamilton.
Right Honourable the Lord Hardwicke, *Lord-Chief-Justice of the* King's-Bench.
Right Honourable the Lady Hardwicke.
Lady Hewett *of* Shire-Oaks *in* Nottinghamshire.
John Heathcote, *Bart.*
William Heathcote, *Bart.*
Francis Head, *Bart.*
orge Heathcote, *Esq;*
bert Harrison, *Esq;*
Reverend Dr. Herring, *Dean of* Rochester, *Two Sets.*
njamin Hoadly, *M. D.*
n Hoadly, *Esq;*
arles Hoskyns, *Esq;*
nshaw Halsey, *Esq;*
nry Harcourt *of* Penley, *Esq;*
ward Harrison, *Esq;*
rs. Elizabeth Hughes.
s Hughes.
frey Hetherington, *Esq;*
muel Hetherington, *Esq;*

John

John Hetherington, *Esq;*
Francis Hildesly, *Esq;*
William Huggenson *of* Provender, *Esq;*
William Hamilton, *Esq;*
Mr. James Henckell, *Merchant.*
Mr. Clement Hopfer.
Mr. Joseph Highmore, *Painter.*
William Hayton, *Esq;*
John Hayes, *Esq;*
Mr. John Hand.
Mrs. Mary Heron.

I.

The Honourable Lady Jekyll.
Philip Jennings, *Esq;*
John Idle, *Esq;*
Theodore Jacobson, *Esq;*
Miss Jefferies.

K.

His Grace the Duke of Kingston.
Sir Henry Hoo Keate, *Bart.*
Mrs. Knapp.
Colonel King.
Robert Knight, *Senr. Esq; Two Sets.*
Robert Knight, *Junr. Esq;*
Charles King, *Esq;*

L.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Lincoln.
Sir Thomas Lee, *Bart.*
The Honourable William Lee, *Esq; one of the Justices of the* King's-Bench.
The Honourable Charles Leigh, *Esq;*
The Honourable Mrs. Lumley.
Richard Lowndes *of* Winslow, *Esq;*
William Lowndes, *Esq;*
Charles Lowndes, *Esq;*
James Lightbourn, *Esq; one of the Masters of the* High Court *of* Chancery.
Thomas Life *of* Wisbech, *Esq;*

Mrs.

Mrs. Lindſey.
Hewling Luſon, *Eſq;*
Thomas Luck, *Eſq;*

M.

His Grace the Duke of Manchester.
The Right Honourable the Earl of Macclesfield.
Sir Roger Meredith, *Bart.*
The Honourable Mr. Mackenzie.
John Marſh, *Eſq;*
The Honourable Chriſtopher Montague, *Eſq;*
Henry Mountague, *Eſq;*
Edward Milles, *Eſq;*
Richard Mead, *M. D.*
Mrs. Mead.
The Reverend Dr. Conyers Middleton, *Principal Librarian of the Univerſity of* Cambridge.
The Reverend Mr. Miller.
Mrs. Elizabeth Martyn.
The Reverend Mr. Nicholas Moſley.
Major Madan.
Mrs. Madan.
The Reverend Mr. Richard Meadowcourt, *Fellow of* Merton-College, Oxon.
Mrs. Middleton.
Mrs. Mathews *of* Poland-Street.
Benjamin Martyn, *Eſq;*
Mrs. Hannah Martyn.
Mr. Mills.
Mr. Milward.

N.

The Right Honourable the Lord North *and* Guilford.
The Right Honourable the Lady Catherine Noel.
The Honourable Mrs. Suſan Noel.
The Honourable Mrs. Anne Needham.
The Reverend Dr. Nichols, *Maſter of* Weſtminſter-School.
The Reverend Dr. Noyes, *Prebendary of* Wincheſter.
Richard Norton, *Eſq;*
Mrs. Naſh.

O.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery.
Mrs. Offley.
Robert Ord, *Esq;*
Nathaniel Oldham, *Esq;*
The Reverend Mr. Chriſtopher Overend.

P.

Sir Gilbert Pickering, *Bart.*
The Honourable Mrs. Poyntz.
Robert Pauncefoot, *Esq; Sollicitor-General to the Prince.*
William Plumer, *Esq;*
Richard Plumer, *Esq;*
Preſcot Pepper, *Esq;*
Miſs Pyne.
Alexander Pope, *Esq;*
Charles Pitfield, *Esq;*
Thomas Pearſe, *Esq; one of the Commiſſioners of His Majeſty's Navy.*
The Reverend Mr. Chriſtopher Pitt, *late Fellow of* New-College, Oxon.
Henry Phillips, *Esq;*
Mr. Robert Poyntz.
Mr. Deane Poyntz.
Mrs. Catherine Powell.
Edward Pauncefort, *Esq;*
Governor Phipps.
The Reverend Mr. Evan Price, *Maſter of the Free-School at* Berkhamſted.
Mr. William Puryour.
Dr. Pepuſch.
Mrs. Porter.

Q.

Mr. Quin.

R.

The Right Honourable the Lord Raymond.

The

The Right Reverend Dr. Rundle, *Lord-Bishop of* London-Derry, *Two Sets.*
Sir John Rushout, *Bart.*
The Honourable Thomas Reeve, *Esq; one of the Justices of the* Common-Pleas.
Dudley Ryder, *Esq; Sollicitor-General to His Majesty.*
John Rooper, *Esq;*
John Roberts, *Esq;*
Walter Robertson *of* King's Lynn, *Esq;*
Mrs. Mary Rotherham, *Three Sets.*
Jones Redman, *M. D.*
Mrs. Rowe, *formerly Mrs.* Elizabeth Singer.
Mr. Richardson, *Painter.*

S.

The Right Honourable the Countess of Shaftesbury.
The Right Honourable the Countess of Sandwich.
The Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Say and Seal.
The Right Honourable the Lord Charles Scott.
The Right Honourable the Lady Jane Scott.
The Right Honourable the Lady Anne Scott.
The Right Honourable the Lady Mary Scott.
The Right Honourable the Lady Charlotte Scott.
The Honourable Mrs. Spenser.
His Excellency Baron Sparre, *Envoy Extraordinary from the King of* Sweden.
Sir William Stapleton, *Bart.*
Sir Thomas Sebright, *Bart.*
Sir Hans Sloane, *Bart. President of the* Royal-Society, *and of the* College of Physicians.
Samuel Savil, *Esq;*
Temple Stanyan, *Esq;*
Alexander Strahan, *Esq; Two Sets.*
John Strange, *Esq;*
The Reverend Dr. Swift, *Dean of St.* Patrick's.
Thomas Southerne, *Esq;*
John Seyliard, *Jun. Esq;*
Michael Seare, *Esq;*
Edmund Sawyer *of* Lincoln's-Inn, *Esq;*
Francis Scobel, *Jun. Esq;*

The Reverend Mr. Southerwood, *Fellow of* Kings-College, Cambridge.
William Sloane, *Esq;*
Thomas Sydenham, *Esq;*
Mrs. Stewart.
Coningsby Sibthorp, *Esq;*
The Reverend Mr. Samuel Say.
Miss Stocker.
Mr. Sydenham.
Mr. James Swaine.
Mr. Scott.
Mr. James Salmon.

T.

The Right Honourable Charles *Lord* Talbot, *Baron of* Hensol, *Lord High Chancellor of* Great-Britain.
The Right Honourable the Lord Tullamoor.
The Honourable William Talbot, *Esq;*
The Honourable Mrs. Talbot.
Sigismund Trafford, *Esq;*
Mrs. Trafford.
Robert Thoroton *of* Screveton, *Esq;*
Christopher Tilson, *Esq;*
Mark Thurston, *Esq; Accomptant-General to the High-Court of* Chancery.
Edmund Tyrrell, *Esq;*
Thomas Tyrwhit, *Esq;*
Edward Trotman, *Esq;*
James Tilson, *Esq;*
The Reverend Mr. Tomlinson.
Mr. Stephen Thompson.

U.

Samuel Underhill, *Esq;*

V.

Monsieur De Voltaire.

W.

s Excellency Earl Waldegrave, *Ambaſſador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of* France.
e Lord Biſhop of Winchester, *Prelate of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.*
e Honourable John Willes *Eſq; Attorney-General to his Majeſty.*
homas Woodford, *Eſq;*
icer Weldon, *Eſq;*
illiam Ward, *Eſq;*
mes Windlow, *Eſq;*
r. Richard Windlow.
ranville Wheeler *of* Otterden-Place, *Eſq;*
hn Wheake, *Eſq;*
r. Worſeley.
iſs Weſtern.
r. Ward, *Junior.*
iſs Wormby.
dward Willymot, *M. D. Phyſician to Her Majeſty.*
r. Weſtly.
rs. Wyat.
e Reverend Dr. Waldo.
e Reverend Dr. Watts.
e Reverend Mr. Gilbert Williams.
rs. Walton.
rs. Wilmot.
r. Nathaniel Witham.
r. John Wilmer *of* York.
r. Joſeph White.

Y.

e Reverend Edward Young, *L. L. D.*

CONTENTS of the PREFACE.

SOme Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Hugh
p. i. *to* xxx

His Character by Sir Richard Steele, *in the* Theat
Numb. XV. p. xxxviii. *to* x

Some Pieces by Mr. *Hughes*, Omitted in the Work

Ode in Aſted *Park.* p. x
To Mr. Conſtantine *on his Paintings.* p.
To Urania, *on her Arrival at* Jamaica. p.
Supplement to Mr. Milton's Il Penſeroſo. p.
A Letter to the Spectator. *Now firſt printed.* p.
Verſes to the Memory of Mr. Hughes. p.
Prologue on the Revival of The Siege of Damaſcus
the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 22 March, 1
p.

Contents of the Firſt Volume.

The Triumph of Peace. The Court of Neptune.
Houſe of Naſſau. p.
General Preface to the ſaid three Poems. p.
The Triumph of Peace: Occaſion'd by the Peace of
wick. 1697. p.
The Court of Neptune. *On King* William's *Ret*
from Holland, 1699. p.
The Houſe of Naſſau, *a* Pindarick *Ode*, 1702. p.
An Ode on the Death of a Friend. p.
Anacreon, *Ode the Third.* p.
The Story of Pyramus *and* Thisbe. *From the Fou*
Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes. p.
The Triumph of Love. In Imitation of Ovid, Amor
Lib. I. Eleg. 2. p.

Picture. p. 74
Elms. p. 76
the Friendship of Phœbe and Asteria; and the Sickness of the former. p. 77
p. 80
Octavia Indisposed. p. 81
ty and Musick. p. 83
id's Review. p. 85
a beautiful Lady playing on the Organ. p. 86
et. p. 87
a Painter. p. 88
the Author of Fatal Friendship, a Tragedy. p. 89
Divine Poetry. p. 92
For the Duke of Gloucester's Birth-Day, 1699. p. 93
a Peacock, finely cut in Vellum by Molinda. p. 94
Lucinda's Tea-Table. p. 96
March. p. 98
tten in a Lady's Prayer-Book. ibid.
on the Spring. For the Month of May. p. 99
race, Ode III. Book III. Translated. p. 102
enwich-Park. p. 106
Molinda. p. 110
Letter to a Friend in the Country. p. 111
race, Book II. Ode XXII. Imitated in Paraphrase. p. 113
race, Book III. Ode XVI. Imitated in Paraphrase. p. 116
Birth of the Rose. From the French. p. 120
Cantata's. Set to Musick by Dr. Pepusch. p. 125
ntata I. On English Beauty. p. 130
ntata II. Alexis. p. 136
ntata III. On the Spring. p. 134
ntata IV. Miranda. p. 136
ntata V. Corydon. p. 138
ntata VI. The Coquet. p. 139
Praises of Heroick Virtue. From the Fragments of Tyrtæus. p. 141

Under

Under the Print of Tom Briton, *the Muſical Small-co*
Man. p. 14
Song. ibi
Cantata. Set by Mr. D. Purcell. p. 14
Song. p. 14
Cantata. Cupid *and* Scarlati. p. 14
Cantata. Set by Signor Nicolini Haym. p. 14
Cantata. Paſtora. p. 14
A Paſtoral Maſque. p. 15
Cantata. Set by Mr. Galliard. p. 15
A Fragment. p. 15
From Claudian. p. 15
Cantata. p. 15
Cantata. The Soldier in Love. p. 16
An Ode in Praiſe of Muſick. Perform'd at Stationer
Hall, 1703. p. 16
Cantata. Apollo *and* Daphne. p. 16
A Thought in a Garden. p. 17
A Wiſh to the New Year, 1705. p. 17
Cantata. Set by Mr. Galliard. p. 17
An Ode for Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick. To the M
mory of William *Duke of* Devonſhire, 1707. *Set*
Dr. Pepuſch. p. 17
Epilogue. p. 18
The Tenth Book of Lucan's Pharſalia, *Tranſlated.* p. 18
The Firſt Act of the Miſer, a Comedy. Tranſlated fr
the French *of Monſieur* De Moliere. p. 21

ESSAYS.

Of Style. p. 2
Of the Pleaſure in being Deceived. p. 2
A Letter to Madam De V——. *From the French*
Monſieur De Fontenelle. p. 26
A Letter to Sempronia. *Deſign'd for the* Tatler. *N*
firſt printed. p. 2
Remarks on a Poem, entitled, The Prophecy of Nereus
p. 27

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE *and* WRITINGS OF *JOHN HUGHES*, Esq;

MR. *JOHN HUGHES*, the Son of a worthy Citizen of *London* by *Anne* the Daughter of *Isaac Burges*, Esq; a Gentleman of an ancient Family and good Estate in *Wiltshire*, was born at *Marlborough* in the said County, on the 29th of *January* 1677; but educated in *London*, and received the Rudiments of Learning at private Schools.

In the earliest Years of his Youth, he apply'd himself with Ardour to the Pursuit of the Sister

a Arts,

Arts, *Poetry*, *Drawing*, and *Muſick*; in each of which, by turns, he made a conſiderable Progreſs; but, for the moſt part, follow'd theſe, and other Studies of Humanity, only as agreeable Amuſements, under frequent Confinement from Indiſpoſition, and a continual Valetudinary State of Health. He had for ſome time an Employment in the Office of Ordinance; and was Secretary to two or three Commiſſions under the Great Seal, for purchaſing Lands for the better Securing the Docks and Harbours at *Portſmouth*, *Chatham*, and *Harwich*.

In the Year 1717, the Lord-Chancellor *Cowper* (to whom Mr. *Hughes* was then but lately known) was pleas'd, of his own Accord, and without any previous Solicitation, to make him his Secretary for the Commiſſions of the Peace, and to diſtinguiſh him with ſingular Marks of his Favour and Affection: And, upon his Lordſhip's laying down the Great Seal, he was, at his particular Recommendation, and with the readieſt Concurrence of his Succeſſor, continued in the ſame Employment under the Earl of *Macclesfield*.

He held the ſaid Place to the time of his Deceaſe, which happen'd on the 17th of *February* 1719, the very Night in which his Tragedy, of the title

titled, *The Siege of Damascus*, was first acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

Thus was he cut off by a Consumption, after a painful Life, at the Age of Forty-two, when he was just got into easy Circumstances, and advancing in Fame and Fortune. So just is the Reflexion of *Milton* in his *Lycidas*;

Fame is the Spur, that the clear Spirit doth raise,
(That last Infirmity of noble Mind,)
To scorn Delights, and live laborious Days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden Blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred Shears,
And slits the thin-spun Life. ----

He was privately buried in the Vault under the Chancel of St. *Andrew*'s Church, *Holborn*.

Mr. *Hughes*, as a Testimony of Gratitude to his noble Friend and generous Patron, Earl *Cowper*, gave his Lordship, a few Weeks before he died, his Picture drawn by Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, which he himself had received as a Present from that Masterly Painter.

The Value my Lord *Cowper* ſet upon it, will beſt appear by the Letter he writ to Mr. *Hughes* upon this Occaſion: As ſuch a Teſtimony from ſo diſtinguiſh'd a Hand was one of the higheſt Honours he was capable of receiving, and ſo eſteem'd by himſelf, it is here inſerted, with the particular Leave and Approbation of his worthy Son, the preſent Earl *Cowper*.

24 *January*, 1719-20.

SIR,

I *THANK You for the moſt acceptable Preſent of your Picture, and aſſure You, that none of this Age can Set an higher Value upon it than I do, and ſhall while I live; tho' I am Senſible Poſterity will outdo me in that Particular.*

I am, with the greateſt Eſteem and Sincerity,

SIR,

Your moſt Affectionate, and

Obliged Humble Servant,

COWPER.

Mr. *Hughes* was happy in the Acquaintance and Friendſhip of Several of the greateſt Men, and fineſt Genius's of the Age in which he lived, particularly of the Noble Earl laſt mentioned, the Right Reverend Dr. *Benjamin Hoadly*, now Lord

Lord Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, the late Lord Chief Baron *Gilbert*, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Addiſon*, Sir *Richard Steele*, Mr. *Southerne*, Mr. *Rowe*, &c. and might have juſtly boaſted in the Words of *Horace*,

——————————————— *me*
Cum magnis vixiſſe, invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia. ———

After this Sketch of the Life of this ingenious Gentleman, it may be expected that ſomething ſhou'd be ſaid of his Writings; it is therefore hoped the Reader will candidly accept the following Account.

In order to obſerve ſome Method, I ſhall firſt take notice of Mr. *Hughes*'s Poems and Dramatick Works; and then proceed to his Tranſlations, and Writings in Proſe.

The *Triumph of Peace* was his firſt Poem, of any length, that appear'd in Publick. It was writ on Occaſion of the Peace of *Reſwick*, and printed in the Year 1697. A learned Gentleman at *Cambridge*, in a Letter to a Friend of Mr. *Hughes*, dated the 28 of *February* 1697-8, gives the following Account of the favourable Reception this Poem met with there, upon its firſt Publication.

" I think I never heard a Poem read with so
" much Admiration, as *The Triumph of Peace*
" was by our best Criticks here; nor a greater
" Character given to a young Poet, at his first
" appearing; no, not even to Mr. *Congreve*
" himself. So nobly elevated are his Thoughts,
" his Numbers so harmonious, and his Turns so
" fine and delicate, that we cry out with *Tully*,
" on a like Occasion, *Nostra spes altera Roma!*"

The *Court of Neptune* was writ on King *William*'s Return from *Holland*, two Years after the Peace, 1699. This Poem is said to have been admir'd for the Versification. However, the Musical Flow of the Numbers is its least Praise; it rather deserves to be valued for the Propriety and Boldness of the Figures and Metaphors, and the delightful Machinery. These Lines have been justly quoted as an Instance of the Author's happy Choice of Metaphors;

As when the Golden God, who rules the Day,
Drives down his flaming Chariot to the Sea,
And leaves the Nations here involv'd in Night,
To distant Regions he transports his Light;
So WILLIAM*'s Rays, by turns, two Nations cheer,*
And when he Sets to them, he Rises here.

A learned

A learned and ingenious Friend of Mr. *Hughes*, in a Letter to him, dated the 11th of *January* 1699, occasion'd by the Publication of this Poem, makes the following judicious Remark;

" I am pleased to find, that You always make " choice of worthy Subjects for your Muse, and " take it as an Omen of something Greater to " follow. *Virgil*, in his *Bucolics*, preluded his " *Æneid*, and first sung the Praises of *Augustus* " in Eclogues or Copies of Verses, before he at- " tempted an Heroick Poem. I am satisfy'd by " this Specimen, that You will never descend in- " to the Rank of those little Souls, who make " it their Business only to please, and have no " other way to do that, but by flattering Men " in their Vices and Immoralities. I am sure, " Virtue is most for the Interest of Mankind, " and those Poets have ever obtained the most " Honour in the World, who have made That " the End and Design of their Works. A wan- " ton *Sappho*, or *Anacreon*, among the Ancients, " never had the same Applause, as a *Pindar* or " *Alcæus*; nor, in the Judgment of *Horace*, did " they deserve it. In the Opinion of all Poste- " rity, a lewd and debauch'd *Ovid* did justly sub- " mit to the Worth of a *Virgil*; and, in future

" Ages, a *Dryden* will never be compared to a " *Milton*. In all Times and in all Places of the " World, the Moral Poets have been ever the " Greateſt, and as much ſuperior to others in " Wit, as in Virtue. Nor does this ſeem diffi- " cult to be accounted for, ſince the Dignity of " their Subjects naturally rais'd their Ideas, and " gave a Grandeur to their Sentiments.

The *Houſe of Naſſau*, a Pindarick Ode, (printed in 1702,) was occaſion'd by the Death of King WILLIAM; and diſplays the Heroick Exploits of that Illuſtrious Family, than which none have ever diſtinguiſh'd themſelves more eminently in Defence of the Sacred Rights and Liberties of Mankind. It abounds with noble Similies, ſublime Sentiments, and happy Alluſions to ſome of the moſt beautiful Paſſages in *Horace* and *Virgil*. Here it is that our Author's Genius ſhines in its full Luſtre. In Pindarick and Lyrick Poetry, he had, perhaps, no Superior, and few Equals. Tho' he enjoy'd all that Fire of Imagination and divine Enthuſiaſm, for which Some of the ancient Poets are ſo deſervedly admired, yet did his Fancy never run away with his Reaſon, but was always guided by a ſuperior Judgment; and the Muſick of his Verſe is exquiſite. *Cowley*'s Pindarick

darick Odes are indeed writ with great Strength and Spirit; but then they want that Harmony of Numbers, which *Horace* requires as essential to a good Poem.

In the last Stanza of this Ode, Mr. *Hughes* proved a true Prophet of the Glories that attended the Reign of Queen *Anne*.

The Translation of the Third Ode of the Third Book of *Horace*, and the Paraphrase of the Twenty-second Ode of the First Book, were both writ, when he was very young; and the latter of 'em was his first Poetical Essay, that appear'd in Print. I find by a Letter to one of his Friends, that the Paraphrase on the Sixteenth Ode of the Second Book of the same Author, (printed in the Sixth *Miscellany*,) was writ in the Year 1702. As that Letter gives the Reasons why Mr. *Hughes* thought the Odes of *Horace* fitter to be Paraphrased than Translated; and the Justness of his Sentiments seems since confirm'd by many unsuccessful Attempts, I believe it will be entertaining to the Reader, tho' intended only for the Gentleman, to whom it was originally address'd. There is a native Simplicity in Writings of this kind, which always gives Pleasure to Persons of a good Taste.

26 December, 1702.

SIR,

" I AM ſorry I cou'd not wait on You yeſter-
" day, as I intended; when I ſee you next,
" you ſhall know the Reaſon; in the mean time
" I ſend this to beg your Pardon, and have in-
" clos'd what I ſpoke to you of. That incom-
" parable Ode which *Horace* has addreſs'd to his
" Friend *Groſphus*, I have choſen to Preſent to
" one of the beſt of my Friends, in as good an
" *Engliſh* Dreſs as I am capable of giving it.
" The Original is one of thoſe Pieces, in which
" *Horace* has ſhewn himſelf ſo great a Maſter
" of Human Life, and given us at once a View
" of his good Senſe and good Humour. And
" this Addreſs is uſual to him, for in the graveſt
" of his Odes he does not ſeem to make his Re-
" marks on Life like a Pedant, to make you
" out of Love with it, or to fright you from
" Pleaſure, but to invite you to the true Enjoy-
" ment of it; and thus far he was certainly in
" the right, tho' in the Choice of his Pleaſures
" he was often irregular. In this, as well as in
" all other Reſpects, his Moral Odes infinitely
" exceed the Chorus's in *Seneca*'s Tragedies;
" for in the firſt, you have the free and unaffect-
" ed

" ed Morality of a Gentleman, but in the latter
" the ſplenetick Air of a ſevere Stoick. This
" Ode has been in *Engliſh* before, more than
" once; but whether well or ill-tranſlated, I
" leave others to judge; I ſhall only ſay that I
" have ſeen very few Tranſlations of *Horace*,
" that I can be pleas'd with; for moſt have co-
" py'd only his Thoughts, without any thing
" of his Diction, which is his principal Beauty:
" 'Tis that Vivacity in his Stile, and particular-
" ly in his Epithets, which *Petronius Arbiter*
" calls a *curioſa felicitas*, and in which no Man
" ever (in my Opinion) reſembled him ſo much
" as *Petronius* himſelf, whoſe Proſe is as inimi-
" table as *Horace*'s Poetry. Indeed in the time
" of Pope *Urban* VIII. (who was a Poet him-
" ſelf) *Caſimire*, a *Polander* and a Jeſuit, writ
" ſeveral Odes in Imitation of *Horace*, in which
" there appears a good Genius; but his *Latin* is
" not pure; and beſides the Diſadvantage of
" writing in a dead Language, he is defective in
" Judgment, and his Fancy is not always well-
" govern'd. Thoſe who have ſucceeded beſt in
" their Attempts on *Horace* in *Engliſh*, have
" choſen the way of Paraphraſe as the moſt pro-
" per, for his Senſe is cloſe-wrought, and wou'd

" appear

" appear ſtiff and obſcure in a literal Tranſla-
" tion (if ſuch a one cou'd be made) and there
" are many good Hints in him worth the purſu-
" ing. None have pretended to copy his Num-
" bers, for the Pindarick, which ſeems the fitteſt
" for us, and gives us a greater Liberty and Va-
" riety, does not anſwer the *Latin* Meaſures.
" Yet I remember I once ſaw an Attempt to
" write *Engliſh* Sapphicks, (but it never was
" printed,) and Sir *Philip Sidney* has compos'd
" Hexameters and other Verſes after the *Latin*
" Meaſure, but they are unnatural to our Lan-
" guage, for this Reaſon chiefly, becauſe we a-
" bound ſo much in Monoſyllables. The
" Sapphick Meaſure is indeed very Muſical,
" and what *Horace* ſeems beſt to have practis'd,
" but methinks it is too ſoft, and fit only to be
" employ'd on Love, and pleaſant eaſy Sub-
" jects; it ſeems too much confin'd, like the
" uſual Meaſure of our Songs; and the lofty
" Senſe of ſome of his Odes is above it. Our
" *Engliſh* Pindarick is undoubtedly more majeſti-
" cal, if it be well-contriv'd, and the various
" Length and Shortneſs of the Lines, as well as
" the Mixture and Returns of the Rhime well-
" choſen; and therefore, as I ſaid before, it is
" the

" the moſt proper for ſuch Odes as have any
" thing of the Sublime in 'em. I wonder *Ho-*
" *race* did not introduce ſomething like it into
" his Language, being ſo great an Admirer of
" *Pindar*, and having in other reſpects imi-
" tated him ſo finely, notwithſtanding his De-
" claration, *Pindarum quiſquis*, &c. that *Pindar*
" was Inimitable; in which Ode he commends
" him in theſe Words,

Laureâ donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numeriſque fertur
Lege ſolutis. Lib. IV. Ode II.

" Thus tranſlated by Mr. *Cowley*,

So Pindar *does new Words and Figures roll,*
Down his impetuous Dithyrambick *Tide,*
Which in no Channel deigns t'abide,
Which neither Banks nor Dikes controul.

" But this does not anſwer to the *numeris lege*
" *ſolutis*, by which *Horace* means only, that *Pin-*
" *dar*'s Numbers were unlimited, and not con-
" fin'd to any Set Meaſure, in thoſe Odes that
" were call'd *Dithyrambick*, which had the moſt
" Heat and Fury, being firſt invented in Ho-
" nour of *Bacchus*. And, methinks, *Horace*
might

" might ſometimes have attempted this *Dithy-*
" *rambick* Meaſure, eſpecially in that Ode,
" *Quo me, Bacche, rapis*, &c.

" But to return to the Ode which I have
" here endeavour'd to imitate; I have taken
" a Liberty in the Paraphraſe; the firſt Stan-
" za is added, and a Simile or two; but no-
" thing more than what is agreeable to his
" Senſe, and what I thought wou'd make
" him appear to the beſt Advantage. Such as
" it is, Sir, I ſubmit it entirely to your Judg-
" ment, ſince it was firſt attempted for your
" Pleaſure. 'Tis upon an agreeable Subject,
" *viz.* TRANQUILLITY; and if it fails
" giving you any Entertainment, I will readi-
" ly acknowledge it to be my own Fault; for
" I know you to be Maſter of ſo much Senſe,
" ſo good a Taſte, and ſuch juſt Notions of
" Human Life, that I am ſure *Horace* muſt
" pleaſe you, if he be not murder'd in an ill
" Tranſlation. You may perceive, Sir, that
" as I cannot think the time long, which I
" ſpend in your Company, ſo neither can I
" think a Letter long which I am writing to
" you; but I may be tempted to treſpaſs upon
" you in one, as well as the other, therefore I will

" do,

" do, as Perſons ſhou'd after a tedious Viſit, " uſe a ſhort Ceremony, and withdraw.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

J. HUGHES.

The Six Cantata's, Set by Dr. *Pepuſch*, were deſign'd as an Eſſay (which was the firſt in its kind) for Compoſitions in *Engliſh* after the manner of the *Italians*. They were writ before the introducing of *Italian* Operas on the *Engliſh* Stage, tho' not publiſh'd till afterwards. The Succeſs they met with, encourag'd the Author to write, occaſionally, ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

As Mr. *Hughes*'s Odes for Muſick, Cantata's, and Songs, are allow'd by the Teſtimony of the beſt Judges to be extremely well adapted to that Art, they have likewiſe had the Good-fortune to be compoſed by the ableſt Maſters; and his Friends have ſtill the Pleaſure to hear them frequently ſung by the fineſt Voices.

The Tenth Book of *Lucan* was tranſlated by Mr. *Hughes* long before Mr. *Rowe* undertook that

that Author. The Occaſion of it was this: Mr. *Tonſon* Senior ſolicited a Tranſlation of *Lucan* by Several Hands. Mr. *Hughes* perform'd his Part, but others failing in their Promiſes, the Deſign was drop'd; and Mr. *Rowe* was afterwards prevail'd upon to undertake the Whole, which he perform'd with great Succeſs; his Supplement in particular to the Tenth Book is writ with all the Fire of *Lucan*.

I mention this only to ſhew, that Mr. *Hughes* cou'd have no Intention to vie with Mr. *Rowe*, for whom he had a ſincere Eſteem and Affection.

The Peruſal and Comparing of theſe two fine Tranſlations may give the Reader the ſame kind of Pleaſure, as the Sight of a beautiful Face drawn by two Maſterly Hands.

In the Year 1709, Mr. *Hughes* oblig'd the Publick with an elegant Tranſlation of *Moliere*'s celebrated Comedy, entitled, *The Miſantrope*. This has been ſince reprinted, with the other Plays of that admirable Author tranſlated by Mr. *Ozell*. But no Notice is taken by what Hand it was tranſlated; and Mr. *Hughes*'s judicious Preface is there omitted.

In

In the Year 1711, Sir *Richard Steele* and Mr. *Clayton* had Concerts of Muſick in *York-Buildings*; on which Occaſion they ſent Mr. *Hughes* the following Letter.

DEAR SIR,

MR. CLAYTON *and I deſire you, as ſoon as you can conveniently, to alter this* * *Poem for Muſick, preſerving as many of* Dryden's *Words and Verſes as you can. It is to be perform'd by a Voice well-skill'd in Recitative, but you underſtand all theſe Matters much better than*

Your affectionate humble Servant,

R. STEELE.

According to their Requeſt, he made ſeveral Alterations in it, which, I believe, will be eſteem'd an Improvement of that juſtly-admir'd Ode. But I find by a Letter from him to Sir *Richard Steele*, that Mr. *Clayton*'s Compoſition did not ſatisfy the *Connoiſſeurs* in Muſick.

* Alexander's Feaſt; *or*, The Power of Muſick: *An Ode for St.* Cecilia's *Day.*

The

The Opera of *Calypso* and *Telemachus* was perform'd at the King's Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, in the Year 1712. Perhaps it may be worth the while to mention here one Circumstance concerning this Opera, as it relates to the History of Musick in *England*, and discovers the great Partiality shewn at that time to Operas perform'd in *Italian*. After many such had been encouraged by large Subscriptions, This, originally written, and Set in *English* after the *Italian* manner (tho' not the first) was prepar'd with the usual Expence of Scenes and Decorations; and, being much crouded and applauded at the Rehearsals, a Subscription was obtained for it as usual. This alarmed the whole *Italian* Band, who apprehending that their Market wou'd now soon be at an end, had Interest enough (the late Duke of *Shrewsbury* being then Lord Chamberlain) to procure an Order the Day before the performing of this Opera, to take off the Subscription for it, and to open the House at the lowest Prices, or not at all. This was designed to sink it, but failed of its End. It was however performed, tho' under so great Discouragement; and was revived (some Years ago) at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

Mr.

Mr. *Addiſon*, in the *Spectator* (N° 405.) ſpeaking of the juſt Applauſe given this Opera by *Signior Nicolini* (who, he ſays, was the greateſt Performer in Dramatick Muſick, that perhaps ever appeared upon a Stage) has theſe Words;

"The Town is highly obliged to that Excellent Artiſt, for having ſhewn us the *Italian* Muſick in its Perfection, as well as for that generous Approbation he lately gave to an Opera of our own Country, in which the * Compoſer endeavoured to do Juſtice to the Beauty of the Words, by following that Noble Example, which has been ſet him by the greateſt Foreign Maſters in that Art."

The ODE *to the* CREATOR *of the* WORLD, occaſion'd by the Fragments of *Orpheus*, was printed in the Year 1713, at the particular Inſtance of Mr. *Addiſon*, and is mentioned with Applauſe in the *Spectator*. This, and *The Ecſtacy* (publiſhed ſince the Death of the Author) are juſtly eſteemed two of the Nobleſt Odes in our Language. In the latter there is as fine a Compliment to the late Sir *Iſaac Newton*, as was perhaps ever paid to that Incomparable Philoſopher.

* *Mr.* Gallard.

The

The Tragedy of *Cato* was firſt acted in this ſame Year, 1713. I take Notice of this Particular, becauſe we are informed by a late Writer, that its being then brought upon the Stage was in a great meaſure owing to Mr. *Hughes*. The Circumſtances recorded by this Author are ſo remarkable, that they deſerve to be remembered, and may ſerve to ſhew the high Opinion Mr. *Addiſon* entertained of Mr. *Hughes*'s Ability as a Poet; I will therefore tranſcribe his own Words:

" It has been often ſaid by very good Judges, " that *Cato* was no proper Subject for a Drama- " tick Poem: That the Character of a Stoick " Philoſopher is inconſiſtent with the Hurry and " Tumult of Action and Paſſion, which are the " Soul of Tragedy. That the ingenious Author " miſcarried in the Plan of his Work, but ſup- " ported it by the Dignity, the Purity, the " Beauty, and the Juſtneſs of the Sentiments.

" This was ſo much the Opinion of Mr. *Mayn-* " *waring*, who was generally allow'd to be the " beſt Critick of our Time, that he was againſt " bringing the Play upon the Stage, and it lay by " unfiniſh'd many Years. That it was play'd at " laſt, was owing to Mr. *Hughes*. He had read " the four Acts which were finiſh'd, and rightly

" thought

thought it wou'd be of Service to the Publick, to have it repreſented at the latter end of Queen *Anne*'s Reign, when the old *Engliſh* Spirit of Liberty was as likely to be loſt, as it had ever been ſince the Conqueſt. He endeavour'd to bring Mr. *Addiſon* into his Opinion, which he did ſo far as to procure his Conſent, that it ſhou'd be acted if Mr. *Hughes* wou'd write the laſt Act; and he offer'd him the Scenary for his Aſſiſtance, excuſing his not finiſhing it himſelf on account of ſome other Avocations. He preſt Mr. *Hughes* to do it ſo earneſtly, that he was prevail'd on, and ſet about it. But a Week after, ſeeing Mr. *Addiſon* again with an Intention to communicate to him what he had thought of it, he was agreeably ſurpriſed at his producing ſome Papers, where near half of the Act was written by the Author himſelf, who took Fire at the Hint, that it wou'd be ſerviceable, and, upon a ſecond Reflexion, went thorough with the Fifth Act: Not that he was diffident of Mr. *Hughes*'s Ability, but knowing that no Man cou'd have ſo perfect a Notion of his Deſign as himſelf, who had been ſo long and ſo carefully thinking of it.

" I was

" I was told this by Mr. *Hughes*; and I tell
" it to ſhew, that it was not for the Love-Scenes
" that Mr. *Addiſon* conſented to have his Trage-
" dy acted, but to ſupport the old *Roman* and
" *Engliſh* Publick Spirit, which was then ſo near
" being ſuppreſs'd by Faction and Bigottry."
Thus far the Author of an *Eſſay on Criticiſm*,
printed in the Year 1728. p. 6.

Soon after the Tragedy of *Cato* was acted,
Mr. *Hughes* ſent the Author a Copy of Verſes in
Praiſe of it, which were afterwards printed before
it with ſeveral other Copies. On this Occaſion
Mr. *Addiſon* writ the following Letter.

24 *April*, 171

DEAR SIR,

THIS is to acquaint You that I am forced t
practiſe a great Piece of Self-denial. In ſhor
I muſt deprive my Play of the Noble Ornament Yo
deſigned for it. My Friends, who all of them con
cur with Me in Admiring your beautiful Copy o
Verſes, are however of Opinion, that it will dra
upon me an Imputation of Vanity; and as my Pla
has met with an Unexpected Reception, I muſt tak
Particular Care not to aggravate the Envy and Ill
Nature that will riſe en courſe upon me. Beſides

tell you truly, I have received other Poems upon the ſame Occaſion, and one or two from Perſons of Quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a Place at the ſame time that I print any other.

I know your good Senſe and Friendſhip towards me will not let you put a wrong Interpretation on this Matter; and I am ſure I need not tell you with how much Sincerity and Eſteem I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged, and moſt Faithful Humble Servant,

To Mr. Hughes. *J. ADDISON.*

I perſuade myſelf, the Reader will be pleaſed to ſee alſo Mr. *Hughes*'s modeſt and genteel Anſwer.

25 *April*, 1713.

DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind Letter. The warm Expreſſions of Friendſhip in it give me a much more Senſible Pleaſure than any I cou'd receive from the Approbation of my Verſes. I own when they were writ, I had no Thoughts of your printing 'em; and though nothing wou'd flat-

ter

ter me ſo much in the making them publick as the Satisfaction of ſeeing my Name with Yours, yet I am one of thoſe Friends who think your preſent Reſolution perfectly right; and entirely acquieſce in your Reaſons. I cannot but Applaud at the ſame time your chaſte Enjoyment of Fame, which I think equally above Envy, and incapable of receiving any Addition. I am with all poſſible Eſteem,

SIR,

Your moſt Affectionate, and moſt
Obedient Humble Servant,

To Mr. Addiſon.

J. HUGHES.

The *Siege of Damaſcus* was acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, in the Year 1719, with great Applauſe. His Majeſty, who now reigns, was pleaſed to honour it with his Preſence; and the Queen diſtinguiſhed it with Marks of her Favour.

Mr. *Hughes* drew up the Dedication of this Tragedy to the late Earl *Cowper*, but ten Days before he died. It is, indeed, ſurpriſing that he ſhou'd be able to form a Piece ſo finely turn'd, and with ſo much Spirit at ſuch an Hour; when he had Death in View, and was too weak to tranſcribe it himſelf.

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* in a Letter to Mr. *Hughes*'s Brother writ ſoon after his Death, in Anſwer to one received from him with the printed Copy of the Play, has the following pathetick Paſſage, which he gives me Leave to make uſe of on this Occaſion:

" I read over again your Brother's Play with " more Concern and Sorrow than I ever felt in " the reading any Tragedy. The real Loſs of " a good Man may be call'd a Diſtreſs to the " World, and ought to affect us more than any " Feign'd or Ancient Diſtreſs, how finely drawn " ſoever. I am glad of an Occaſion to give you " under my Hand this Teſtimony, both how " Excellent I think this Work to be, and how " Excellent I thought the Author."

It is indeed generally allow'd, that the Characters in this Play are finely varied and diſtinguiſhed; that the Sentiments are juſt, and well adapted to the Characters; that it abounds with beautiful Deſcriptions, apt Alluſions to the Manners and Opinions of the Times where the Scene is laid, and with Noble Morals; that the Diction is pure, unaffected, and ſublime, without any Meteors of Stile, or ambitious Orna-

ments; and that the Plot is conducted in a ſimple and clear manner.

The only Objection I have ever heard, relates to the Plan of it;

"There does not appear (ſay Some, who are eſteem'd Perſons of very good Taſte and Judgment) "a ſufficient Ground and Foundation for "the Diſtreſs in the 4th and 5th Acts. For, "what is *Phocyas*'s Crime? The City of *Da-* "*maſcus* is beſieged, and fiercely attack'd by the "*Saracens*. There is little or no Proſpect of "Relief. It muſt therefore probably fall into "their Hands in a ſhort time, be ſacked and "plundered, and the Garriſon and Citizens en-"ſlaved. At this dangerous Juncture, *Phocyas* "aſſiſts the Enemy to take it a few Days ſoon-"er. But upon what Terms? That All, who "lay down their Arms, ſhall be ſpared, and "Liberty granted to every Citizen, that ſhall "chuſe it, to leave the City, and carry off with "him a Mule's Burden of his Goods; the "Chiefs to have Six Mules, and the Governe "Ten; with Arms for their Defence againſt th "Mountain Robbers, (*Act* IV. *Scene* I.) Inſo "much that *Daran* ſays, (*Act* V. *Scene* I.) *Th* "*Land wears not the Face of War, but Trade* "*an*

" *and looks as if its Merchants were ſending forth*
" *their loaded Caravans to all the neighbouring*
" *Countries.* What is there in all this that a
" virtuous Man might not have done for the
" Good of his Country? If *Phocyas* is guilty,
" his Guilt muſt conſiſt in this only, that he
" performed the Same Action from a Senſe of
" his own Wrongs, and to preſerve the Idol of
" his Soul from Violation or Death, which he
" might have performed laudably upon better
" Principles. But this (ſay they) ſeems not a
" ſufficient Ground for thoſe ſtrong and ſting-
" ing Reproaches he caſts upon himſelf, nor for
" *Eudocia*'s rejecting him with ſo much Severi-
" ty. It wou'd have been more rational (conſi-
" dering the Frailty of Human Nature, and the
" violent Temptations he lay under,) if he had
" been, at laſt, prevailed upon to profeſs him-
" ſelf a *Mahometan:* For then his Remorſe and
" Self-condemnation wou'd have been natural,
" his Puniſhment juſt, and the Character of *Eu-*
" *docia* placed in a more amiable Light."

I own I am at a Loſs for an Anſwer to this
bjection; and therefore think myſelf obliged
acquaint the Reader, in order to do Juſtice to
Author's Judgment, that he had formed the

Play according to the Plan here recommended; But when it was offered to the Managers of *Drury-Lane* Houſe, in the Year 1718, they refuſed (as I am informed) to act it, unleſs he would alter the Character of *Phocyas*, pretending that he could not be a Heroe if he changed his Religion, and that the Audience would not bear the Sight of him after it, in how lively a manner ſoever his Remorſe and Repentance might be deſcribed. But ſurely when in the Agony of his Soul, and diſtracted with Paſſion, he is at laſt prevailed upon (tho' with the utmoſt Reluctance and Horror) to kiſs the *Alcoran*, he rather appears an Object of Pity, than of Deteſtation. How tender and reaſonably-paſſionate is the Scene here referred to, as it ſtands in the Original Draught of the Play, and what Scope does it give a Maſterly Actor to diſplay his Skill! However, the Author (who was then in a very languiſhing Condition) finding that if he did not comply, his Relations would probably loſe the Benefit of the Play, he conſented, tho' with Reluctance, to new-model the Character of *Phocyas*.

But (whatever my Thoughts may be on the Subject) ſince the Play was altered by Mr. *Hu*

himſelf, and met with great Applauſe, it would not become me to publiſh it according to his Original Plan, unleſs the Author's Noble Friends ſhould think fit (at a proper Opportunity) to bring it on the Stage, and it ſhould there receive the Sanction of the Publick.

Mr. *Hughes*, when he was but Nineteen, writ a Tragedy, entitled, AMALASONT, *Queen of the Goths*, which diſplays a fertile Genius, and a maſterly Invention; but as it was never deſigned by him for the Preſs, nor reviſed and corrected in his riper Age, the Diction, in general, was too much neglected. I have Attempted to correct the Style, and altered ſome Incidents which were thought not likely to ſucceed. This may be Preſented to the View of the Publick, when it can be brought on the Stage without having too much Injuſtice done it in the Performance.

Having thus gone thro' the firſt Part of my Deſign, all that remains is to take a View of Mr. *Hughes*'s *Tranſlations* and *Writings in Proſe*.

The *Advices from Parnaſſus*, and the *Political Touchſtone of Trajano Boccalini*, tranſlated by ſeveral Hands, were printed in *Folio*, in 1706. This Tranſlation was reviſed and corrected, and the Preface to it was writ by Mr. *Hughes*; in

which he gives the following Account of the Nature and Design of this Work;

" 'Tis a new-invented kind of Fable, very " different from any thing which had ever been " written before, and therefore it may justly be " esteemed *an Original*. Whatever can be ex- " pected from a most fruitful and facetious Wit, " from a great Variety of solid and polite Learn- " ing, an improved Conversation, and an ac- " curate Discernment in Human Affairs, is to " be found assembled in this diverting and use- " ful Miscellany." He afterwards adds, " There " is no need to insist upon the Usefulness of this " way of conveying Truth by Allegory, which " employs at once the utmost Judgment and " Fancy of the Writer, and is observ'd to make " more lively Impressions on the Reader than " Reason in its Undress can do, tho' it has even " so many native Charms. But there is one " thing which should particularly recommend " our Author to *Englishmen*, and that is his Zeal " for Liberty, and his generous Abhorrence of " those wicked Politicks, which have so much " disturbed the Peace of the World, and the " Happiness of Nations."

I shall

I ſhall quote nothing farther from it, tho' the whole Preface deſerves the Attention of the Reader.

Mr. *Hughes*'s Tranſlation of Monſieur *Fontenelle*'s *Dialogues of the Dead*, with *two Original Dialogues*, was publiſhed in the Year 1708. The greater Part of it had lain by him above Six Years. He gives this Character of Monſieur *Fontenelle*: "In all his Writings he chuſes the "Style and Air of Converſation, and no where "appears with the Formality of an Author.—— "'Tis a Secret almoſt wholly his own, to ſay "the moſt extraordinary things ſo careleſsly, as "if he were ſcarce ſenſible he had ſaid any thing "uncommon. He had a Wit which gives to "every Subject the moſt agreeable and ſurpri- "ſing Turns in the World. The Edge of his "Satire is fine; he always preſerves his good "Humour; his Mirth has ever ſomething ſolid, "and his moſt judicious Reflexions are mixed "with Pleaſantry."

He afterwards tranſlated likewiſe Monſieur *Fontenelle*'s *Diſcourſe concerning the Ancients and Moderns*, which is printed with his *Converſations with a Lady on the Plurality of Worlds*, tranſlated by Mr. *Glanville*. Sir *William Temple*, in

his *Eſſay on Ancient and Modern Learning*, has mentioned this laſt Piece with great Praiſe, and the former with no leſs Reſentment. The unprejudiced Reader will judge of each, as Reaſon directs.

The *Hiſtory of the Revolutions in Portugal*, written by Monſieur *L'Abbé de Vertot*, and tranſlated by Mr. *Hughes*, was printed for *S. Buckley* in 1712, without the Name of the Tranſlator. By what Accident it happened I know not, but this Tranſlation was not publiſhed 'till after his Death. Mr. *Hughes*, in his Preface, obſerves, "That the Affairs treated of in this ſhort Hiſtory are important, and the Narration clear, judicious, and elegant. The Author appears to have thoroughly underſtood his Subject, and has ſhewn an admirable Capacity in bringing together all the Circumſtances proper to enliven his Story, to fix the Attention of his Readers, and to give them a full and ſatisfactory Information. It is ſo rare (ſays he) among Writers of modern Hiſtory, to meet with any more than a cold and dry Narration of Facts, that ſome may think the Beauty of his Writing an Objection to the Fidelity of it; but this certainly is no Reaſon in itſelf,

"ſelf, where it does not appear that Truth has "been neglected for the ſake of Ornament."

The Tranſlation of the *Letters of Abelard and Heloiſe* was ſo well received by the Publick, that there have been *five Editions* of it in the Compaſs of a few Years; tho' it has been but lately known by what Hand it was performed. It is indeed not eaſy to determine which is moſt to be admired, the Authors, or the Tranſlator; the beautiful Variety of the Thoughts, or the Purity and Elegance of the Language. There is in theſe Epiſtles ſomething ſo moving and pathetick, ſo powerfully actuating the Springs of Pity and Compaſſion by all the tender Strokes of Paſſion and Reaſon, of Piety and remaining Frailty, that whoever can ſee this lively Struggle between Grace and Nature, Inclination and Duty, without being fired with the warmeſt Emotions of Affection and Concern, muſt be deaf to the Sufferings of Virtue, an Enemy to Love, and a Stranger to Human Nature. So fine a Subject had Mr. *Pope* to work upon, when he writ his beautiful Epiſtle from *Heloiſe* to *Abelard*.

As Mr. *Hughes* was an occaſional Contributor to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, the Reader may, perhaps, be curious to know more particularly

ticularly what Share he had in thoſe Papers, which are ſo juſtly admired in all the polite Parts of *Europe*, and do Honour to the *Britiſh* Genius and Language.

In the *Tatler* he writ,

Vol. II. N° 64, A Letter ſigned *Joſiah Couplet*.

N° 73, A Letter againſt Gameſters, ſigned *William Truſty*.

Mr. *Tickell* alludes to this Letter in a Copy of Verſes addreſſed to the *Spectator*, Vol. VII. N° 532.

From Felon Gameſters the raw 'Squire is free,
And Britain *owes her reſcu'd Oaks to Thee.*

N° 113, The Inventory of a Beau.

In the *Spectator*.

Vol. I. N° 33, A Letter on the Art of improving Beauty.

N° 53, A ſecond Letter on the ſame Subject.

N° 66, Two Letters concerning fine Breeding.

Vol. II. N° 91, The Hiſtory of *Honoria*, or the *Rival Mother*.

Vol. II. N° 104, A Letter on Riding-Habits for Ladies.

N° 141. Remarks on a Comedy, entitled, *The Lancaſhire Witches.*

Vol. III. N° 210, On the Immortality of the Soul.

N° 220, A Letter concerning Expedients for Wit.

N° 230, All, except the laſt Letter.

N° 231, A Letter on the Awe of appearing before Publick Aſſemblies.

N° 237, On Divine Providence.

Vol. IV. N° 252, A Letter on the Eloquence of Tears and fainting Fits.

N° 302, The Character of *Emilia.*

N° 311, A Letter from the Father of a great Fortune.

Vol. V. N° 375, A Picture of Virtue in Diſtreſs.

Vol. VII. N° 525, On Conjugal Love.

N° 537, On the Dignity of Human Nature.

N° 541, Rules for Pronunciation and Action, chiefly collected from *Cicero.*

N° 554, On the Improvement of the Genius, illuſtrated in the Characters of the Lord *Bacon*, Mr. *Boyle*, Sir *Iſaac Newton*, and *Leonardo da Vinci.*

I have

I have not been able to learn what *Guardians* were writ by him beſides N° 37, Vol. I. which contains Remarks on the Tragedy of *Othello*.

Mr. *Hughes* publiſhed, in the Year 1715, a very accurate Edition of the Works of our famous Poet Mr. *Edmund Spenſer*, in Six Volumes in large *Twelves*. To this Edition are prefixed the Life of Mr. *Spenſer*; an Eſſay on Allegorical Poetry; Remarks on the *Fairy-Queen*, on the Shepherds Calendar, and the other Writings of *Spenſer*; and a Gloſſary explaining the old and obſcure Words; all written by the ſame Hand.

Charon, or *The Ferry-Boat*, *A Viſion*, firſt appeared in the Year 1718. This, and Mr. *Walſh*'s * *Æſculapius*, or *Hoſpital of Fools*, are perhaps the two fineſt Dialogues we have in *Engliſh*, as well as the moſt lively Imitations of *Lucian*.

Having gone thro' with what I propoſed at firſt, I ſhall only make One obvious Reflexion from the Whole; *viz.* With what Vigilance muſt Mr. *Hughes* have ſnatched (if I may ſo ſpeak) every Interval of Eaſe and Health, to be capa-

* *This Dialogue is printed for* J. Pemberton, *at the End of a Miſcellany of Poems and Tranſlations*, 1714.

ble

le of finiſhing, in his ſhort and valetudinary Life, ſo many great and beautiful Works!

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In Largeneſs, but th'exactly round;
So Life we praiſe, that does excell
Not in much Time, but Acting well.

WALLER.

Sir *Richard Steele*, immediately after the Death f Mr. *Hughes*, paid the Debt due to Friendhip, by drawing his Character in a very juſt nd pathetick manner, which was received with reat Satisfaction by the Publick. I doubt not ut the Reader will be pleaſed to find it add- d here; and the rather, becauſe the Paper, in which it was printed, has not been collected in ny Volume.

NUMB. XV.

Conveniens vitæ mors fuit illa tuæ. Ovid.

From Tuesday, February 16, *to* Saturday, February 20, 1719-20.

I HAVE passed my last Hours with a great deal of Amusement, and have gone thro' all the Vicissitudes of agreeable and pensive Reflexion, to which my Imagination could turn itself. I am, indeed, just now come from the Masquerade; but last Night saw the *Siege of Damascus*, and had the Mortification to hear this Evening, that Mr. *Hughes*, the Author of that excellent Tragedy, departed this Life within few Hours after his Play was acted with Universal Applause. This melancholy Circumstance recalled into my Thought a Speech in the Tragedy, which very much affected the whole Audience, and was attended to with the greatest,

and

nd moſt ſolemn Inſtance of Approbation, an wful Silence. The Incidents of the Play plunge n heroick Character into the laſt Extremity; nd he is admoniſhed by a Tyrant Commander o expect no Mercy, but is left alone to conſider vith himſelf, whether he will comply with the Terms he offers him, to wit, changing the Chriian Religion for the *Mahometan* * *Idolatry*, or ie.

The

REMARK.

* *The* Mahometans *are ſo far from being liable to the harge of* Idolatry, *that the firſt and fundamental Prinple of their Religion is the* Unity of God. *No Sect whatever have a greater Abhorrence of* Idolatry, *than the Diſciples of* Mahomet. *This is evident from almoſt every age of the* Alcoran. *I beg leave to quote only One Paſage out of the Second Chapter of it:* " Your God is " One God; there is No God but He, the moſt Merci" ful. Now in the Creation of Heaven and Earth, and " the Viciſſitude of Night and Day, and in the Ship " which ſaileth in the Sea, *loaden* with what is profita" ble for Mankind, and in the Water which God ſend" eth from Heaven, quickening thereby the dead Earth, " and repleniſhing the ſame with all ſorts of Cattel, and " in the Change of Winds, and the Clouds that are " compelled to do Service between Heaven and Earth,

" are

The Words with which the *Turkiſh* General makes his *Exit* from his Priſoner, are,

Farewell, and think of Death.

Upon which, the Captive breaks into the following Soliloquy:

Farewell! and think of Death! — Was it not ſo?
Do Murderers then preach Morality? ----
But how to think of what the Living know not:
And the Dead cannot, or elſe may not tell.

REMARK.

" are Signs to People of Underſtanding: Yet ſome Men " take Idols beſide God, and love them as with the " Love due to God.

The Koran, *commonly called the* Alcoran, *Chap.* 2. *p.* 19. *Tranſlated by Mr.* Geo. Sale.

And yet moſt of our Dramatick Poets, who have writ on the Turkiſh *or* Perſian *Story, have made their Characters harangue like* Polytheiſts, *in the Style of the Heathen Mythology, as it wou'd be eaſy to prove by numberleſs Inſtances, if this were a proper Place for it. I do not indeed remember any* Engliſh *Play, beſide the* Siege of Damaſcus, *where the Religious Opinions of the Mahometans are faithfully repreſented throughout the whole Piece.*

What

What art thou, O thou great myſterious Terror!
The Way to thee we know; Diſeaſes, Famine,
Sword, Fire, and all thy ever-open Gates,
That, Day and Night, ſtand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them? Who will draw that Veil?
Yet Death's not there — No, 'tis a Point of Time;
The Verge 'twixt Mortal and Immortal Being.
It mocks our Thought — On this Side all is Life;
And when we've reach'd it, in that very Inſtant
'Tis paſt the thinking of — O if it be
The Pangs, the Throes, the agonizing Struggle,
When Soul and Body part, ſure I have felt it!
And there's no more to fear.

All Men who have a Taſte of good Arts, ill lament the Loſs of this Gentleman for his dmirable Performance; and his Acquaintance ill not take it ill, that ſomething is here ſaid f him, by one who knew him very intimate-, and had a great Reſpect for his Merit and irtue.

I cannot, in the firſt Place, but felicitate a eath, on the ſame Evening in which he had ceived and merited the Applauſe of his Coun-y, for a great and good Action: His Work full of ſuch Sentiments, as only can give Com-

for

fort in the laſt Hour; and, * I am told, he ſhewed a Pleaſure in hearing the Labours, which he ſo honeſtly and virtuouſly intended, had met with a ſuitable Succeſs: And happy was the Man, who, while he felt himſelf in the loweſt Degree of Human Condition, could, at the ſame time, give himſelf the Satisfaction that he was inſpiring great and good Thoughts in a whole People. He lay, like his own Heroe, with the Arrow in his Side, but would not pull it and let out Life, 'till he had performed his Courſe of Virtue. His whole Life, indeed, was the State of his dying Hero; he had, in a great Meaſure, the Dart of Mortality ever feſtering in the Body, from Birth, the Entrance into Pain, to Death the *Exit* from it. Mr. *Hughes* could hardly ever be ſaid to have enjoyed Health; but was, in the very beſt of his Days, a Valetudina-

REMARK.

* *The Author was miſinformed in this Particular, for* Mr. Hughes *had then laid aſide all Thoughts of his Play, and compoſed himſelf to meet Death with the Reſolution and Dignity becoming a Chriſtian Philoſopher.*

rian;

rian: If thoſe who are ſparing of giving Praiſe to any Virtue, without Extenuation of it, ſhould ſay, that his Youth was chaſtiſed into the Severity, and preſerved in the Innocence for which he was conſpicuous, from the Infirmity of his Conſtitution, they will be under new Difficulty, when they hear that he had none of thoſe Faults, to which ill State of Health ordinarily ſubjects the reſt of Mankind. His Incapacity for more frolick Diverſions never made him peeviſh or ſour to thoſe whom he ſaw in them; but his Humanity was ſuch, that he could partake and ſhare thoſe Pleaſures he beheld others enjoy, without repining that he himſelf could not join in them. No, he made a true Uſe of an ill Conſtitution, and formed his Mind to the living under it, with as much Satisfaction as it could admit of. His Intervals of Eaſe were employed in Drawing, Deſigning, or elſe in Muſick or Poetry; for he had not only a Taſte, but an Ability of Performance to a great Excellence, in thoſe Arts which entertain the Mind within the Rules of the ſevereſt Morality, and the ſtricteſt Dictates of Religion. He did not ſeem to wiſh for more than he poſſeſſed, even as

to

to * Health, but to contemn Senſuality as a ſober Man does Drunkenneſs; he was ſo far from envying, that he pitied the Jollities that were enjoyed by a more happy Conſtitution. He could converſe with the moſt ſprightly, without Peeviſhneſs; and Sickneſs itſelf had no other Effect upon him, than to make him look upon all violent Pleaſures as Evils he had eſcaped without the Trouble of avoiding.

Dr. *Sprat* finiſhes his Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. *Cowley* with this remarkable Paragraph.

" Perhaps, *ſays he*, it may be judged, that " I have ſpent too many Words on a private " Man and a Scholar; whoſe Life was not re- " markable for ſuch a Variety of Events, as " are wont to be the Ornaments of this kind of " Relations. I know it is the Cuſtom of the " World to prefer the pompous Hiſtories of " great Men before the greateſt Virtues of o-

REMARK.

* *This ſounds very pretty in* Speculation, *but is too refin'd for* Practice. *Mr.* Hughes *never pretended to be a* Stoick.

" thers,

" thers, whoſe Lives have been led in a Courſe " leſs illuſtrious. This, indeed, is the general " Humour. But I believe it to be an Error in " Mens Judgments: For certainly, that is a " more profitable Inſtruction which may be ta- " ken from the eminent Goodneſs of Men of " lower Rank, than that which we learn from " the ſplendid Repreſentation of the Battles, " and Victories, and Buildings, and Sayings of " great Commanders and Princes. Such ſpe- " cious Matters, as they are ſeldom delivered " with Fidelity, ſo they ſerve but for the Imi- " tation of a very few, and rather make for the " Oſtentation, than the true Information of " Human Life. Whereas it is from the Prac- " tice of Men equal to ourſelves, that we are " more naturally taught how to command our " Paſſions, to direct our Knowledge, and to go- " vern our Actions."

I am very glad of ſo great an Authority for the Support of an Opinion, which I have always had, ſince I could think at all, and received from the great Writers of Antiquity, That we are to undreſs Men, and throw off the Mantle and Train with which Fortune has cloathed them, before we can propoſe them as Patterns

Patterns to ourſelves, or truly know their private Character. But without that Labour and Enquiry, thoſe who approach our Condition are immediate Objects of our Approbation or Diſlike; and teach us in a more lively manner what to avoid, or purſue. It is therefore, methinks, an Injury to the great Merit of private Men, that Writers, who ſeldom riſe above that Degree (at leaſt in their Fortunes) ſhould proſtitute their Talents in adorning thoſe only among the Virtuous, who are Poſſeſſors of Wealth and Power.

The Gentleman, to whoſe Memory I devote this Paper, may be the Emulation of more Perſons of different Talents than any one I have ever known. His Head, Hand, or Heart, was always employed in ſomething worthy Imitation; his Pencil, his * Bow (String) or his Pen, each of which he uſed in a Maſterly Manner, were always directed to raiſe and entertain his own Mind, or that of others, to a more chear-

REMARK.

* *The Author means the Bow of a Violin.*

ful

l Proſecution of what was noble and virtuous. eace be with thy Remains, thou amiable Spi- ! But I talk in the Language of our Weak- ſs; That is flown to the Regions of Day and mmortality, and relieved from the aking En- ne and painful Inſtrument of Anguiſh and Sor- w, in which, for a long and tedious few ears, he panted with a lively Hope for his pre- nt Condition. We ſhall conſign the Trunk, which he was ſo long impriſoned, to common arth, with all that is due to the Merit of its e Inhabitant.

With this Humane Duty, and willing Exer- ſe of Affliction, I blot out the various Images antick Dreſſes, gilded Scenes, and giddy owds, from which I am juſt returned, and hich were hardly ſufficient to divert an Oppreſt pirit from its private Cares; but they ought to niſh at the Reflexion upon a Series of greater eight of Sorrow, that conſtantly loaded the xample of chearful Patience, whom I have here deavoured to celebrate.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT *to the* PREFACE.

The Three following Excellent Poems, (
which I found no Copies among Mr. *Hughe*
Papers, were communicated to me by his lea
ed and much-esteemed Friend, *Alexander Sh*
han, Esq; But as they did not come to m
Hands till both Volumes were printed off,
am obliged to insert them here.

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A NODE.
In the PARK at *ASTED*.

I.

YE Muſes, that frequent theſe Walks and Shades,
The Seat of calm Repoſe,
Which HOWARD's happy Genius choſe;
Where, taught by You, his Lyre he ſtrung,
And oft, like *Philomel*, in dusky Glades
Sweet amorous *Voluntaries* ſung!
O Say, ye kind inſpiring Powers!
With what melodious Strain
Will you indulge my penſive Vein,
And charm my Solitary Hours?

II.

Begin, and Echo ſhall the Song repeat;
While skreen'd from *Auguſt*'s fev'rish Heat,
Beneath this ſpreading Elm I lie,
And view the yellow Harveſt far around,
The neighb'ring Fields with Plenty crown'd,
And over Head a fair Unclouded Sky.
The Wood, the Park's romantick Scene,
The Deer, that innocent and gay
On the ſoft Turf's perpetual Green
Paſs all their Lives in Love and Play,
Are various Objects of Delight,
That ſport with Fancy, and invite
Your Aid, the Pleaſure to compleat;
Begin — and Echo ſhall the Song repeat.

III.

Hark! — the kind inſpiring Pow'rs
Anſwer from their ſecret Bow'rs,
Propitious to my Call!
They join their Choral Voices all,
To charm my Solitary Hours.
Liſten, they cry, thou penſive Swain!
Tho' much the tuneful Siſters love
The Fields, the Park, the ſhady Grove:
The Fields, and Park, and ſhady Grove,
The tuneful Siſters now diſdain,

And chuſe to ſooth thee with a ſweeter Strain;
Molinda's Praiſes ſhall our Skill employ,
Molinda, Nature's Pride, and ev'ry Muſe's Joy!
The Muſes triumph'd at her Birth,
When, firſt deſcending from her Parent Skies,
This Star of Beauty ſhot to Earth;
Love ſaw the Fires that darted from her Eyes,
He ſaw, and ſmil'd --- the winged Boy
Gave early Omens of her conquering Fame,
And to his Mother liſp'd her Name,
Molinda! --- Nature's Pride, and ev'ry Muſe's Joy.

IV.

Say, beauteous *Aſted!* has thy honour'd Shade
Ever receiv'd that lovely Maid?
Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Deities, confeſs
That ſhining feſtal Day of Happineſs!
For if the lovely Maid was here,
April himſelf, tho' in ſo fair a Dreſs
He clothe the Meads, tho' his delicious Show'rs
Awake the Bloſſoms and the breathing Flow'rs,
And new-create the fragrant Year;
April himſelf, or brighter *May*,
Aſſiſted by the God of Day,
Never made your Grove ſo gay,
Or half ſo full of Charms appear.

V.

Whatever rural Seat She now doth grace,
And ſhines a Goddeſs of the Plains,
Imperial *Love* new Triumphs there ordains,
Removes with her from Place to Place,
With her he keeps his Court, and where ſhe lives he reigns.
A thouſand bright Attendants more
Her glorious Equipage compoſe:
There circling *Pleaſure* ever flows:
Friendſhip, and *Arts*, a well-ſelected Store,
Good-Humour, *Wit*, and *Muſick*'s ſoft Delight,
The ſhorten'd Minutes there beguile,
And ſparkling *Mirth*, that never looks ſo bright,
As when it lightens in *Molinda*'s Smile.

VI.

Thither, ye Guardian Pow'rs (if ſuch there are,
Deputed from the Sky
To watch o'er Human-kind with friendly Care,)
Thither, ye gentle Spirits fly!
If Goodneſs like your own can move
Your conſtant Zeal, your tender'ſt Love,
For ever wait on this accompliſh'd Fair!
Shield her from ev'ry ruder Breath of Air.
Nor let invading Sickneſs come
To blaſt thoſe Beauties in their Bloom.

May no miſguided Choice, no hapleſs Doom,
Diſturb the Heav'n of her fair Life
With Clouds of Grief, or Show'rs of melting Tears;
Let harſh Unkindneſs, and ungenerous Striſe,
Repining Diſcontent, and boding Fears,
With ev'ry Shape of Woe, be driv'n away
Like Ghoſts prohibited the Day.
Let Peace o'er her his Dovelike Wings diſplay,
And ſmiling Joys crown all her bliſsful Years!

TO
Mr. *CONSTANTINE*,
On his PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the Cloth thy happy Pencil ſtrays,
And the pleas'd Eye its artful Courſe ſurveys,
Behold the magick Pow'r of Shade and Light!
A new Creation opens to our Sight.
Here tufted Groves riſe boldly to the Sky,
There ſpacious Lawns more diſtant charm the Eye;
The Chryſtal Lakes in borrow'd Tinctures ſhine,
And miſty Hills the far Horizon join,

Loſt in the azure Borders of the Day,
Like Sounds remote that die in Air away.
The peopled Proſpect various Pleaſure yields,
Sheep grace the Hills, and Herds or Swains the Fields;
Harmonious Order o'er the Whole preſides,
And Nature crowns the Work, which Judgment guides.
Nor with leſs Skill diſplay'd by Thee appear
The different Products of the fertile Year;
While Fruits with imitated Ripeneſs glow,
And ſudden Flow'rs beneath thy Pencil blow.
Such, and ſo various thy extenſive Hand,
Oft in Suſpence the pleas'd Spectators ſtand,
Doubtful to chuſe, and fearing ſtill to err,
When to thy ſelf they would thy ſelf prefer.
So when the Rival Gods at *Athens* ſtrove,
By wondrous Works their Pow'r Divine to prove,
As *Neptune*'s Trident ſtruck the teeming Earth,
Here the proud Horſe upſtarted to his Birth;
And there, as *Pallas* bleſs'd the fruitful Scene,
The ſpreading Olive rear'd its Stately Green;
In dumb Surprize the gazing Crouds were loſt,
Nor knew on which to fix their Wonder moſt.

TO

URANIA,

On her Arrival at *Jamaica*.

THRO' yielding Waves the Veſſel ſwiftly flies,
That bears URANIA from our eager Eyes;
A Prize more rich than *Spain*'s whole Fleets could boaſt
From fam'd *Peru*, or *Chili*'s golden Coaſt!
Deaf to our Call the Billows waft her o'er,
With Speed obſequious to a diſtant Shore;
There the glad Natives, on the crouded Strand,
With Wonder ſee the matchleſs Stranger land;
Tranſported Glories in her Features ſmile,
And a New Dawn of Beauty gilds their Iſle.
So from the Sea when *Venus* roſe Serene,
And by the Nymphs and *Tritons* firſt was ſeen,
The watry World beheld, with pleas'd Surprize,
O'er its wide Waſte new Tracks of Light ariſe;
The Winds were hush'd, the Floods forget to move,
And Nature own'd th'auſpicious Queen of Love.
Henceforth no more the *Cyprian* Iſle be nam'd,
Tho' for th' Abode of that bright Goddeſs fam'd;

Jamaica's happier Groves, conceal'd ſo long
Thro' Ages paſt, are now the Poet's Song.
The Graces there, and Virtues fix their Throne;
Urania makes th'adopted Land her own.
The Muſe with her in Thought tranſported, ſees
The opening Scene, the bloomy Plants and Trees,
By brighter Skies rais'd to a nobler Birth,
And Fruits deny'd to *Europe*'s colder Earth.
At her Approach, like Courtiers doubly gay
To grace the Pomp of ſome lov'd Prince's Day,
The gladden'd Soil in all its Plenty ſhines,
New ſpreads its branching Palms, and new adorns its Pines;
With Gifts prepares the ſhining Gueſt to meet,
And pours its verdant Off'rings at her Feet.
As in the Fields with Pleaſure ſhe appears,
Smiles on the Labourers, and their Labours cheers,
The luſcious Canes with ſweeter Juices flow,
The Melons ripen, and the Citrons blow,
The Golden Orange takes a richer Dye,
And Slaves forget their Toil, while She is by.
Not *Ceres*' Self more Bleſſings could diſplay,
When thro' the Earth ſhe took her wand'ring Way,
Far from her Native Coaſt, and all around
Diffus'd ripe Harveſts thro' the teeming Ground.

Mean

Mean while our drooping Vales deſerted mourn,
Till happy Years bring on her wiſh'd Return;
New Honours then, *Urania*, ſhall be thine,
And *Britain* ſhall again the World outſhine.
So when of late our Sun was veil'd from Sight
In dark Eclipſe, and loſt in ſudden Night,
A ſhivering Cold each Heart with Horror thrill'd,
The Birds forſook the Skies, the Herds the Field;
But when the conqu'ring Orb, with One bright Ray
Broke thro' the Gloom, and reinthron'd the Day,
The Herds reviv'd, the Birds renew'd their Strains,
Unuſual Tranſports rais'd the chearful Swains,
And Joy returning echo'd thro' the Plains.

MDCCXV.

The following Supplement and Concluſion to Mr. Milton's *Incomparable Poem, entitled,* Il Penſeroſo, *or* The Penſive Man, *was alſo writ by Mr.* Hughes. *It ſeems neceſſary to quote the eight foregoing Lines for the right Underſtanding of it.*

'AND may at laſt my weary Age
'Find out the peaceful Hermitage,
'The Hairy Gown, and Moſſy Cell,
'Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
'Of every Star that Heav'n doth ſhew,
'And every Herb that ſips the Dew;
'Till old Experience do attain
'To ſomething like Prophetick Strain.'
There let Time's creeping Winter ſhed
His hoary Snow around my Head;
And while I feel, by faſt Degrees,
My Sluggard Blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let Thought unveil to my fixt Eye
The Scenes of deep Eternity,
Till Life diſſolving at the View,
I wake, and find thoſe Viſions true!

A

LETTER,

Designed for the

SPECTATOR.

Now first Printed.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THERE is nothing affords more frequent Occasions for Ridicule, than that false Emulation which reigns among most Men, by which they study rather to captivate Respect, than deserve Esteem. There is this Difference between the Qualities of the Head, and those of the Heart, that the Pains we take to cultivate the former are often to no Purpose; but the Labour on the latter is never lost; which is a plain Direction given us by Nature herself, which way we ought chiefly to turn our Application. The Endeavour to be Good never fails to produce Goodness; But the Endeavour to be Witty, or Polite, very often produces Folly and Affectation. As the *Satyrical* and *Comick* Poets have frequently exposed Characters of this last kind, with an entertaining Variety of Humour, one wou'd think their Raillery might

might be of ſome Uſe, to drive this Herd of Stray Fools into their proper Road, and to ſend them to the Moraliſts for that Improvement, of which only they are capable.

Moliere has, in * one of his Comedies, repreſented a rich illiterate Blockhead, going out of a plain Character, affecting the fine Gentleman, and entertaining about him Maſters in all kinds of Arts, whoſe whole Buſineſs it is to take his Money, and to teach him Nothing. His invincible Stupidity, heighten'd with Oſtentation, his Contempt of his former Ignorance, and that abſurd Joy he expreſſes at his fancied Improvements, are placed in a very diverting View, and ſhew a Fool work'd up into a Coxcomb, in as natural a Manner as has perhaps ever appear'd on the Theatre.

The following known Simile, in *Hudibraſs*, repreſents the Caſe of many of theſe People, who, wanting to be ſomething which they are not, cannot ſit down contented with that Kind of Capacity which Nature intended them.

And as a Dog that turns the Spit,
Beſtirs himſelf and plies his Feet,
To mount the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again.

* *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; or *The Cit turn'd Gentleman.*

I remember

I remember I once met with a whimſical Fellow, who ridiculed the Affectation I have been ſpeaking of, in a very pleaſant manner. He pretended to have ſtudied many Years for the Good of the Publick, and undertook to teach what he called the ſecret Art of *Mechanick Wiſdom*. He had gather'd up his Knowledge from an outſide Obſervation of Courts, and had compounded a Syſtem of ſuperficial Remarks upon the Looks and Geſtures of the Inhabitants of different Countries; and had blended the *Reſerve* of the *Italians*, the *Spleen* of the *Engliſh*, and the *Gravity* of the *Spaniard*, in a very facetious Manner. It is well known that the *Italian* Farce-Players are excellent in Repreſentations exhibited in Dumb Show: This Fellow, as a Specimen of his Skill, entertained me with a Scene of this kind, and, placing himſelf at a Table with a Pipe in his Mouth, aſſumed the Perſon of a Counſellor of State, projecting a new Scheme. In this Poſture, without ſpeaking a Word, he exhibited to me all the Difficulties that occurr'd in ſo weighty an Affair. He began his Meditations with a compoſed Dignity of Countenance, then drew his Pipe out of his Mouth, and fix'd his Eyes on the Cieling; then ſmoak'd again; then let out his Pipe, and *purs'd up his Brow*, as *Shakeſpeare* expreſſes it, as if ſome new Objection perplex'd him; and then, with the End of his Pipe on the Table, he viſibly demonſtrated the Practicableneſs of every Particular of his Project; 'till at laſt, with an open Countenance, and a ſudden, yet decent Laugh, he broke up his Meditations, applauding himſelf for the happy Diſcovery.

This

This Part of his Myſtery he called *the Wiſdom of the Face*.

His next Secret was the *Art of ſpeaking Sentences*. Under this Head, he had a Set of general Remarks, Proverbs, ſagacious Sayings, and Forms of Doubting, which he would very readily apply to any Subject that was propoſed, with proper Pauſes, Nods, and Geſticulations; by which means he would evade coming to Particulars, and keep up the Character of a Perſon who could diſcourſe admirably well, were he not ſomewhat too reſerved.

He had another Degree beyond this, which he called *the Myſtery of talking obſcurely*. And as in the firſt Inſtance the Art was, to be underſtood *without ſpeaking*, ſo this conſiſted in ſpeaking freely *without being underſtood*. This is of the ſame Service as raiſing a Duſt when a Man is cloſe beſet, that he may make his Eſcape by blinding the Eyes of thoſe that purſue him. This indeed ſeems to require ſome Genius; and the Learned themſelves have found their Account in it, and have ſometimes made it paſs for no ſmall Accompliſhment. In a Book publiſhed ſome Years ago, by an ingenious Foreigner, "I remember, *ſays the Author*, a certain "Perſon was the other Day boaſting to me after this "manner. Do you know ſuch a One? naming a Man "of the firſt Rank for Learning and Politeneſs. They "ſay he is a Scholar and an ingenious Man; but I wiſh "I had a Letter to ſhew you, which I lately writ to "him. I called on him the next Day, and ask'd if he "had received it? He ſaid he had, but deſired to know

"what

" what it ſignify'd? As if, ſaid I, you did not com-
" prehend it. He ſwore he did not. I pity'd the Man,
" and began to explain my Letter. In ſhort, he was
" forced to confeſs to me at laſt, that if I had not come
" to him my ſelf, he had never underſtood what I writ
" to him about."

I ſhall only mention one Rule more in this Artiſt's Scheme of *Mechanical Wiſdom*, which is the *Art of Whiſpering*. This was to follow next in Order to that of *talking obſcurely*. The Duke of *Buckingham*, in his *Rehearſal*, has made Mr. *Bays* boaſt of his Abilities in *penning a Whiſper*, and has repreſented a Scene of Buſineſs, carry'd on in this manner, between two Stateſmen, with very great Succeſs.

To conclude, the Affectation beforementioned has this Misfortune in it, that it puts Men upon leaving the Track of Common-Senſe, without getting above it. Wit is the Talent of very Few: Common-Senſe ſerves inſtead of it in a lower Degree, and is, to the Generality of Mankind, like Inſtinct in Animals, ſufficient for the ordinary Purpoſes of Life. And as You, Mr. *Spectator*, have very juſtly obſerved of Inſtinct, that it ſeems to *fall ſhort of Reaſon, and yet riſes above it*; the ſame may be ſaid of *Common-Senſe*, it is below *Wit*, and yet above it; for Men of no Genius, by the Help of this plain Guide, are obſerved often to acquit them-

* *Spectator*, Vol. II. N° 120.

ſelves

ſelves better in the common Affairs of Life, than thoſe of higher Parts and Accompliſhments. It is not then the Want of Wit, but a falſe Pretence to it, that expoſes men to Ridicule and Contempt.

December, 1712.

VERSES

VERSES

To the MEMORY of

Mr. *HUGHES.*

By a LADY.

OUND HUGHES's *humble, tho' diſtinguiſh'd Urn,*
The Muſes, wreath'd with baleful Cypreſs, mourn;
every Face a deep Diſtreſs appears,
ch Eye o'erflows with Tributary Tears:
h was the Scene, when by the Gods requir'd,
ajeſtick Homer *from the World retir'd:*
h Grief the Nine *o'er* Maro's *Tomb beſtow'd;*
d Tears like theſe for Addiſon *late flow'd.*
natch'd from the Earth, above its trifling Praiſe,
e, HUGHES, *to happier Climes thy Fate conveys;*
'd of its Load, thy gentle Spirit roves,
rough Realms refulgent, and Celeſtial Groves;
Toils of Life, the Pangs of Death are o'er,
Care, and Pain, and Sickneſs are no more.

O may

O may the Spot that holds thy bleſt Remains,
(The nobleſt Spoil Earth's ſpacious Breaſt contains,)
Its Tribute pay; may richeſt Flow'rs around,
Spring lightly forth, and mark the ſacred Ground;
There may thy Bays its ſteady Honours ſpread,
And o'er thy Urn Eternal Odours ſhed;
Immortal as thy Fame, and Verſe, ſtill grow,
Till Thoſe ſhall ceaſe to live, and Thames *to flow.*
Nature ſubdu'd foretold the Great Decline,
And ev'ry Heart was plung'd in Grief, but Thine;
Thy Soul Serene, the Conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the Phantom Death, in Years of Pain;
Not Years of Pain thy ſteady Mind alarm'd,
By Judgment ſtrengthen'd, and with Virtue arm'd;
Still like Thyſelf, when ſinking Life ebb'd low,
Nor raſhly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the Blow;
Looſe to the World, of ev'ry Grace poſſeſt,
Greatly reſign'd, thou ſought'ſt the Stranger, REST:
Firm as his Fate, ſo thy own Phocyas dy'd,
While the barb'd Arrow trembled in his Side. ——
Drawn by thy Pen, the Theory we ſee;
The Practick Part, too ſoon! beheld in Thee.
Who now ſhall ſtrike the Lyre with Skill Divine,
*Who to harmonious Sounds, * harmonious Numbers join*

* Opera of *Calypſo* and *Telemachus*.

Who the rapacious Tide of Vice controul,
And, while they charm the Senſe, reform the Soul?
On whom the lovely Siſter-Arts unite,
With Virtue, ſolid Senſe, and boundleſs Wit?
Such was the Turn of thy exalted Mind,
Sparkling as poliſh'd Gems, as purish Gold refin'd.
Great Ruler of our Paſſions! who with Art
Subdu'd the fierce, and warm'd the frozen Heart,
Bid Glory in our Breaſts with Temper beat,
And Valour, ſeparate from Fea'riſh Heat,
Love, in its true, its genuine Empire riſe,
And, in Eudocia, *bid it charm our Eyes.*
Virtue diſtreſt, thy happy Lines diſcloſe,
With more of Triumph than a Conqueror knows;
Touch'd by thy Hand, our ſtubborn Tempers bend,
And flowing Tears the well-wrought Scene attend,
What Silent Eloquence thy Power approv'd,
The Cauſe ſo great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.
What Pleaſure can the burſting Heart poſſeſs,
In the laſt Panting, and ſecure Diſtreſs?
Can Fame, Wealth, Honour, Titles, Joy beſtow,
And make the lab'ring Breaſt with Tranſport glow?
Theſe gaudy Trifles gild our Morning bright,
But O! how weak their Influence on our Night!
Can Fame, Wealth, Honour, Titles, vainly bloom,
Or dart one Beam of Comfort on the Gloom;

But

But if the Strug'ling Soul a Joy receives,
'Tis in the juſt Applauſe, that conſcious Virtue gives:
This blameleſs Pride the dying HUGHES *poſſeſt,*
Soften'd his Pain, ſat lightly on his Breaſt,
And ſooth'd his unoffending Soul to Reſt.
Free from the Bigot's Fears, or Stoick's Pride,
Calm as our Chriſtian Heroe liv'd, he dy'd.
As on the utmoſt Verge of Life he ſtood,
Ready to plunge, and ſeize th'immortal Good,
Collecting all his Rays diffus'd, in One,
*His * laſt great Work with heighten'd Luſtre ſhone;*
There his juſt Sentiments, transferr'd, we view'd,
But while our Eyes the ſhining Path perſu'd,
And ſteep Aſcent his ſteady Judgment gain'd,
The ſhining Path, alas! alone remain'd. ——
So when the Sun to Worlds Unknown retires,
How ſtrong! how boldly ſhoot his parting Fires!
Larger his Setting Orb our Eyes confeſs,
Eager we gaze, and the full Glory bleſs;
As o'er the Heav'ns, Sublime, his Courſe extends,
With equal State, the Radiant Globe deſcends,
Sinks, in a Cloud of Gold, and Azure bright,
And leaves, behind, gay Tracks of beamy Light.

1720.

* Siege of Damaſcus.

F for Our-ſelves the Tears profuſely flow,
Too juſtly we indulge the tender Woe,
nce Thou in Virtue's Robes waſt richly dreſt,
nd of fine Arts Abundantly poſſeſt!
ut if we rather ſhould Congratulate
Friend's Enlargement and exalted State;
eſign'd to Providence, what can we leſs
han chearful hail thy-long'd-for Happineſs,
ho now releas'd from ev'ry piercing Pain,
oſt in the Realms of Light Triumphant reign!

February, 1719-20.

W. Duncombe.

ROM thy long Languiſhing, and painful Striſe
Of Breath with Labour drawn, and waſting Life,
ccompliſh'd Spirit! thou at length art free,
orn into Bliſs and Immortality!
by Struggles are no more; the Palm is won;
by Brows encircled with the Victor's Crown;
hile lonely left, and deſolate below,
ll Grief I feel, and all a Brother's *Woe!*
t wou'd I linger on, a little Space,
efore I cloſe my quick-expiring Race,
ll I have gather'd up, with grateful Pains,
by Works, *thy dear Unperiſhing Remains;*

An

An Undecaying MONUMENT *to ſtand,*
Rais'd to thy Name by thy own skilful Hand.
Then let me wing from Earth my willing Way,
To meet thy Soul in Blaze of living Day,
Rapt to the Skies, like Thee, with joyful Flight,
An Inmate of the Heav'ns, adopted into Light!

30 *March*, 1720.

JABEZ HUGHES
Ob. 17 Jan. 1731.
Anno Æt. 46.

IMMORTAL Bard! tho' from the World retir'd,
Still known to Fame, ſtill honour'd, and admir'd!
While fill'd with Joy, in happier Realms you ſtray,
And dwell in Manſions of eternal Day;
While You, conſpicuous thro' the heav'nly Choir,
With ſwelling Rapture tune the choſen Lyre;
Where echoing Angels the glad Notes prolong,
Or with attentive Silence crown your Song;
Forgive the Muſe that in unequal Lays
Offers this humble Tribute of her Praiſe.

Loſt in thy Works, how oft I paſs the Day,
While the ſwift Hours ſteal Unperceiv'd away;
There, in ſweet Union, Wit and Virtue charm,
And nobleſt Sentiments the Boſom warm;

he Brave, the Wiſe, the Virtuous, and the Fair,
lay view themſelves in fadeleſs Colours there.
Thro' ev'ry poliſh'd Piece Correctneſs flows,
t each bright Page with ſprightly Fancy glows;
h! happy Elegance, where thus are join'd
ſolid Judgment, and a Wit refin'd!
Here injur'd Phocyas *and* Eudocia *claim*
laſting Pity and a laſting Fame:
y Heroine's ſofter Virtues charm the Sight,
d fill our Souls with raviſhing Delight.
alted Love and dauntleſs Courage meet,
make thy Hero's Character compleat.
is finiſh'd Piece the nobleſt Pens commend;
d ev'n the Criticks are the Poet's Friend.
*Led on by Thee, thoſe * flow'ry Paths I view,*
r ever Lovely, and for ever New,
here all the Graces with joint Force engage,
ſtem th' impetuous Follies of the Age:
rtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming Charms,
ith ſuch reſiſtleſs Rays of Beauty warms,
at Vice, abaſh'd, confounded, skulks away,
Night retires at Dawn of roſy Day.
Struck with his Guilt, the hardy Atheiſt dreads
proaching Fate, and trembles as he reads:

* Alluding to the *Spectators* writ by Mr. *Hughes*.

Vanquiſh'd

Vanquiſh'd by Reaſon, yet aſham'd to fly,
He dares nor Own a God, nor yet Deny:
Convinc'd, tho' late, Forgiveneſs he implores;
Shrinks from the Jaws of Hell, and Heav'n adores.
Hither the Wild, the Frolick, and the Gay,
As thoughtleſs thro' their wanton Rounds they ſtray,
Compell'd by Fame, repair with curious Eye,
And their own various Forms with Wonder ſpy.
The Cenſor ſo polite, ſo kindly true,
They ſee their Faults, and ſicken at the View.
Hence trifling Damon *ceaſes to be vain;*
And Cloe *ſcorns to give her Lover Pain:*
Strephon *is true, who ne'er was true before;*
And Cælia *bids him Love, but not Adore.*
Tho' Addison *and* Steele *the Honour claim,*
Here to ſtand foremoſt on the Liſt of Fame;
Yet ſtill the Traces of Thy Hand we ſee,
Some of the brighteſt Thoughts are due to Thee.
While then for thoſe Illuſtrious Bards we mourn,
The Muſe ſhall viſit thy Distinguish'd Urn
With copious Tears bedew the Sacred Ground,
And plant the never-fading Bay around.
Here thro' the Gloom, aſpiring Bards explore
Theſe awful Relicts, and be vain no more:
Learning, and Wit, and Fame it ſelf muſt die;
Virtue *alone can tow'ring reach the Sky.*

This crown'd his Life. Admire not, Heav'n in View,
He to the glorious Prize with Tranſport flew.
A Fate ſo bleſt ſhou'd check our ſtreaming Woe,
He Reigns above, his Works Survive below.

J. Bunce.

Late of Trinity-Hall,
Cambridge.

In Memoriam Viri Clariſſimi

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

OCCIDIT heu nimium fato ſublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidum decus ille dolorque ſororum!
Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit ſors aſpera, Vates?
Quo fugis, ah! noſtras nunquam rediturus in oras!
En! tibi ferali crinem cinxêre Cupreſſo,
Et circum cineres Parnaſſia Numina lugent.
Ipſa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem:
Te patria expoſcit, fœcundaque criminis ætas.
Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro Juvenem eripuêre ſepulchro!
Sed tibi Mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,
Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,

Dircæuſque volet ſuperas tuus Ales in auras.
* Spernis trita-ſonans plectrum, tenuiſque Camœnæ
Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.
Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.
At vos, immenſi placidiſſima Lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O! pangite laudes
Auctori Dominoque; ſuis concuſſa tremiſcat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoſcat Natura Parentem,
Dum Vates arcana, parum ſententia vulgi
Ut ſtet ſollicitus, ſublimi carmine pandit!
Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profundo
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens!
Nec minor incedis, Tragico indignuſve Cothurno,
Dum tuus Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hoſtes,
Quis non æquales toto ſub pectore flammas
Concipit, & ſimili laudis ferveſcit amore!
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali
Arte trahis faciles animos; ſeu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;
Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
Ah nimium, nimium infœlix Eudocia! quem non

* *Hæc, & proxima alludunt ad ſublimia illa Au ris noſtri Poemata, quibus Tituli,* Hymnus ad C atorem Mundi, & Ecstasis.

Sors tua ſæva movet? madidi vectigal ocelli
Quis neget? infauſtos quis non deploret amores?
O ſemper damnata pati fata aſpera Virtus!
At tibi quis ſenſus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma ſagittam,
Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
Quis ſatis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?
Quam piger ad pœnas, miſerumque benignus in hoſtem!
Exemplar vel Chriſtiadis imitabile, mores
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube remotâ
Erroris, tanti eniteant pietatis honores!
Sed quid ego plura hîc laudare nitentia pergam?
Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica ſurgit,
Et delectamur paſſim, paſſimque monemur.

E Coll. Mert. Oxon. L. Duncombe.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author,

Obiit 26 Decemb. 1730; Anno Ætatis 19.

--- *Nox atra caput triſti circumvolat umbrâ.* Virg.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

To the MEMORY of Mr. *HUGHES*.

Spoken by Mr. *Milward*, on the Revival of THE SIEGE of DAMASCUS, at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, 22 *March*, 1734.

HERE *Force and Fancy, with United Charms,*
Mingle the Sweets of Love with War's Alarms.
Our Author shows, in Eastern *Pomp array'd,*
The conqu'ring Hero and the constant Maid.
None better knew, such Noble Heights to soar,
Tho' PHÆDRA, *and tho'* CATO *charm'd before.*
While in the Lustre of his glowing Lines,
Th' Arabian *Paradise so gaily shines,*
With wing Rivers, racy Fruits supply'd,
And Beauties sparkling in Immortal Pride,
Gallants, You'll own that a resistless Fire
Did justly their Enamour'd Breasts inspire.
At first, a numerous Audience crown'd this Play,
And kind Applauses mark'd its happy Way,
While He, like his own Phocyas, *snatch'd from View*
To fairer Realms with ripen'd Glory flew.
Humane, tho' Witty; Humble, tho' Admir'd;
Wept by the Great, the Virtuous Sage expir'd!
Still may the Bard, beneath kind Planets born,
Whom every Grace, and every Muse adorn,
Whose spreading Fame has reach'd to Foreign Lands,
Receive Some Tribute too from British *Hands.*

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be proper to acquaint the Reader, that t three following Poems having been long out Print, the Author intended, at the Requeſt of h Friends, to have publiſh'd a New Edition *them in the Year* 1716; *and for that pu poſe had drawn up a Preface; but afterwar drop'd that Deſign: They are therefore n printed in the ſame Form, that the Publick m not loſe ſo excellent a Piece. I cannot, on t occaſion, forbear congratulating the Lover King* WILLIAM'S *Memory, on the Pr pect we have at preſent of a new Race HEROES from the Illuſtrious* HOUSE NASSAU, *by the happy Marriage of PRINCESS ROYAL with his Highneſs PRINCE OF ORANGE.*

July, 1734.

PREFACE.

AS it is obſervable that the Enemies of our happy Settlement diſtinguiſh themſelves by taking all Occaſions to reflect on the glorious Founder of it, the Immortal King WILLIAM, So it becomes its Friends to be always repeating their juſt Tribute of Gratitude to his Memory. This, I ſuppoſe, is the Reaſon why it is judg'd, that an Edition of the *Three following Poems*, printed formerly at different times, will not now be unſeaſonable, or unacceptable to the Publick. I ſhall therefore make no Apology for the Imperfection of theſe little Pieces, but dedicate them, ſuch as they are, to the LOVERS OF KING WILLIAM and of the PRESENT GOVERNMENT. The firſt of them, (and indeed the firſt of my attempts in this kind) was writ about

Nineteen Years ago, when the Author was a very young Adventurer in Poetry.

The Cauſe for which THE PRINCE OF ORANGE came over, and for which he was ſo joyfully receiv'd by the Nation in its Diſtreſs, was, I believe, at that time univerſally underſtood to be the Cauſe of the Proteſtant Religion, of the Church of *England*, and of our civil Rights and Liberties; all which were acknowledg'd to be in the utmoſt Danger, and could only be reſtor'd, under Providence, by his timely Aſſiſtance. It is wonderful then how any Numbers of *Engliſhmen* or *Proteſtants* can have alter'd their Sentiments ſince; as if, with an inverted Common Senſe, they were deſtin'd to grow leſs wiſe upon ſecond thoughts, and to loſe by Reflexion that firſt Prudence, or rather Inſtinct of Nature, which is apt to direct all Creatures in Extremity to their true Intereſt and Preſervation. This, I fear, muſt in a great Meaſure have been owing to the Inconſiſtency of aſſerting Doctrines, which muſt always render the Safety of Societies precarious, and renouncing them afterwards, when they were found ruinous and impracticable; and yet when the Storm was over endeavouring to recover them again, like Good

after a Wreck, tho' they had very much contributed to our former Danger. We have once more been convinc'd, by a late Inſtance, how little the Profeſſion of ſuch Doctrines is to be depended upon; We have ſeen that they, who have been moſt ready to flatter Princes with an abſolute and unlimited Power, have been the firſt to riſe in Arms againſt them upon no real Provocation; whilſt others, who have honeſtly declar'd againſt thoſe Doctrines, have prov'd to be the beſt Subjects, and have not fled to an extraordinary Remedy, but when the Neceſſity of the Caſe has been ſo plain, that even oppoſite and contending Parties have agreed in it. In ſuch Caſes, neither God, Nature, nor our own happy Conſtitution have left us without the Means of Redreſs; and it is not Piety or Virtue, but Diſſimulation or Poverty of Spirit, to diſclaim it.

Methinks it ſhou'd be a Pleaſure to every one who loves his Country, to conſider that it is upon this natural and unalienable Liberty of *Engliſh* Subjects, that the preſent happy Eſtabliſhment, in Conſequence of the Revolution, is founded. If That was juſt and lawful, This is undoubtedly ſo, having receiv'd the Sanction of

all the Eſtates of the Realm, in two ſucceeding Reigns, and by ſeveral Acts of Parliament.

This is that Foundation, which being built on the mutual Happineſs of Prince and People, is moſt agreeable both to the Laws of Nature, and to the true Precepts of Religion, which do not partially provide for the immoderate Power of particular Perſons, but regard the Good of Communities. And ſuch a Foundation, being of God, and of Right Reaſon, muſt ſtand; unleſs for our Folly, or our Vices, we ſhou'd be ſuffer'd to deſtroy it. It is a true maxim of the Marquiſs of *Halifax*, *That a Prince who breaks with the Laws, quarrels with his Guards.* And, on the other hand, a People unreaſonably breaking in upon their Prince, as in the late Rebellion, are but like the Fool in the Tree, who labour'd to cut off the Bough on which he ſtood, and never thought of the Conſequence, that he muſt fall with it.

The beſt that can be wiſh'd to ſuch deſperate and unhappy Men is, that they may be ſaved againſt their Wills: and that the invaluable Legacy of *Engliſh* Liberty, which had been with ſo much Difficulty retriev'd, may be placed for them in the Hands of Truſtees, who are wiſe

han themſelves, and who will not ſuffer them
o ſquander it away from themſelves and their
oſterity. The leaving it guarded by proper
aws was a Care worthy the dying Thoughts
f that Heroe, who had undergone ſo many
azards and Fatigues in its Preſervation. And
ere I beg leave to mention to the Publick one
ircumſtance, which was known to thoſe who
ere about his Majeſty at that time. The King
as grown ſo weak as to be incapable of ſigning
y Papers; and a Commiſſion having been
greed on for giving the Royal Aſſent to the Bill
r ſettling the Succeſſion of the Crown, after
e late Queen, in that Illuſtrious Family which
w enjoys it, a Stamp of his Majeſty's Name
as order'd to be prepared, to be put by him
that Commiſſion. Sir *Richard Blackmore*, who
d conſtantly attended the King during that
tal Sickneſs, was juſtly apprehenſive of the
eat Danger to the Nation, of loſing any of
e laſt Moments of a Life of ſo great Impor-
nce, and preſs'd thoſe who had the Direction of
at Affair, to make the utmoſt Haſte in com-
eating it; his Advice was follow'd; and his
ajeſty juſt liv'd to put his Stamp to that Com-
iſſion, and to know that it was executed; with-

out which the Enemies of the Eſtabliſhment might have had an Opportunity of obſtructing it. As this was the laſt Action, ſo it was the moſt glorious one of a Prince, whoſe Life had been a publick Bleſſing, and who did not die, like *Auguſtus*, vainly begging Applauſe, but continuing to deſerve it, in ſo great and generous an Inſtance, as if he wiſh'd to have his own Reign forgotten, if poſſible, in the Happineſs of thoſe whom he had provided to ſucceed him.

J. H.

April, 1716.

THE
TRIUMPH OF PEACE:

Occasion'd by the

PEACE of *RESWICK*, 1697.

To Mr. *JOHN HUGHES*,

On his POEM, entitled,

The TRIUMPH *of* PEACE.

INſpir'd by what melodious HUGHES *has ſung,*
I'll tune a Lyre, that long has lain unſtrung:
Awak'd from drowſy Sloth, and ſoothing Reſt,
Poetick Tranſports fire my raviſh'd Breaſt!
What Pleaſure muſt retiring DRYDEN *find,*
To ſee that Art his skilful Muſe refin'd,
So much improv'd by thoſe he leaves behind?
So when a Father ſees a careful Son
Enlarge thoſe Coffers, which were firſt his own,
With Joy to Heav'n he lifts his aged Eyes,
Bleſſes his proſp'rous Heir, and calmly dies.
May all your Fortune, like your Numbers, ſhine,
And ſmoothly flow, without one rugged Line!
'Till we confeſs the Genius is the ſame,
That guides your Fortune, and Poetick Flame.
So when of old ſome ſportive Amorous God,
Vouchſaf'd awhile to leave his bleſt Abode,
In whatſoever Form the Gueſt appear'd,
His heav'nly Luſtre ſhone, and was rever'd.

Catharine-Hall, Cambridge. W. Worts. February, 1697.

POEM

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

THE
* TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

HEAR, *Britain*, hear a rough unpractis'd Tongue!
Tho' rough my Voice, the Muſe inſpires the Song,
The Heav'n-born Muſe; e'en now ſhe ſprings her Flight,
And bears my raptur'd Soul, thro' untrac'd Realms of Light.
We mount aloft, and, in our airy Way,
Retiring Kingdoms far beneath ſurvey.

* *Printed in* 1697.

Amid

Amid the reſt a ſpacious Tract appears,
Obſcure in View, and on its Viſage wears
Black hov'ring Miſts, which thick'ning by degrees,
Extend a louring Storm o'er Earth and Seas.
But, lo! an Eaſtern Light, ariſing high,
Drives the tempeſtuous Wreck along the Sky!
Then thus the Muſe —— Look down, my Son! and ſee
The bright Proceſſion of a Deity!
She ſpoke; the Storm diſpers'd; vaniſh'd the Night;
And well-known *Europe* ſtands diſclos'd to Sight.
Of various States, the various Bounds appear;
There wide *Hiſpania*, fruitful *Gallia* here;
Belgia's moiſt Soil, conſpicuous from afar,
And *Flandria*, long the Field of a deſtructive War.
Germania too, with cluſter'd Vines o'erſpread;
And lovely *Albion* from her wat'ry Bed,
Beauteous above the reſt, rears her auſpicious Head.
Beneath her chalky Cliffs, Sea-Nymphs reſort,
And awful *Neptune* keeps his reedy Court;
His darling *Thames*, rich Preſents in his Hand
Of bounteous *Ceres*, traverſes the Land;
And ſeems a mighty Snake, whoſe ſhining Pride
Does thro' the Meads in ſinuous Volumes glide.
Ah, charming Iſle! faireſt of all the Main!
Too long thou doſt my willing Eye detain.

For ſee a Heroe on the adverſe Strand!
And, lo! a blooming Virgin in his Hand!
All hail, Celeſtial Pair!—— a Goddeſs She,
Of Heav'nly Birth conſeſt, a more than Mortal, He!
Victorious Laurels on his Brows he wears;
Th' attending Fair a branching Olive bears;
Slender her Shape, in ſilver Bands confin'd;
Her ſnowy Garments looſely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd Stars, and ruffle in the Wind.
But once ſuch diff'ring Beauty met before,
When Warrior *Mars* did *Love*'s bright Queen adore;
E'en *Love*'s bright Queen might ſeem leſs winning fair,
And *Mars* ſubmit to his Heroick Air.
Not *Jove* himſelf, Imperial *Jove*, can ſhow
A nobler Mien, or more undaunted Brow,
When his ſtrong Arm, thro' Heav'n's Ætherial Plains,
Compels the kindled Bolt, and awful Rule maintains.
And now embark'd they ſeek the *Britiſh Iſles*,
Pleas'd with the Charge, propitious Ocean ſmiles.
Before, old *Neptune* ſmooths the liquid way;
Obſequious *Tritons* on the Surface play;
And ſportful Dolphins, with a nimble Glance,
To the bright Sun their glitt'ring Scales advance.
In oozy Beds profound, the Billows ſleep,
No clamorous Winds awake the ſilent Deep;

Rebuk'd

Rebuk'd, they whisper in a gentle Breeze,
And all around is Universal Peace.

Proceed, my Muse! The following Pomp declare;
Say who, and what the bright Attendants were!
First *Ceres*, in her Chariot seated high,
By harness'd Dragons drawn along the Sky;
A *Cornucopia* fill'd her weaker Hand,
Charg'd with the various Offspring of the Land,
Fruit, Flowers, and Corn; her right a Sickle bore;
A yellow Wreath of twisted Wheat she wore.
Next Father *Bacchus* with his Tigers grac'd
The Show, and, squeezing Clusters as he pass'd,
Quaff'd flowing Goblets of rich-flavour'd Wine.
In Order, last succeed the tuneful Nine;
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His useless Quiver, and his Bow unstrung;
He touch'd his Golden Lyre, and thus he sung.

'Lead on, great WILLIAM! in thy happy Reign
'Peace and the Muses are restor'd again.
'*War*, that fierce Lion, long disdaining Law,
'Rang'd uncontroul'd, and kept the World in Awe,
'While trembling Kingdoms crouch'd beneath his Paw.
'At last the reeling Monster, drunk with Gore,
'Falls at thy Feet subdu'd, and quells his Roar;
'Tamely to Thee he bends his shaggy Mane,
'And on his Neck admits the long-rejected Chain.

At

'At thy protecting Court, for this bleſt Day,
'Attending Nations their glad Thanks ſhall pay:
'Not *Belgia*, and the reſcu'd Iſle alone,
'But *Europe* ſhall her great Deliverer own.
'*Rome*'s mighty Grandeur was not more confeſt,
'When great *Antonius* travel'd thro' the Eaſt,
'And Crouds of Monarchs did each Morning wait
'With early Homage at his Palace-Gate.
'Haſte then, bright Prince! thy *Britain*'s Tranſport meet;
'Haſte to her Arms, and make her Bliſs compleat!
'Whate'er glad News has reach'd her liſt'ning Ear;
'While her long-abſent Lord provokes her Fear,
'Her Joys are in Suſpence, her Pleaſures unſincere.
'He comes, thy Heroe comes! O beauteous Iſle!
'Revive thy Genius with a chearful Smile!
'Let thy rejoicing Sons freſh Palms prepare,
'To grace the Trophies of the finiſh'd War;
'On high be hung the martial Sword inſheath'd,
'The Shield with Ribbons dreſs'd, and Spear with Ivy wreath'd!
'Let ſpeaking Paint in various Tablets ſhow
'Paſt Scenes of Battle to the Croud below!
'Round this triumphant Pile, in ruſtick Dance,
'The ſhouting Swains ſhall, hand in hand, advance;

The

'The wealthy Farmer from his Toils ſhall ceaſe;
'The Ploughman from the Yoke his ſmoking Steers releaſe,
'And join to ſolemnize the Feſtival of Peace.
'No more for want of Hands th' unlabour'd Field,
'Choak'd with rank Weeds, a ſickly Crop ſhall yield:
'Calm Peace returns; behold her ſhining Train!
'And fruitful Plenty is reſtor'd again'. ——
Apollo ceas'd; —— The Muſes take the Sound,
From Voice to Voice th' harmonious Notes rebound,
And echoing Lyres tranſmit the volant Fugue around!

Mean while the ſteddy Bark, with proſp'rous Gales,
Fills the large Sheets of her expanded Sails,
And gains th' intended Port; thick on the Strand,
Like ſwarming Bees, th' aſſembled *Britons* ſtand;
And preſs to ſee their welcome Sov'reign land:
At his Approach, unruly Tranſport reigns
In ev'ry Breaſt, and Rapture fires their Veins.
A general Shout ſucceeds, as when on high
Exploded Thunder rends the vaulted Sky.
A ſhort Convulſion ſhakes the ſolid Shore,
And rocks th' adjacent Deep, unmov'd before;
Loud Acclamations thro' the Valleys ring,
While to *Auguſta*'s Wall, the Croud attend their King

And now behold * a finiſh'd Temple riſe,
On lofty Pillars climbing to the Skies!
Of Bulk ſtupendous, its proud Pile it rears,
The gradual Product of ſucceſſive Years.
An inner Gate, that folds with Iron Leaves,
The charm'd Spectator's ent'ring Steps receives,
Where curious Works in twiſted Stems are ſeen
Of branching Foliage, vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal Organ, mounted high
On Marble Columns, ſtrikes the wond'ring Eye;
And feeds at once two Senſes with Delight,
Sweet to the Ear, and ſplendid to the Sight.
Marble the Floor, enrich'd with native Stains
Of various Dye, and ſtreak'd with azure Veins.
E'en emulous Art with Nature ſeems to ſtrive,
And the carv'd Figures almoſt breathe and live;
The painted Altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful Blue, and dazzling Gold.
Here firſt th' illuſtrious Three, of Heav'nly Race,
Religion, *Liberty*, and *Peace* embrace;
Here joyful Crouds their pious Thanks expreſs
For *Peace* reſtor'd, and Heav'n's Indulgence bleſs.
Auſpicious Structure! Born in happy Days,
Whoſe firſt Employment is the Nobleſt, PRAISE!

* *The Choir of St.* Paul's *was firſt open'd on the Day of Thankſgiving for the Peace.*

So,

So, when by just degrees th' Eternal *Thought*
His six Days Labour to Perfection brought,
With Laws of Motion first endu'd the Whole,
And bade the Heav'ns in destin'd Circles roll,
The polish'd Spheres commenc'd their Harmony;
All Nature in a Chorus did agree,
And the World's Birth-Day was a Jubilee.



THE
COURT OF NEPTUNE.
ON
KING *WILLIAM*'s
Return from *Holland*, 1699.

THE
COURT OF NEPTUNE.
ON
KING WILLIAM'S
Return from Ireland, 1699.

THE

COURT OF NEPTUNE.

Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Eſq;

BEGIN, Celeſtial Muſe! a tuneful Strain
Of *Albion*'s Prince conducted o'er the Main;
Of Courts conceal'd in Waves, and *Neptune*'s wat'ry Reign!

g, from beneath, how the Green Deity
ſe to the Sov'reign of the *Britiſh* Sea;
Pow'r confeſs'd, the Triple Mace reſign'd,
r-rul'd the Floods, and charg'd the Rebel Wind;
ur'd his Paſſage homeward, and reſtor'd,
to the loveli'ſt Iſle, the beſt-lov'd Lord.

The

The generous Name of MONTAGUE has long
Been fam'd in Verſe, and grac'd the Poet's Song;
In Verſe, himſelf can happy Wonders do,
The beſt of Patrons, and of Poets too.
Amid the skilful Choir that court his Ear,
If he vouchſafe theſe ruder Lays to hear,
His bright Example, while to him I ſing,
Shall raiſe my feeble Flight, and mount me on the Wi
On *Albion*'s Eaſtern Coaſt, an * ancient Town
O'erlooks the Sea, to Mariners well-known;
Where the ſwift † *Stourus* ends his Snaky Train,
And pays his Wat'ry Tribute to the Main:
Stourus, whoſe Stream, prolifick as it glides,
Two fertile Counties in its Courſe divides,
And rolls to Seaward with a Lover's Pace:
There beauteous *Orwell* meets his fond Embrace;
They mix their amorous Streams, the briny Tide
Receives 'em join'd; their crooked Shores provide
A ſpacious Bay within, for Anchor'd Ships to ride.
Here, on the Margin of the rolling Flood,
Divinely Fair, like Sea-born *Venus*, ſtood
Britannia's Genius, in a Robe array'd
Of broider'd Arms, and Heraldry diſplay'd:

* Harwich.

† *The River* Stoure, *that runs between* Suffolk & Eſſex.

A Crown of Cities charg'd her graceful Brows;
In waving Curls her Hair luxuriant flows;
Celeſtial Glories in her Eyes are ſeen;
Her Stature tall, majeſtick is her Mien.
With ſuch a Preſence, thro' th' adoring Skies,
Shines the Great Parent of the Deities;
Such Tow'ry Honours on her Temples riſe,
When, drawn by Lions, ſhe proceeds in State;
Trains of Attendant-Gods around her Chariot wait;
The Mother-Goddeſs, with ſuperior Grace,
Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright Immortal Race.
While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
The Water's Brink, and from the ſandy Shore
Beholds th' alternate Billows fall and riſe,
(By Turns they ſink below, by Turns they mount the Skies:)
And muſt, ſhe ſaid——
Then paus'd, and drew a Sigh of anxious Love;
Muſt my dear Lord this faithleſs Ocean prove?
Eſcap'd the Chance of War, and Fraud of Foes,
Wilt thou to warring Waves thy ſacred Life expoſe?
Why am I thus divided by the Sea,
From all the World, and all the World in Thee?
Cou'd Sighs and Tears the Rage of Tempeſts bind,
With Tears I'd bribe the Seas, with Sighs the Wind:

Soft-

‘ Soft-ſighing Gales thy Canvas ſhou'd inſpire;
‘ But hence, ye boiſtrous Storms! far hence retire
‘ To inland Woods; there your mad Pow'rs appeaſe,
‘ And ſcour the duſty Plains, or ſtrip the Foreſt Trees;
‘ Or, lodg'd in hollow Rocks, profoundly ſleep,
‘ And reſt from the loud Labours of the Deep!
‘ Why ſhou'd I fear? —— If Heroes be the Care
‘ Of Heav'n above, and Heav'n inclines to Pray'r,
‘ Thou ſail'ſt ſecure; my Sons with lifted Eyes,
‘ And pious Vows, for Thee have gain'd the Skies.
‘ Come then, my much-lov'd Lord! No more th'Alarms
‘ Of waſteful War require thee from my Arms.
‘ Thy Sword gives plenteous Peace; but, without Thee,
‘ Peace has no Charms, and Plenty's Poverty.
‘ At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the Queen
‘ Of Iſlands, bright, majeſtick, and ſerene!
‘ Unveil'd from Clouds, which did her Form diſguiſe,
‘ And hid a thouſand Beauties from thy Eyes.
‘ A thouſand Treaſures unſurvey'd invite
‘ Their Lord to various Scenes of new Delight.
‘ Come ſee the Dow'r I brought! My ſpacious Downs,
‘ My num'rous Counties, and my ancient Towns;
‘ Landskips of riſing Mountains, ſhaggy Woods,
‘ Green Vallies, ſmiling Meadows, ſilver Floods,
‘ And Plains with lowing Herds enrich'd around,
‘ The Hills with Flocks, the Flocks with Fleeces crown'd.

‘ All

‘ All theſe with native Wealth thy Pow'r maintain,
‘ And bloom with Bleſſings of thy eaſy Reign.
‘ Haſte, hoiſt thy Sails! and thro' the foamy Brine,
‘ Ruſh to my Arms! henceforth be wholly mine;
‘ After nine toilſome Years, let Slaughter ceaſe,
‘ And flouriſh now ſecure, in the ſoft Arts of Peace!”
She ſaid; th' intreated Winds her Accents bore,
And wing'd the Meſſage to the *Belgick* Shore.
The pious Heroe heard, nor cou'd delay
To meet the lovely Voice, that ſummon'd him away;
The lovely Voice, whoſe ſoft-complaining Charms
Before had call'd the Succour of his Arms,
Nor call'd in vain; when fir'd with gen'rous Rage
T' oppoſe the Fury of a barb'rous Age,
Like *Jove* with awful Thunder in his Hand,
Thro' Storms and Fleets at Sea, and Foes at Land,
He urg'd his daring Way; before his Sight,
On Silver Wings, bright GLORY took her Flight,
And left, to guide his Courſe, long ſhining Tracks of Light!
And now once more embark'd, propitious Gales
Blow freſh from Shore, and fill his hollow Sails.
As when the golden God, that rules the Day,
Drives down his flaming Chariot to the Sea,
And leaves the Nations here involv'd in Night,
To diſtant Regions he tranſports his Light;

So WILLIAM's Rays, by turns, two Nations chear;
And when he ſets to them, he riſes here.

Forſaken *Belgia*, ere the Ship withdrew,
Shed gen'rous Tears, and breath'd this ſoft Adieu;
'Since Empire calls thee, and a glorious Throne,
'Thy People's weighty Int'reſts, and thy own;
'(Tho' ſtruggling Love wou'd fain perſuade thy Stay)
'Go, where thy better Fortune leads the Way!
'Mean while my Loſs, allow me to complain,
'And wiſh —— ah no! that partial Wiſh were vain.
'Tho' honour'd *Crete* had nurs'd the thund'ring God,
'*Crete* was not always bleſt with his Abode;
'Nor was it fit, that WILLIAM's Godlike Mind,
'For Nations born, ſhou'd be to One confin'd.
'This only grant, ſince I muſt ask no more,
'Reviſit once again your Native Shore!
'That Hope my Sorrows ſhall beguile; and thou,
'My happy Rival! wilt that Hope allow;
''Tis all th' Enjoyment, Fate has left me now.
'So may'ſt thou, fair *Britannia*! ever be
'Firm to thy Sov'reign's Love, and his to Thee!
'While widow'd I' —— There riſing Sighs repreſs'd
Her fainting Voice, and ſtifled in the reſt.

Now, while the bounding Veſſel drives before
The guſty Gales, and leaves the leſs'ning Shore,

Behold the parting Clouds to Diſtance fly,
And Golden Glories, pouring from on high,
New dreſs the Day, and chear th' enlighten'd Sky!
One ſhooting Beam, like Lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the Middle Main its ſtreaming Light.
Lo! WILLIAM's Guardian Angel there deſcends;
To *Neptune*'s Court his heav'nly Meſſage tends:
In Arms Celeſtial, how he ſhines afar,
Like *Pallas* marching to th' awaken'd War!
His left Hand gripes a ſpacious Orb of Shield,
With thouſand intercepted Dangers fill'd,
And Deaths of various Kind; his right diſplays
A temper'd Blade, that ſpreads a formidable Blaze.
He ſtrikes the Waves; th' obſequious Waves obey,
And, op'ning in a Gulph, diſcloſe the downward Way.
O Muſe! by Thee conducted down, I dare
The Secrets of the Wat'ry World declare;
For Nothing ſcapes Thy View; to Thee 'tis giv'n,
To range the Space of Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n,
Deſcry a thouſand Forms, conceal'd from Sight,
And in Immortal Verſe, to give the Viſions Light.
A Rock there lies, in Depth of Sea profound;
About its Clefts, rich Beds of Pearl abound,
Where ſportful Nature, cov'ring her Retreat
With flowing Waters, holds her ſecret Seat:

In Woods of Coral, intricate ſhe ſtrays,
And wreathes the Shells of Fiſh a thouſand ways,
And animates the Spawn of all her finny Race.
Th' unnumber'd Species of the fertile Tide,
In Shoals, around their mighty Mother, glide.
From out the Rock's wide Caverns deep below,
The ruſhing Ocean riſes to its Flow;
And, ebbing, here retires; within its ſides,
In roomy Caves the God of Sea reſides.
Pillars unhewn, of living Stone, bear high
His vaulted Courts; in Storms the Billows fly
O'er th' echoing Roof, like Thunder thro' the Skies,
And warn the Ruler of the Floods to riſe,
And check the raving Winds, and the ſwoln Waves
chaſtiſe.
Rich Spoils, by plund'ring Tempeſts hither borne,
An Univerſe of Wealth, the Palace-Rooms adorn.
Before its Entrance, broken Wracks are ſeen
In Heaps deform'd, a melancholy Scene.
But far within, upon a moſſy Throne,
With waſhy Ooze and Samphire overgrown,
The Sea-green King his forky Sceptre rears;
Awful his Aſpect, numerous are his Years.
A Pearly Crown circles his Brows Divine;
His Beard and dewy Hair ſhed trickling Drops of Br

The River-Gods, his numerous Progeny,
On Beds of Ruſhes round their Parent lie.
Here *Danube* and the *Rhine*; *Nile*'s ſecret Source
Wells here conceal'd; hence *Tiber* takes his Courſe;
Hence rapid *Rhodanus* his Current pours;
And, iſſuing from his Urn, Majeſtick *Padus* roars;
And *Alpheus* ſeeks, with ſilent Pace, the lov'd *Sicilian*
Shores.
But, chief in Honour, *Neptune*'s darling Son,
The beauteous *Thames* lies neareſt to his Throne.
For thou, fair *Boyne!* ſhalt paſs unmention'd by,
Already ſung in Strains, that ne'er ſhall die.
Theſe, and a thouſand more, whoſe winding Trains
Lick various Lands, the wealthy Sire maintains;
Each Day, the fluid Portions he divides,
And fills their craving Urns with freſh-recruited Tides.
Not not alike; for oft his partial Care
Beſtows on ſome a diſproportion'd Share;
From whence their ſwelling Currents, o'er-ſupply'd,
Thro' delug'd Fields in noiſy Triumph ride.
The God was juſt preparing to renew
His daily Task, when ſudden in his View
Appear'd the Guardian Pow'r, all dazling-bright;
And, entring, flaſh'd the Caves with Beamy Light.
The *Rhine*, *Rhine*, the *Sambre*, on their Banks had ſeen
The glorious Form, and knew his Martial Mien;

In Throngs th' admiring *Nereids* round him preſs'd,
And *Tritons* croud to view the Heav'nly Gueſt.
Then thus, advancing, He his Will explains,
'O mighty Sov'reign of the liquid Plains!
'Haſte, to the Surface of the Deep repair,
'This Solemn Day requires thy Preſence there,
'To rule the Storms, the riſing Waves reſtrain,
'And ſhake thy Sceptre o'er the govern'd Main.
'By breathing Gales on thy Dominions driv'n,
'To Thee, three Kingdoms Hopes in Charge are giv'n,
'The Glory of the World, and Beſt-belov'd of Heav'n.
'Behold him figur'd here!' —— He ſaid, and held,
Refulgent to his View, the Guardian Shield.
On the rich Mould, inwrought with Skill Divine,
Great WILLIAM's Wars in ſplendid Sculpture ſhine.
Here, how his ſaving Pow'r was firſt diſplay'd,
And *Holland* reſcu'd by his Youthful Aid;
When, kindling in his Soul, the Martial Flame
Broke fiercely out, preluding future Fame,
And round the Frontiers dealt avenging Fire;
Swift from the hot Purſuit the blaſted Foes retire.
Then Battles, Sieges, Camps are grav'd afar,
And the long Progreſs of the dreadful War.
Above the reſt, SENEFFE's immortal Fight,
In larger Figures offer'd to the Sight,
With Martial Terror charms, and gives a fierce Delight.

Here the Confed'rate Troops are forc'd to yield,
Driv'n by unequal Numbers thro' the Field:
With his bright Sword, young NASSAU there withſtands
Their Flight; with Pray'rs and Blows he urges his Commands,
Upbraids their fainting Force, and boldly throws
Himſelf the firſt amidſt the wond'ring Foes.
What dare not Men, by ſuch a Gen'ral led?
Rallying with Shouts, their *Heroe* at their Head,
Fir'd with new Rage, aſham'd they once did fly,
Reſolv'd t' o'ercome, or reſolute to die,
Thro' trampled Heaps of Slain they ruſh to Victory.
Earth trembles at the Charge; *Death*, *Blood*, and *Prey*,
Inſatiate riot all the murd'rous Day;
Nor Night it ſelf their Fury can allay;
Till the pale Moon, that ſickens at the Sight,
Retires behind a Cloud, to blind the bloody Fight.
Again, the Shield in Savage Proſpect ſhows
An ancient * Abby, which rough Woods incloſe;
And Precipices vaſt abruptly riſe,
Where, ſafe encamp'd, proud *Luxemburgh* defies
All open Violence, or cloſe Surprize.
But ſee! a ſecond *Hannibal* from far,
Up the ſteep Height, conducts th' entangled War.
Brave *Oſſory*, attended with the Pride
Of *Engliſh* Valour, charges by his Side.

* *St.* Dennis *near* Mons.

In-

Inclos'd they fight; the Foreſts ſhine around
With flaſhing Fires; the thunder'd Hills rebound,
And the ſhock'd Country, wide beneath, rebellows to the Sound.
Forc'd from their Holds, at length they ſpeed their Flight;
Rich Tents, and Stores of War, the Victor's Toils requite.
Then Peace enſues; and, in a ſhining Train,
The Friendly Chiefs aſſemble on the Plain.
An ardent Zeal the *Gallick* General warms
To ſee the Youth, that kindled ſuch Alarms;
Wond'ring he views; ſecure the Soldiers preſs
Round their late Dread, and the glad Treaty bleſs.
Next, on the broad Circumference is wrought
The nine Years War for lov'd *Britannia* fought;
The Cauſe the ſame: Fair LIBERTY betray'd,
And baniſh'd JUSTICE, fly to Him for Aid.
Here ſailing Ships are drawn, the crowded Strand,
And Heav'n's Avenger haſt'ning to the Land.
Oppreſſion, *Fraud*, *Confuſion*, and *Affright*,
Fierce Fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy Night
Of Lawleſs Pow'r, defeated, fly before his dazling Light.
So to th' eclipſing Moon, by the ſtill Side
Of ſome lone Thicket, rev'lling Haggs provide
Dire Charms, that threat the ſleeping Neighbourhood,
And quaff, with Magick mix'd, vaſt Bowls of Human Blood;

But, when the Dawn reveals the purple Eaſt,
They vaniſh ſullen from th' unfiniſh'd Feaſt.
Here joyful Crouds, Triumphant Arches rear
To their Deliv'rer's Praiſe; glad Senates there,
In ſplendid Pomp, the Regal State conſer.
Hibernia's Fields new Triumphs then ſupply;
The Rival Kings, in Arms, the Fate of Empire try.
See where the *Boyne* two Warring Hoſts divides,
And rolls between the Fight his murm'ring Tides!
In vain —— Hills, Foreſts, Streams muſt all give place,
When WILLIAM leads, and Victory's the Chaſe.
Thou ſaw'ſt him, *Boyne!* when thy charg'd Waters bore
The ſwimming Courſers to th' oppoſing Shore,
And, round thy Banks, thou heard'ſt the murd'ring
Cannons roar.
What more than Mortal Bravery inſpir'd
The daring Troops, by his Example fir'd!
Thou ſaw'ſt their wondrous Deeds; to *Neptune*'s Court
Thy flying Waves convey'd the ſwift Report,
And, red with Slaughter, to their Father ſhow'd
Streams not their own, and a diſcolour'd Flood.
Here, on th' Ætherial Mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded Ball had mark'd a dinted Scar.
'Twas deſtin'd thus; for when, all glowing-red,
The Angel took it from the Forge, he ſaid;

This Part be left unfated from the Foe!
And, ſcarce eſcap'd, once let the *Hero* know,
How much to my Protection he ſhall owe;
Yet, from the batter'd Shield, the Ball ſhall bound,
And on his Arm inflict a ſcarlet Wound.

Elſe where, behold NAMURE's proud Turrets riſe,
Majeſtick to the Sight, advancing to the Skies!
The *Meuſe* and *Sambre* here united flow,
Nature's Defence againſt th' invading Foe:
Induſtrious Art her Strength of Walls ſupplies;
Before the Town the *Britiſh* Army lies.
The Works are mann'd; with Fury they contend;
Theſe thunder from the Plains, thoſe from the Walls defend.
Red Globes of Fire from bellowing Engines fly,
And lead a ſweeping Blaze, like Comets, thro' the Sky.
The kindled Region glows; with deaf'ning Sound
They burſt; their Iron Entrails, hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-ſcatter'd Deaths the crimſon Ground.
See, where the Genius of the War appears,
Nor ſhuns the Labour, nor the Danger fears!
In Clouds of ſulph'rous Smoke he ſhines more bright,
For *Glory* round him waits, with Beams of living Light.
At length the widen'd Gates a Conqueſt own,
And to his Arms reſign the yielding Town.

Here, from the Field return'd, with Olive crown'd,
Applauding Throngs their welcome Prince ſurround:

Bright

Bright Honours in his glorious Entry ſhine,
And Peace reſtor'd concludes the great Deſign.
Long, o'er the Figur'd Work, with vaſt Surprize,
Admiring *Neptune* roll'd his raviſh'd Eyes;
Then, riſing from his Throne, thus call'd aloud;
'Ye lovely Daughters of the briny Flood!
'Haſte, comb your Silver Locks, and ſtraight prepare
'To fill my Train, and gaze in upper Air.
'This Day, Majeſtick Glories you ſhall ſee;
'Come all ye Wat'ry Pow'rs, who under me
'Your little Tridents wield, and rule the boiſt'rous Sea!
'What God, that views the Triumphs here diſplay'd,
'Can to ſuch Worth refuſe his Heavenly Aid?'
He ſaid no more, —— but bade two *Tritons* ſound
Their crooked Shells, to ſpread the Summons round.
Thro' the wide Caves the Blaſt is heard afar;
With Speed two more provide his Azure Car,
A Concave Shell; two the finn'd Courſers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accuſtom'd Sign;
The God aſcends; his better Hand ſuſtains
The three-fork'd Spear, his left directs the Reins.
Thro' breaking Waves, the Chariot mounts him high;
Before its thund'ring Courſe, the frothy Waters fly;
He gains the Surface; on his either Side,
The bright Attendants, rang'd with comely Pride,
Advance in juſt Array, and grace the pompous Tide.

Mean

Mean while *Britannia*'s King conſpicuous ſtood,
And, from his Deck, ſurvey'd the boundleſs Flood.
Smooth was the glaſſy Scene, the Sun beheld
His Face unclouded in the liquid Field.
The gazing *Nereids*, in a ſhining Train,
Incloſe the Ruler of the *Britiſh* Main,
And ſweetly ſing; ſuſpended Winds forbear
Their loud Complaints, the ſoothing Lay to hear.
'Hail, Sacred Charge! they cry; the Beauties We
'Of *Neptune*'s Court, are come t' attend on Thee;
'Accept our offer'd Aid! thy potent Sway,
'Unbounded by the Land, theſe wat'ry Realms obey;
'And We, thy Subject-Pow'rs, our duteous Homage pay.
'See *Neptune*'s Self, inferior in Command,
'Preſents his Trident to thy honour'd Hand!'
They ſaid; the Sire approach'd with Awe profound;
The Rite perform'd, their Shells the *Tritons* ſound;
Swell'd with the ſhrill Alarm, the joyful Billows bound.
Now, from the Shore, *Britannia* firſt deſcries
White Sails afar; then bulky Veſſels riſe
Nearer to View; her beating Heart foretells
The pleaſing News, and eager Tranſport feels.
Safe to her Arms, Imperial *Neptune* bears
Th' intruſted Charge, then diving diſappears.

THE

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A PINDARICK ODE.

—— Cælo demittitur alto
Chara Deûm Soboles —— Virg.

Printed in 1702.

To His GRACE

CHARLES

DUKE of *SOMERSET.*

May it pleaſe your Grace,

THO' the great Loſs we ſuffer'd in the Death of the King has been ſo happily ſupply'd by her Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Throne, and her late Coronation juſtly fill'd the Hearts of her Subjects with Joy; yet ſo Glorious a Reign as the Laſt will always be remember'd with Admiration by all Good and Wiſe Men; and Your Grace has given ſufficient Proofs that You are of that Number. It can never therefore be thought too late to offer a juſt Tribute to his

his late Majesty's Memory, and to that of his Great Ancestors, a Race so illustriously distinguish'd in *Europe*. Tho' this indeed might sooner have been attempted, but for many Interruptions, too inconsiderable for Your Grace's Notice. How I have perform'd is humbly submitted to your Grace's Judgment, and to the Judgment of all those Gentlemen who are us'd to entertain themselves with Writings of this sort. But if, thro' the Author's want of Genius, the Poem it self shou'd be thought inconsiderable, I am sure it will have some Distinction from the Great Names it celebrates, and the Great Patron 'tis inscrib'd to. And to whom shou'd the Praises of Eminent Virtue be address'd, but to such as are possess'd of great Virtues themselves? To whom can I better present the chief Characters of a Noble and Antient Family, than to Your Grace, whose Family is so Antient and so Noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that some of my Relations have been honour'd with Marks

of

of Favour from Your Grace's Illuſtrious Anceſtors. This I confeſs has long given me the Ambition of offering my Duty to Your Grace; but chiefly that valuable Character Your Grace has obtain'd among all worthy Perſons. I have not Room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a Subject ſo well known as your Grace's Merits. Therefore I conclude with my humble Requeſt, that Your Grace wou'd favour this Ode with Your Acceptance, and do me the Honour of believing that among the Croud of Your Admirers, there is not One who is more paſſionately or ſincerely ſo, than

Your Grace's moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.



THE

HOUSE OF NASSAU.

I.

GODDESS of Numbers, and of Thoughts sublime!
Celestial Muse! whose tuneful Song
Can fix Heroick Acts, that glide along
Down the vast Sea of ever-wasting Time,
And all the gilded Images can stay,
Till Time's vast Sea it-self be roll'd away:
O now assist with consecrated Strains!
Let Art and Nature join to raise
A living Monument of Praise
O'er WILLIAM's Great Remains.
While *Thames*, majestically sad, and slow,
Seems by that Reverend Dome to flow,
Which new-intern'd his Sacred Urn contains.

If thou, O Muſe, wou'dſt e'er Immortal be,
This Song bequeaths thee Immortality;
For WILLIAM's Praiſe can ne'er expire,
Tho' Nature's Self at laſt muſt die,
And all this fair-erected Sky
Muſt ſink with Earth and Sea, and melt away in Fire.

II.

Begin —— the Spring of Virtue trace,
That, from afar-deſcending, flow'd
Thro' the rich Veins of all the Godlike Race,
And fair Renown on all the Godlike Race beſtow'd!
This Antient Source of Noble Blood
Thro' thee, *Germania*, wand'ring wide,
Like thy own *Rhine*'s enriching Tide,
In num'rous Branches long diffus'd its Flood.
Rhine, ſcarce more antient, never grac'd thee more,
Tho' mantling Vines his comely Head ſurround,
And all along his Sunny Shore
Eternal Plenty's found.

III.

From Heav'n it-ſelf th' Illuſtrious Line began;
Ten Ages in Deſcent it ran,
In each Deſcent increas'd with Honours new.
Never did Heav'ns Supreme inſpire
In Mortal Breaſts a Nobler Fire,
Nor his own Image livelier drew.

Of pure Ætherial Flame their Souls he made,
And, as beneath his forming Hands they grew,
He bleſs'd the Maſter-work, and ſaid;
'Go forth, my honour'd Champions, Go,
'To vindicate my Cauſe below!
'Awful in Pow'r, defend for Me
'Religion, Juſtice, Liberty,
'And, at aſpiring Tyranny,
'My Delegated Thunder throw!
'For this, the Great *Naſſovian* Name I raiſe,
'And ſtill this Character Divine,
'Diſtinguiſh'd thro' the Race ſhall ſhine,
'*Zeal for their Country's Good, and Thirſt of virtuous* [*Praiſe.*

IV.

Now look, *Britannia*, look, and ſee
Thro' the clear Glaſs of Hiſtory,
From whom thy mighty Sov'reign came,
And take a large Review of far-extended Fame.
See, Crouds of Heroes riſe to Sight!
ADOLPHUS *, with Imperial Spendor gay:
Brave *PHILIBERT*, unmatch'd in Fight,
Who led the *German* Eagle to his Prey;
Thro' *Lombardy* he mark'd his conquer'd Way,
And made proud *Rome* and *Naples* own his unreſiſted Might.

* Adolphus *the Emperor, of the Houſe of* Naſſau.

His

His gallant * Nephew next appears,
And on his Brows the Wreaths of Conqueſt wears,
Tho' ſtreaming Wounds the martial Figure ſtain;
For Thee, Great † CHARLES, in Battle ſlain,
Slain in all a Soldier's Pride,
He fell triumphant by thy ſide,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
And lay, a manly Corpſe, extended on the Plain.

V.

See next, Majeſtically Great,
The Founder of the *Belgick* State!
The Sun of Glory, which ſo bright
Beam'd on all the Darling Line,
Did, from its golden Urn of Light,
On WILLIAM's Head redoubled ſhine;
His Youthful Looks diffus'd an Awe.
CHARLES, who had try'd the Race before,
And knew great Merits to explore,
When He his riſing Virtue ſaw,
He put in Friendſhip's Noble Claim;
To his Imperial Court the Heroe brought,
And there by early Honours ſought
Alliance with his future Fame.
O generous Sympathy, that binds
In Chains unſeen the braveſt Minds!
O Love to worthy Deeds, in all great Souls the ſame!

* Renè *of* Naſſau. † Charles V.

VI.

But Time at last brought forth th' amazing Day,
When CHARLES, resolv'd to disengage
From Empire's Toils his weary Age,
Gave with each Hand a Crown away.
PHILLIP, his haughty Son, afraid
Of WILLIAM's Virtues, basely chose
His Father's Favourite to depose;
His Tyrant Reign requir'd far other Aid;
And *Alva*'s fiery Duke, his Scourge of Vengeance, rose;
With Flames of Inquisition rose from Hell,
Of Slaughter proud, and insolent in Blood.
What Hand can paint the Scenes of tragick Woes?
What Tongue, sad *Belgia!* can thy Story tell,
When with her lifted Ax proud MURDER stood,
And thy brave Sons, in Crouds unnumber'd fell?
The Sun, with Horror of the Sight,
Withdraws his sickly Beams, and shrouds
His muffled Face in sullen Clouds,
And, on the Scaffolds, faintly sheds a pale malignant Light.

VII.

Thus *Belgia*'s Liberty expiring lay,
And almost gasp'd her gen'rous Life away,
Till *ORANGE* hears her moving Cries;
He hears, and, marching * from afar,
Brings to her Aid the sprightly War.

* *He was then in* Germany.

At

At his Approach, reviv'd with freſh Supplies
Of gather'd Strength, ſhe on her Murd'rers flies.
But Heav'n, at firſt, reſolv'd to try
By Proofs adverſe his Conſtancy.
Four Armies loſt, * two Gallant Brothers ſlain,
Will he the deſperate War maintain?
Tho' rolling Tempeſts darken all the Sky,
And thunder breaks around his Head,
Will he again the faithleſs Sea explore,
And, oft driv'n back, ſtill quit the Shore?
He will —— his Soul, averſe to Dread,
Unweary'd, ſtill the Spite of Fortune braves,
Superior, and † *Serene amidſt the Stormy Waves.*

VIII.

Such was the Man, ſo vaſt his Mind!
The ſteady Inſtrument of Fate,
To fix the Baſis of a riſing State!
My Muſe with Horror views the Scene behind,
And fain wou'd draw a Shade, and fain
Wou'd hide his deſtin'd End, nor tell
How He —— the dreaded Foe of *Spain*,
More fear'd than Thouſands on the Plain,
By the vile Hand of a bold Ruffian fell.

* *The Counts* Lodowick *and* Henry.
† Sævis tranquillus in undis, *the Prince's Motto.*

No more —— th' ungrateful Prospect let us leave!
And, in his room, behold arise,
Bright as th' immortal Twins that grace the Skies,
A Noble * Pair, his Absence to retrieve!
In these the Heroe's Soul survives,
And *WILLIAM* doubly in his Offspring lives.

IX.

MAURICE, for Martial Greatness, far
His Father's Glorious Fame exceeds;
HENRY alone can match his Brother's Deeds;
oth were, like *Scipio*'s Sons, the Thunderbolts of War.
None e'er, than *Maurice*, better knew,
Camps, Sieges, Battles to ordain;
None e'er, than *Henry*, fiercer did pursue
The flying Foe, or earlier Conquests gain.
For scarce Sixteen revolving Years he told,
When eager for the Fight, and bold,
Inflam'd by Glory's sprightly Charms,
His Brother brought him to the Field;
Taught his young Hand, the Truncheon well to wield,
And practis'd him betimes to Arms.

X.

et *Flandrian NEWPORT* tell of Wonders wrought
efore her Walls, that memorable Day,

* Maurice *and* Henry.

When the Victorious Youths in Concert fought
And matchleſs Valour did diſplay!
How, ere the Battle join'd, they ſtrove
With emulous Honour, and with mutual Love;
How *Maurice*, touch'd with tender Care
Of *Henry*'s Safety, begg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd, his blooming Youth to ſpare,
But with his much-lov'd *Maurice* vow'd to prove
Th' Extremes of War, and equal Dangers ſhare.
O generous Strife! and worthy ſuch a Pair!
How dear did *Albert* this Contention pay!
Witneſs the Floods of ſtreaming Gore;
Witneſs the trampled Heaps, that choak'd the Plain,
And ſtop'd the Victors in their way;
Witneſs the neighb'ring Sea, and ſandy Shore,
Drunk with the purple Life of twice three thouſand ſlain

XI.

Fortune, that on her Wheel capricious ſtands,
And waves her painted Wings, Inconſtant, Proud,
Hood-wink'd, and ſhaking from her Hands
Promiſcuous Gifts among the Croud,
Reſtleſs of Place, and ſtill prepar'd for Flight,
Was Conſtant here, and ſeem'd reſtor'd to Sight;
Won by their Merit, and reſolv'd to bleſs
The happy Brothers with a long Succeſs ----

Maur

Maurice, the first resign'd to Fate:
The Youngest had a longer Date,
And liv'd the Space appointed to complete
The great Republick, rais'd so high before;
Finish'd by him, the stately Fabrick bore
Its lofty Top aspiring to the Sky:
In vain the Winds and Rains around it beat;
In vain below, the Waves tempestuous roar,
They dash themselves, and break, and backward fly,
Dispers'd and murm'ring at its Feet.
Insulting *Spain* the fruitless Strife gives o'er,
And claims Dominion there no more.
Then *Henry*, ripe for Immortality,
His Flight to Heav'n eternal springs,
nd, o'er his quiet Grave, *Peace* spreads her downy Wings.

XII.

His Son, a second *WILLIAM*, fills his Place,
And climbs to Manhood with so swift a Pace,
As if he knew, he had not long to stay:
Such young *Marcellus* was, the hopeful Grace
Of ancient *Rome*, but quickly snatch'd away.
BREDA beheld th' advent'rous Boy,
His tender Limbs in shining Armour dress'd.
Where, with his Father, the hot Siege he press'd.
His Father saw, with pleasing Joy,
own reflected Worth, and youthful Charms express'd.

But, when his Country breath'd from War's Alarms,
His martial Virtues lay obſcure;
Nor cou'd a Warrior, form'd for Arms,
Th' inglorious Reſt endure;
But ſicken'd ſoon, and ſudden dy'd,
And left in Tears his pregnant Bride,
His Bride, the Daughter of *Britannia*'s King;
Nor ſaw th' auſpicious Pledge of Nuptial Love,
Which from that happy Marriage was to ſpring,
But with his Great Fore-fathers gain'd a bliſsful Seat above.

XIII.

Here pauſe, my Muſe! and wind up higher
The Strings of thy Pindarick Lyre!
Then with bold Strains the lofty Song purſue;
And bid *Britannia* once again review
The numerous Worthies of the Line.
See, like Immortals, how they ſhine!
Each Life a Hiſtory alone!
And laſt, to crown the great Deſign,
Look forward, and behold 'em all in One!
Look, but ſpare thy fruitleſs Tears——
'Tis thy own *WILLIAM* next appears.
Advance Celeſtial Form! Let *Britain* ſee
Th' accompliſh'd Glory of thy Race in Thee!

XIV.

XIV.

So, when ſome ſplendid Triumph was to come,
In long Proceſſion thro' the Streets of *Rome*,
The Croud beheld, with vaſt Surprize,
The glittering Train in awful Order move,
To the bright Temple of *Feretrian Jove*;
And Trophies borne along, employ'd their dazzled Eyes:
But when the laurel'd Emperor, mounted high
Above the reſt, appear'd to Sight,
In his proud Car of Victory,
Shining with Rays exceſſive bright,
He put the long preceding Pomp to Flight:
Their Wonder could no higher riſe,
With Joy they throng his Chariot Wheels, and rend
with Shouts the Skies.

XV.

To Thee, Great Prince! to thy extenſive Mind,
Not by thy Country's narrow Bounds confin'd,
The Fates an ample Scene afford;
And injur'd Nations claim the Succour of thy Sword.
No Reſpite to thy Toils is giv'n,
'Till thou aſcend thy native Heav'n:
One *Hydra*-Head cut off, ſtill more abound,
And Twins ſprout up to fill the Wound.
So endleſs is the Task that Heroes find
To tame the Monſter *Vice*, and to reform Mankind.

For this, *Alcides* heretoſore,
And mighty *Theſeus*, travell'd o'er
Vaſt Tracts of Sea and Land, and ſlew
Wild Beaſts and Serpents gorg'd with Human Prey;
From ſtony Dens fierce lurking Robbers drew,
And bid the chearful Traveller paſs on his peaceful Way.
Yet, tho' the toilſom Work they long purſue,
To rid the World's wild pathleſs Field,
Still pois'nous Weeds, and Thorns in Cluſters grew,
And large unwholſom Crops did yield,
To exerciſe their Hands with Labours ever-new.

XVI.

Thou, like *Alcides*, early didſt begin,
And, e'en a Child didſt Laurels win.
Two ſnaky Plagues around His Cradle twin'd,
Sent by the jealous Wife of *Jove*,
In ſpeckled Wreaths of Death they ſtrove,
The mighty Babe to bind:
And twiſted *Faction*, in thy Infancy,
Darted her forky Tongue at Thee.
But, as *Jove*'s Offspring ſlew his hiſſing Foes;
So thou, deſcended from a Line
Of Patriots no leſs Divine,
Didſt quench the brutal Rage of thoſe,
Who durſt thy dawning Worth oppoſe.

The Viper *Spight*, crush'd by thy Virtue, shed
Its yellow Juice, and at thy Feet lay dead.
Thus, like the Sun, did thy great Genius rise,
With Clouds around his sacred Head,
Yet soon dispell'd the dropping Mists, and gilded all the Skies.

XVII.

Great *JULIUS*, who with gen'rous Envy view'd
The Statue of brave *Philip*'s braver Son,
And wept to think, what such a Youth subdu'd,
While, more in Age, himself had yet so little done,
Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to see
The glorious Deeds atchiev'd by Thee;
To see thee, at a beardless Age,
Stand arm'd against th' Invader's Rage,
And bravely fighting for thy Country's Liberty;
While He inglorious Laurels sought,
And not to save his Country fought;
While He ----- O Stain upon the Greatest Name,
That e'er before was known to Fame!
When *Rome*, his awful Mother, did demand
The Sword from his unruly Hand,
The Sword she gave before,
Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her Command,
Hurl'd at her Breast the impious Steel, and bath'd it in her Gore.

XVIII.

Far other Battles thou haſt won,
Thy Standard ſtill the Publick Good;
Laviſh of thine, to ſave thy People's Blood:
And when the hardy Task of War was done,
With what a mild well-temper'd Mind,
(A Mind unknown to *Rome*'s ambitious Son,)
Thy pow'rful Armies were reſign'd;
This Vict'ry o'er thyſelf was more,
Than all thy Conqueſts gain'd before:
'Twas more than *Philip*'s Son cou'd do,
When for new Worlds the Madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild Breaſt had ſpy'd
Tow'rs of Ambition, Hills of boundleſs Pride,
Too great for Armies to ſubdue.

XIX.

O ſavage Luſt of Arbitrary Sway!
Inſatiate Fury, which in Man we find,
In barbarous Man, to prey upon his Kind;
And make the World, enſlav'd, his vicious Will obey!
How has this Fiend *AMBITION* long defac'd
Heav'n's Works, and laid the fair Creation waſte!
Ask ſilver *Rhine*, with ſpringing Ruſhes crown'd,
As to the Sea his Waters flow,
Where are the numerous Cities now,

That

That once he ſaw, his honour'd Banks around?
Scarce are their ſilent Ruins found;
But, in th' enſuing Age,
Trampled into common Ground,
Will hide the horrid Monuments of *Gaul*'s deſtroying Rage:
All *Europe* too had ſhar'd this wretched Fate,
And mourn'd her heavy Woes too late,
Had not *Britannia*'s Chief withſtood
The threaten'd Deluge, and repell'd;
To its forſaken Banks, th' unwilling Flood,
And in his Hand the Scales of balanc'd Kingdoms held.
Well was this mighty Truſt repos'd in Thee,
Whoſe faithful Soul, from private Int'reſts free,
(Int'reſts, which vulgar Princes know,)
O'er all its Paſſions ſat exalted high,
As *Ten'riff's* Top enjoys a purer Sky,
And ſees the moving Clouds at diſtance fly below.

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike Annals reads,
Beholds reviv'd our valiant *EDWARD*'s Deeds.
* Great *Edward* and his Glorious Son
Will own themſelves in Thee outdone,
Tho' *Grecy*'s deſperate Fight, eternal Honours won.
Tho' the Fifth *HENRY* too does claim
A ſhining Place among *Britannia*'s Kings,

* Edward III. *and the* Black Prince.

And

And *Agincourt* has rais'd his Lofty Name;
Yet the loud Voice of Ever-living *Fame*,
Of Thee more numerous Triumphs ſings.
But tho' no Chief contends with Thee,
In all the long Records of Hiſtory,
Thy own great Deeds together ſtrive,
Which ſhall the faireſt Light derive,
On thy Immortal Memory;
Whether *SENEFF*'s amazing Field,
To celebrated *MONS* ſhall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing *BOYNE*;
Or if *NAMURE*'s well-cover'd Siege, muſt all the rest outſhine!

XXI.

While in *Hibernia*'s Fields, the labouring Swain
Shall paſs the Plough o'er Skulls of Warriors ſlain,
And turn up Bones, and broken Spears,
Amaz'd, he'll ſhew his Fellows of the Plain,
The Relicks of victorious Years;
And tell, how ſwift thy Arms that Kingdom did regain.
Flandria, a longer Witneſs to thy Glory,
With Wonder too repeats thy Story;
How oft the Foes thy lifted Sword have ſeen
In the hot Battle, when it bled
At all its open Veins, and oft have fled,
As if their evil Genius thou hadſt been:

How, when the blooming Spring began t' appear,
And with new Life reſtor'd the Year,
Confederate Princes us'd to cry;
'Call *Britain*'s King — the ſprightly Trumpet ſound,
'And ſpread the joyful Summons round!
'Call *Britain*'s King, and Victory!
So when the Flow'r of *Greece*, to Battle led
In Beauty's Cauſe, juſt Vengeance ſwore,
Upon the foul Adult'rer's Head,
That from her Royal Lord the raviſh'd *Helen* bore;
The *Grecian* Chiefs, of mighty Fame,
Impatient for the Son of *Thetis* wait;
At laſt the Son of *Thetis* came;
Troy ſhook her nodding Tow'rs, and mourn'd th' impending Fate.

XXII.

O ſacred *Peace!* Goddeſs ſerene!
Adorn'd with Robes of ſpotleſs White,
Fairer than ſilver Floods of Light!
How ſhort has thy mild Empire been!
When pregnant *Time* brought forth this new-born Age;
At firſt we ſaw thee gently ſmile
On the young Birth, and thy ſweet Voice awhile
Sung a ſoft Charm to martial Rage;
But ſoon the Lion wak'd again,
And ſtretch'd his opening Claws, and ſhook his griſly Main.

Soon

Soon was the Year of Triumphs past;
And *JANUS*, ushering in a New,
With backward Look did pompous Scenes review;
But his Fore-Face with Frowns was overcast;
He saw the gath'ring Storms of War,
And bid his Priests aloud, his Iron Gates unbar.

XXIII.

But Heav'n its Heroe can no longer spare,
To mix in our tumultuous Broils below;
Yet suffer'd his foreseeing Care,
Those Bolts of Vengeance to prepare,
Which other Hands shall throw;
That Glory to a mighty Queen remains,
To triumph o'er th' extinguish'd Foe;
* *She shall supply the Thunderer's Place*;
As *Pallas*, from th' Æthrial Plains,
Warr'd on the Giants impious Race,
And laid their huge demolish'd Works, in smoky Ruin low.
Then *ANNE*'s shall rival Great *ELIZA*'s Reign
And *WILLIAM*'s Genius, with a grateful Smile,
Look down, and bless this happy Isle;
And *Peace* restor'd, shall wear her Olive Crown again.

* *Vicem gerit illa Tonantis.* The Motto on her Majesty's Coronation Medals.

An ODE

On the DEATH of a FRIEND.

I.

APOLLO, God of Sounds and Verſe,
Pathetick Airs and moving Thoughts inſpire!
Whilſt we thy *Damon*'s Praiſe rehearſe:
Damon himſelf cou'd animate the Lyre.
APOLLO, God of Sounds and Verſe,
Pathetick Airs and moving Thoughts inſpire!
Look down! and warm the Song with thy celeſtial Fire.

II.

Ah lovely Youth! when thou wert here,
Thyſelf a young *Apollo* did appear;
Young as that God, ſo ſweet a Grace,
Such blooming Fragrance in thy Face;
So ſoft thy Air, thy Viſage ſo ſerene,
That Harmony e'en in thy Look was ſeen.

III.

But when thou didſt th' obedient Strings command,
And join in Conſort thy melodious Hand,
E'en Fate it ſelf, ſuch wondrous Strains to hear,
Fate had been charm'd, had Fate an Ear.

But

But what does Muſick's Skill avail?
When *Orpheus* did his Loſs deplore,
Trees bow'd attentive to his Tale;
Huſh'd were the Winds, wild Beaſts forgot to roar;
But dear *Eurydice* came back no more.

IV.

Then ceaſe, ye Sons of Harmony, to mourn;
Since *Damon* never can return.
See, ſee! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid Way!
Bright Choirs of Angels, on the Wing,
For the New Gueſt's Arrival ſtay,
And Hymns of Triumph ſing.
They bear him to the happy Seats above,
Seats of eternal Harmony and Love;
Where artful *Purcel* went before.
Ceaſe then, ye Sons of Muſick, ceaſe to mourn;
Your *Damon* never will return,
No, never, never more!

ANACREON,

ODE THE THIRD.

AT Dead of Night, when Mortals loſe
Their various Cares in ſoft Repoſe,
I heard a Knocking at my Door:
Who's that, ſaid I, at this late Hour
Diſturbs my Reſt? —— It ſobb'd and cry'd,
And thus in mournful Tone reply'd.
'A poor unhappy Child am I,
'That's come to beg your Charity;
'Pray let me in! —— You need not fear;
'I mean no harm, I vow and ſwear;
'But, wet and cold, crave Shelter here;
'Betray'd by Night and led aſtray,
'I've loſt —— alas! I've loſt my Way.
Mov'd with this little Tale of Fate,
I took a Lamp and op'd the Gate;
When ſee! a naked Boy, before
The Threſhold; at his Back he wore
A Pair of Wings, and by his Side
A crooked Bow and Quiver ty'd.

My

'My pretty Angel! come, ſaid I,
'Come to the Fire, and do not cry!
I ſtrok'd his Neck and Shoulders bare,
And ſqueez'd the Water from his Hair;
Then chaf'd his little Hands in mine,
And chear'd him with a Draught of Wine.
Recover'd thus, ſays he; 'I'd know,
'Whether the Rain has ſpoil'd my Bow;
'Let's try ---- then ſhot me with a Dart.
The Venom throbb'd, did ake and ſmart,
As if a Bee had ſtung my Heart.
'Are theſe your Thanks, ungrateful Child,
'Are theſe your Thanks? --- Th' Impoſtor ſmil'd:
'Farewel, my loving Hoſt, ſays he;
'All's well; my Bow's unhurt, I ſee;
'But what a Wretch I've made of Thee!

The STORY of PYRAMUS *and* THISBE,

From the Fourth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

WHERE *Babylon's* proud Walls, erected high
By fam'd *Semiramis*, aſcend the Sky,
Dwelt youthful *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe* fair;
Adjoining Houſes held the lovely Pair.
His perfect Form all other Youths ſurpaſs'd;
Charms ſuch as hers no *Eaſtern* Beauty grac'd.
Near Neighbourhood the firſt Acquaintance drew,
In early Promiſe of the Love t'enſue.
Time nurs'd the growing Flame; had Fate been kind,
The Nuptial Rites their faithful Hands had join'd;
But with vain Threats, forbidding Parents ſtrove
To check the Joy; they cou'd not check the Love.
Each captive Heart conſumes in like Deſire;
The more conceal'd, the fiercer rag'd the Fire.
Soft Looks, the ſilent Eloquence of Eyes,
And ſecret Signs, ſecure from Houſhold Spies,
Exchange their Thoughts; the common Wall, between
Each parted Houſe, retain'd a Chink, unſeen

For

For Ages paſt. The Lovers ſoon eſpy'd
This ſmall Defect, for Love is Eagle-ey'd,
And in ſoft Whiſpers ſoon the Paſſage try'd.
Safe went the murmur'd Sounds, and every Day
A thouſand amorous Blandiſhments convey;
And often, as they ſtood on either ſide,
To catch by turns the flitting Voice, they cry'd,
Why, envious Wall, ah! why doſt thou deſtroy
The Lovers Hopes, and why forbid the Joy?
How ſhou'd we bleſs thee, wou'dſt thou yield to Charms,
And, opening, let us ruſh into each others Arms;
At leaſt, if that's too much, afford a ſpace
To meeting Lips, nor ſhall we ſlight the Grace;
We owe to thee this Freedom to complain,
And breathe our Vows, but Vows, alas! in vain.
Thus having ſaid, when Evening call'd to Reſt,
The faithful Pair on either ſide impreſt
An intercepted Kiſs, then bade Good-night;
But when th' enſuing Dawn had put to flight
The Stars; and *Phœbus*, riſing from his Bed,
Drank up the Dews, and dry'd the flow'ry Mead,
Again they meet, in Sighs again diſcloſe
Their Grief, and laſt this bold Deſign propoſe;
That in the Dead of Night, both wou'd deceive
Their Keepers, and the Houſe and City leave;

And leſt, eſcap'd, without the Walls they ſtray
In pathleſs Fields, and wander from the Way,
At *Ninus'* Tomb their meeting they agree,
Beneath the ſhady Covert of a Tree;
The Tree well-known near a cool Fountain grew,
And bore fair Mulberries of ſnowy Hue.
The Project pleas'd; the Sun's unwelcome Light,
(That ſlowly ſeem'd to move, and ſlack his Flight)
Sunk in the Seas; from the ſame Seas aroſe the ſable Night;
When, ſtealing thro' the Dark, the crafty Fair
Unlock'd the Door, and gain'd the open Air;
Love gave her Courage; unperceiv'd ſhe went,
Wrapp'd in a Veil, and reach'd the Monument.
Then ſat beneath th' appointed Tree alone;
But, by the glimmering of the ſhining Moon,
he ſat not long, before from far ſhe ſpy'd
A Lioneſs approach the Fountain-ſide;
ierce was her Glare, her foamy Paws in Blood
f ſlaughter'd Bulls beſmear'd, and foul with Feed;
or reeking from the Prey, the Savage came,
o drown her Thirſt within the Neighb'ring Stream.
ffrighted *Thisbe*, trembling at the ſight,
ed to a darkſom Den; but in her Flight
r Veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the Flood
he Monſter drank, and, ſatiate, to the Wood
Returning,

Returning, found the Garment as it lay,
And, torn with bloody Teeth, diſpers'd it in her Way.
Belated *Pyramus* arriv'd, and found
The Mark of ſavage Feet along the ſandy Ground:
All pale he turn'd, but ſoon as he beheld
The crimſon'd Veſture ſcatter'd o'er the Field,
One Night, he cry'd, two Lovers ſhall deſtroy!
She worthy to have liv'd long Years of Joy,
But mine's the forfeit Life; unhappy Maid!
'Twas I that ſlew thee, I th' Appointment made;
To Places full of Death, thy Innocence betray'd,
And came not firſt my ſelf —— O hither haſte,
Ye Lions all, that roam this rocky Waſte!
Tear my devoted Entrails, gnaw, divide,
And gorge your Famine in my open'd Side!
But Cowards call for Death! —— Thus having ſpoke,
The fatal Garment from the Ground he took,
And bore it to the Tree; ardent he kiſs'd,
And bath'd in flowing Tears the well-known Veſt.
Now take a ſecond Stain, the Lover ſaid,
While from his Side he ſnatch'd his ſharpen'd Blade,
And drove it in his Groin; then from the Wound
Withdrew the Steel, and ſtagg'ring fell to Ground:
As when, a Conduit broke, the Streams ſhoot high,
Starting in ſudden Fountains thro' the Sky,

So ſpouts the living Stream, and ſprinkled o'er
The Trees fair Berries with a Crimſon Gore,
While, ſapp'd in purple Floods, the conſcious Root
Tranſmits the Stain of Murder to the Fruit.
The Fair, who fear'd to diſappoint her Love,
Yet trembling with the Fright, forſook the Grove,
And ſought the Youth, impatient to relate
Her new Adventure, and th' avoided Fate.
She ſaw the vary'd Tree had loſt its White,
And doubting ſtood if that could be the right,
Nor doubted long; for now her Eyes beheld
A dying Perſon ſpurn the ſanguine Field.
Aghaſt ſhe ſtarted back, and ſhook with Pain,
As riſing Breezes curl the trembling Main.
She gaz'd awhile intranc'd, but when ſhe found
It was her Lover welt'ring on the Ground,
She beat her lovely Breaſt, and tore her Hair,
Clasp'd the dear Corpſe, and frantick in Deſpair,
Kiſs'd his cold Face, ſupply'd a briny Flood
To the wide Wound, and mingled Tears with Blood.
Say, *Pyramus*, Oh ſay, what Chance ſevere
Has ſnatch'd thee from my Arms? ——
'Tis thy own *Thisbe* calls, look up and hear!
At *Thisbe*'s Name he lifts his dying Eyes,
And, having ſeen her, clos'd 'em up, and dies.

But when ſhe knew the bloody Veil, and ſpy'd
The Iv'ry Scabbard empty by his ſide,
Ah! wretched Youth, ſaid ſhe, by Love betray'd!
Thy hapleſs Hand guided the fatal Blade.
Weak as I am, I boaſt as ſtrong a Love;
For ſuch a Deed, this Hand as bold ſhall prove.
I'll follow thee to Death; the World ſhall call
Thisbe the Cauſe, and Partner of thy Fall;
And e'en in Death, which cou'd alone disjoin
Our Perſons, yet in Death thou ſhalt be mine.
But hear, in both our Names, this dying Pray'r,
Ye wretched Parents of a wretched Pair!
Let in One Urn our Aſhes be confin'd,
Whom mutual Love, and the ſame Fate have join'd.
And thou, fair Tree, beneath whoſe friendly Shade,
One lifeleſs Lover is already laid,
And ſoon ſhalt cover Two; for ever wear
Death's ſable Hue, and purple Berries bear!
She ſaid, and plunges in her Breaſt the Sword,
Yet warm, and reeking from its ſlaughter'd Lord.
Relenting Heav'n allows her laſt Requeſt,
And Pity touch'd their mournful Parents Breaſt.
The Fruit, when ripe, a purple Dye retains;
And in One Urn are plac'd their dear Remains.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

In Imitation of OVID, *Amorum* Lib. I. *Eleg.* 2.

TELL me, ſome God, whence does this Change ariſe;
Why gentle Sleep forſakes my weary Eyes?
Why, turning often, all the tedious Night
In Pain I lie, and watch the ſpringing Light? —
What cruel Dæmon haunts my tortur'd Mind?
Sure, if 'twere Love, I ſhou'd th' Invader find;
Unleſs diſguis'd he lurks, the crafty Boy,
With ſilent Arts Ingenious to deſtroy.
Alas! 'tis ſo——'tis fix'd the ſecret Dart;
I feel the Tyrant ravaging my Heart.
Then, ſhall I yield; or th' Infant Flame oppoſe?
I yield!——Reſiſtance wou'd increaſe my Woes:
For ſtruggling Slaves a ſharper Doom ſuſtain,
Than ſuch as ſtoop Obedient to the Chain.
I own thy Pow'r, Almighty Love! I'm thine;
With pinion'd Hands behold me here reſign!
Let this Submiſſion then my Life obtain;
Small Praiſe 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm ſlain.

Go,

Go, join thy Mother's Doves; with Myrtle braid thy Hair;
The God of War Himſelf a Chariot ſhall prepare;
Then Thou Triumphant thro' the Shouting Throng
Shalt ride, and move with Art the willing Birds along;
While Captive Youths and Maids, in ſolemn State
Adorn the Scene, and on thy Triumph wait.
There I, a later Conqueſt of thy Bow,
In Chains will follow too; and as I go,
To pitying Eyes the new-made Wound will ſhow.
Next, all that dare Love's Sov'reign Pow'r defy,
In Fetters bound inglorious ſhall paſs by:
All ſhall ſubmit to thee —— Th' applauding Crowd
Shall lift their Hands, and ſing thy Praiſe aloud.
Soft Looks ſhall in thy Equipage appear,
With am'rous Play, Miſtake, and jealous Fear.
Be this thy Guard, Great Love! —— be this thy Train;
Since theſe extend o'er Men and Gods thy Reign;
But robb'd of theſe, thy Pow'r is weak and vain.
From Heav'n thy Mother ſhall the Pomp ſurvey,
And ſmiling, ſcatter fragrant Show'rs of Roſes in thy way;
Whilſt Thou, array'd in thy unrivall'd Pride,
On Golden Wheels, all Gold thy Self, ſhalt ride:
Thy ſpreading Wings ſhall richeſt Di'monds wear,
And Gems ſhall ſparkle in thy lovely Hair.

Thus

Thus paſſing by, thy Arm ſhall hurl around
Ten Thouſand Fires, Ten Thouſand Hearts ſhall wound.
This is thy Practice, *Love*, and this thy Gain;
From this thou canſt not, if thou wou'dſt, refrain;
Since e'en thy Preſence, with prolifick Heat,
Does reach the Heart, and active Flames create.
From Conquer'd *India*, ſo the * Jovial God,
Drawn o'er the Plains by harneſs'd Tigers, rode.
Then ſince, Great *Love*, I take a willing Place
Amidſt thy Spoils, the Sacred-Show to grace;
O ceaſe to wound, and let thy fatal Store
Of piercing Shafts be ſpent on me no more.
No more, too pow'rful in my Charmer's Eyes,
Torment a Slave, that for her Beauty dies;
Or look in Smiles from thence, and I ſhall be
SLAVE no longer, but a GOD, like Thee!

* *BACCHUS.*

THE PICTURE.

COME, my Muse, a *Venus* draw;
Not the fame the *Grecians* saw,
By the fam'd *Apelles* wrought,
Beauteous Offspring of his Thought.
No fantastick Goddess mine,
Fiction far She does outshine.
Queen of Fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd Wing
All the Beauties of the Spring.
Like the Bee's industrious Pains
To collect his Golden Gains,
So from ev'ry Flow'r and Plant
Gather first th' immortal Paint.
Fetch me Lilies, fetch me Roses,
Daisies, Vi'lets, Cowslip-Posies,
Amaranthus' Parrot Pride,
Woodbines, Pinks, and what beside
Does th' embroider'd Meads adorn,
Where the Fawns and Satyrs play
In the merry Month of *May*.
Steal the Blush of op'ning Morn;

Borrow *Cynthia*'s Silver White,
When She ſhines at Noon of Night,
Free from Clouds to veil her Light.
Juno's Bird his Tail ſhall ſpread,
Iris' Bow its Colours ſhed,
All to deck this Charming Piece,
Far ſurpaſſing Antient *Greece*.

Firſt her Graceful Stature ſhow,
Not too Tall, not yet too Low.
Fat She muſt not be, nor Lean;
Let her Shape be Straight and Clean;
Small her Waſte, and, thence increaſt,
Gently ſwells her riſing Breaſt.

Next, in comely Order trace
All the Glories of her Face.
Paint her Neck of Ivory,
Smiling Cheeks, and Forehead high,
Ruby Lips, and ſparkling Eyes,
Whence reſiſtleſs Lightning flies.

Fooliſh Muſe! what haſt thou done?
Scarce th' Outlines are yet begun,
Ere thy Pencil's thrown aſide!
'Tis no matter, *Love* reply'd;
(Love's unluckly God ſtood by)
At one Stroke behold how I
Will th' unfiniſh'd Draught ſupply.

Smiling then He took his Dart,
And drew her Picture in my Heart.

BARN-ELMS.

LET *Phœbus* his late Happineſs rehearſe,
And grace *Barn-Elms* with never-dying Verſe!
Smooth was the *Thames*, his Waters ſleeping lay,
Unwak'd by Winds that o'er the Surface play;
When th' early God ariſing from the *Eaſt*,
Diſclos'd the Golden Dawn, with Bluſhes dreſt.
Firſt in the Stream his own bright Form he ſees,
But brighter Forms ſhine thro' the neighb'ring Trees.
He ſpeeds the riſing Day, and ſheds his Light
Redoubled on the Grove, to gain a nearer Sight.
Not with more Speed his *Daphne* he purſu'd,
Nor fair *Leucothoe* with ſuch Pleaſure view'd;
Five dazzling Nymphs in graceful Pomp appear;
He thinks his *Daphne* and *Leucothoe* here,
Join'd with that Heav'nly Three, who on Mount *Ide*
Deſcending once the Prize of Beauty try'd.
Ye Verdant ELMS, that tow'ring grace this Grove,
Be Sacred ſtill to Beauty, and to Love!

No Thunder break, nor Lightning glare between
Your twisted Boughs, but Such as then was seen.
The Grateful Sun will ev'ry Morning rise
Propitious here, saluting from the Skies
Your lofty Tops, indulg'd with sweetest Air,
And ev'ry Spring your Losses he'll repair;
Nor his own *Laurels* more shall be his Care.

On the Friendship of PHOEBE *and* ASTERIA; And the SICKNESS of the Former.

AN Altar raise to *Friendship*'s holy Flame,
Inscrib'd with *Phœbe*'s and *Asteria*'s Name!
Around it, mingled in a solemn Band,
Let *Phœbe*'s Lovers, and *Asteria*'s stand,
With fervent Vows t'attend the Sacrifice;
While rich Perfumes from melted Gums arise,
To bribe for *Phœbe*'s Health the partial Skies.
Forbid it, *Love*, that sickly Blasts consume
The Flow'r of Beauty in its tender Bloom!

Shall She ſo ſoon to her own Heav'n retire,
Who gave ſo oft, yet never felt thy Fire?
Who late at ſplendid Feaſts ſo Graceful ſhone,
By pleaſing Smiles and numerous Conqueſts known;
Where 'midſt the brighteſt Nymphs, She bore the Prize
From all —— from all but her *Aſteria*'s Eyes.
Behold the Maid, who then Secure repell'd
The Shafts of Love, by fainting Sickneſs quell'd!
(As Beauty's Goddeſs once a Wound ſuſtain'd,
Not from her Son, but from a * Mortal's Hand)
Aſteria too forgets her ſprightly Charms,
And drooping lies within her *Phœbe*'s Arms.

Thus in Romantick Hiſtories we read
Of Tournaments by ſome great Prince decreed,
Where Two Companion-Knights their Lances wield
With matchleſs Force, and win, from All, the Field;
'Till One, o'erheated in the Courſe, retires,
And feels within his Veins a Fever's Fires;
His grieving Friend his Laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought Triumphs of the Day.

So ſtrict's the Union of this tender Pair,
What Heav'n decrees for One, they Both muſt ſhare.
Like meeting Rivers, in One Stream they flow,
And no divided Joys or Sorrows know.
Not the bright † Twins, prefer'd in Heav'n to ſhine,
Fair *Leda*'s Sons, in ſuch a League cou'd join.

* Diomedes. † Caſtor *and* Pollux.

On

One Soul, as Fables tell, by turns ſupply'd
That Heav'nly Pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd.
But theſe have ſworn a matchleſs Sympathy,
They'll live together, or together die.
When Heav'n did at *Aſteria*'s Birth beſtow
Thoſe Laviſh Charms, with which She wounds us ſo,
To form her Glorious Mind, it did inſpire
A Double Portion of th' Aetherial Fire,
That Half might afterward be thence convey'd,
To animate that other Lovely Maid.
Thus Native Inſtinct does their Hearts combine,
In Knots too cloſe for Fortune to untwine.
So *India* boaſts a Tree, that ſpreads around
Its am'rous Boughs, which bending reach the Ground,
Where taking Root again, the Branches raiſe
A Second Tree to meet its fond Embrace;
Then Side by Side the friendly Neighbours thrive,
Fed by one Sap, and in each other live.
Of *Phœbe*'s Health we need not ſend to know
How Nature ſtrives with her invading Foe,
What Symptoms good or ill each Day ariſe;
We read thoſe Changes in *Aſteria*'s Eyes.
Thus in ſome Cryſtal Fountain you may ſpy
The Face of Heav'n, and the reflected Sky,
ee what black Clouds ariſe, when Tempeſts low'r,
nd gath'ring Miſts portend a falling Show'r,

And when the Sun breaks out, with conqu'ring Ray
To chaſe the Darkneſs, and reſtore the Day.
Such be thy Fate, bright Maid! from this Decline
Ariſe renew'd in Charms, and doubly ſhine!
And as that dawning Planet was addreſt
With Offer'd Incenſe by th' adoring *Eaſt*,
So We'll with Songs thy glad Recov'ry greet,
The Muſe ſhall lay her Preſents at thy Feet;
With open Arms, *Aſteria* ſhall receive
The deareſt Pledge propitious Heav'n can give.
Fann'd by theſe Winds, your Friendſhip's gen'rous Fire
Shall burn more bright, and to ſuch Heights aſpire,
The wond'ring World ſhall think you from Above
Come down to teach how Happy Angels love.

SONG.

I.

FAME of *Dorinda*'s Conqueſts brought
The God of Love her Charms to view;
To wound th' unwary Maid he thought,
But ſoon became her Conqueſt too.

II.

He dropp'd half drawn his feeble Bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and ſighing pin'd;
And wiſh'd in vain he had been now,
As Painters falſſly draw him blind.

III.

Diſarm'd, he to his Mother flies;
Help, *Venus*, help thy wretched Son!
Who now will pay Us Sacrifice?
For *Love* Himſelf's, alas! undone.

IV.

To *Cupid* now no Lover's Pray'r
Shall be addreſs'd in ſuppliant Sighs;
My Darts are gone, but oh beware,
Fond Mortals, of *Dorinda*'s Eyes.

To OCTAVIA *Indiſpos'd.*

A Round your Couch while Sighing Lovers view
Wit, Beauty, Goodneſs ſuff'ring all in You;
O mournful is the Scene, 'tis hard to tell
Which Face betrays the Sick, or who is Well.
They feel not their own Pains, while Your's they ſhare,
Worſe tortur'd now, than lately by Deſpair.

For bleeding Veins a like Relief is found,
When Iron red-hot by burning stops the Wound.
Grant, Heav'n, they cry, this Moment our Desire,
To see Her Well, tho' We the next expire.

BEAUTY *and* MUSICK.

I.

YE Swains, whom Radiant Beauty moves,
Or Musick's Art with Sounds Divine,
Think how the Rapt'rous Charm improves,
Where Two such Gifts Celestial join:

II.

Where *Cupid*'s Bow, and *Phœbus*' Lyre,
In the same pow'rful Hand are found;
Where Lovely Eyes inflame Desire,
While trembling Notes are taught to wound.

III.

Inquire not who's the matchless Fair,
That can this Double Death bestow:
If young *HARMONIA*'s Strains you hear,
Or view her Eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID

CUPID's REVIEW.

CUPID, survey thy Shining Train around
Of Fav'rite Nymphs, for Conquest most renown'd;
The Lovely Warriors that in bright Array
Thy Pow'r support, and propagate thy Sway.
Then say what Beauteous Gen'ral wilt thou choose,
To lead the Fair Brigade against thy Rebel Foes?
Behold the God advance in Comely Pride,
Arm'd with his Bow, his Quiver by his Side.
Inferior *Cupids* on their Master wait;
He smiles well-pleas'd, and waves his Wings in State.
His little Hands imperial Trophies bear,
And Laurel-Wreaths to grace th' elected Fair.
Hide-Park the Scene for the Review he nam'd,
Hide-Park for Pleasure and for Beauty fam'd.
Where, oft from *Western* Skies the God of Light
Sees new-arising Suns, than his more bright;
Then sets in Blushes, and conveys his Fire
To distant Lands, that more his Beams require.
And now the Charming Candidates appear,
Behold *Britannia*'s Victor-Graces there,
Who vindicate their Country's ancient Claim
To Love's Preeminence, and Beauty's Fame.

Some,

Some, who, at *ANNA*'s Court, in Honour rais'd,
Adorn Birth-Nights, by Crowding Nations prais'd;
Preserv'd in *Kneller*'s Pictures ever young,
In Strains immortal by the Muses sung.
Around the Ring th' Illustrious Rivals move,
And teach to *Love* Himself the Pow'r of Love.
Scarce, tho' a God, he can with Safety gaze
On Glory so profuse, such mingled Rays;
For *Love* had Eyes on this important Day,
And *Venus* from his Forehead took the blinding Cloth away.
Here *Mira* pass'd, and fix'd his wond'ring View,
Her perfect Shape distinguish'd Praises drew;
Tall, Beauteous, and Majestick to the Sight,
She led the Train, and sparkled in the Light.
There *Stella* claims the Wreath, and pleads her Eyes
By which each Day some new Adorer dies.
Serena, by Good-humour doubly Fair,
With Native Sweetness charms, and Smiling Air.
While *Flora*'s youthful Years and Looks display
The Bloom of rip'ning Fruits, the Innocence of *May*;
The op'ning Sweets that Months of Pleasure bring,
The Dawn of Love, and Life's indulgent Spring.
'Twere endless to describe the various Darts,
With which the Fair are arm'd to conquer Hearts.
Whatever can the ravish'd Soul inspire
With tender Thoughts and animate Desire,

All Arts and Virtues mingled in the Train;
And long the Lovely Rivals ſtrove in vain,
While *Cupid* unreſolv'd ſtill ſearch'd around the Plain.
O! cou'd I find, ſaid *Love*, the *Phœnix* She,
In whom at once theſe ſev'ral Charms agree;
That *Phœnix* She the Laurel Crown ſhou'd have,
And *Love* Himſelf with Pride become her Slave.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when ſee —— *HARMONIA* came!
Chance brought Her there, and not Deſire of Fame,
Unknowing of the Choice, till She beheld
The God approach to crown Her in the Field.
Th' unwilling Maid, with wondrous Modeſty,
Diſclaim'd her Right, and put the Laurel by:
Warm Bluſhes on her tender Cheeks ariſe,
And double Softneſs beautify'd her Eyes.
At this, more charm'd, the rather I beſtow,
Said *Love*, theſe Honours You in vain forego;
Take then the Wreath, which You, Victorious Fair,
Have moſt deſerv'd, yet leaſt affect to wear.

To a Beautiful LADY *playing on the* ORGAN.

WHEN fam'd *Cæcilia* on the Organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving Sounds the tuneful Frame,
Drawn by the Charm, to hear the Sacred Maid,
From Heav'n, 'tis ſaid, a liſtning Angel came.

Thus Antient Legends wou'd our Faith abuſe;
In vain —— for were the bold Tradition true,
While your harmonious Touch that Charm renews,
Again the Seraph wou'd appear to You.

O Happy Fair! in whom with pureſt Light
Virtue's united Beams with Beauty's ſhine!
Shou'd Heav'nly Gueſts deſcend to bleſs our Sight,
What Form more Lovely cou'd they wear than thine!

SONNET

SONNET.

JE mourrai de trop de plaisir
Si je la trouve favourable ;
Je mourrai de trop de desir
Si je la trouve inexarable.

Ainsi je ne sçaurois guerir
De la douleur qui me possede ;
Je suis assuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remede.

In *English.*

I DIE with too transporting Joy,
If She I love rewards my Fire ;
If She's inexorably Coy,
With too much Passion I expire.

No Way the Fates afford to shun
The cruel Torment I endure ;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the Disease, or by the Cure.

TO
A PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canſt ſafely gaze
On all the Wonders of that Face;
If thou haſt Charms to guard a Heart
Secure by Secrets of thy Art;
O! teach the mighty Charm, that We
May gaze ſecurely too, like thee.
Canſt thou Love's brighteſt Light'ning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded ſaw?
To what then wilt thou next aſpire,
Unleſs to imitate *Jove*'s Fire?
Which is a leſs advent'rous Pride,
Tho' 'twas for That *Salmoneus* dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious Fair,
Whoſe Chains ſo many Lovers wear;
Who with a Look can Arts infuſe,
Create a Painter, or a Muſe;
Whom Crouds with awful Rapture view;
She ſits Serene, and ſmiles on You!
Your Genius thus inſpir'd will ſoar
To wondrous Heights unknown before,
And to her Beauty you will own
Your future Skill and fix'd Renown.

So when of old great *Ammon*'s Son,
Adorn'd with Spoils in Battle won,
In graceful Picture chose to stand,
The Work of fam'd *Apelles*' Hand;
'Exert thy Fire, the Monarch said,
'Now be thy boldest Strokes display'd,
'To let admiring Nations see
'Their dreaded Victor drawn by thee;
'To Others thou mayst Life impart,
'But I'll Immortalize thy Art!

TO THE
Author of FATAL FRIENDSHIP, A TRAGEDY.

AS when *Camilla* once, a warlike Dame,
In bloody Battles won immortal Fame,
Forsook her Female Arts, and chose to bear
The pond'rous Shield, and heave the massy Spear,
Superior to her Sex; so swift she flew
Around the Field, and such vast Numbers slew,

That

That Friends and Foes, alike surpris'd, behold
The brave Virago desperately bold,
And thought Her *Pallas* in a human Mold.
Such is our Wonder, matchless Maid! to see
The *Tragic* Laurel thus deserv'd by Thee.
Still greater Praise is yours; *Camilla* shines
For ever bright in *Virgil*'s sacred Lines,
You in your Own. ——
Nor need You to another's Bounty owe,
For what yourself can on yourself bestow;
So Monarchs in full Health are wont to rear,
At their own Charge, their future Sepulcher.
Who Thy Perfections fully would commend,
Must think how Others their vain Hours mispend,
In trifling Visits, Pride, Impertinence,
Dress, Dancing, and Discourse devoid of Sense;
To twirl a Fan, to please some foolish Beau,
And sing an empty Song, the most they know;
In Body weak, more impotent of Mind.
Thus some have represented Woman-kind.
But You, your Sex's Champion, are come forth
To fight their Quarrel, and assert their Worth;
Our *Salick* Law of Wit you have destroy'd,
Establish'd Female Claim, and triumph'd o'er our Pride
While we look on, and with repining Eyes
Behold you bearing off so rich a Prize,

Spi

Spite of Ill-nature, we are forc'd t'approve
Such dazzling Charms, and ſpite of Envy love.
Nor is this all th' Applauſe that is your Due,
You ſtand the firſt of Stage-Reformers too;
No vicious Strains pollute your moral Scene,
Chaſte are your Thoughts, and your Expreſſion clean;
Strains ſuch as yours the ſtricteſt Teſt will bear,
Sing boldly then, nor buſy Cenſure fear,
Your *Virgin* Voice offends no *Virgin* Ear.
Proceed, in *Tragick* Numbers to diſcloſe
Strange Turns of Fate, and unexpected Woes,
Reward, and puniſh! awfully diſpenſe
Heav'n's Judgments, and declare a Providence.
Or let the *Comic* Muſe your Labours ſhare,
'Tis Meanneſs, after this, the *Sock* to wear:
Tho' That too merit Praiſe, 'tis nobler Toil
To extort a Tear, than to provoke a Smile.
What Hand, that can deſign a Hiſtory,
Would copy Low-Land Boors at *Sniver-Snee*?
Accept this Tribute, Madam, and excuſe
The haſty Raptures of a Stranger Muſe.
1698.

ON

ON DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's Golden Age, when new-born Day
Array'd the Skies, and Earth was green and gay;
When GOD, with Pleasure all his Works survey'd,
And Virgin Innocence before him play'd;
In that illustrious Morn, that lovely Spring,
The Muse, by Heav'n inspir'd, began to sing.
Descending Angels, in harmonious Lays,
Taught the first happy Pair their MAKER's Praise.
Such was this Sacred Art—— We now deplore
The Muse's Loss, since EDEN is no more.
When *Vice* from Hell rear'd up its Hydra-Head,
Th' affrighted Maid, with chaste ASTRÆA, fled,
And sought Protection in her native Sky;
In vain the Heathen NINE her Absence wou'd supply.
Yet to some Few, whose dazzling Virtues shone
In Ages past, her heav'nly Charms were known.
Hence learn'd the Bard, in lofty Strains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over Hell;
And hence the Chief, who led the chosen Race
Thro' parting Seas, deriv'd his Songs of Praise:
She gave the rapturous Ode, whose ardent Lay
Sings Female Force, and vanquish'd SISERA;

She tun'd to pious Notes the Psalmist's Lyre,
And fill'd ISAIAH's Breast with more than PINDAR's Fire!
. . . . . .

SONG.

Written for the Late Duke of *Glouceſter*'s BIRTH-DAY.

I.

WHile *Venus* in her Snowy Arms
The God of Battles held,
d ſooth'd him with her tender Charms,
Victorious from the Field;
chance She caſt a Lovely Smile,
Propitious, down to Earth,
d view'd in *Britain*'s Happy Iſle
Great *Glouceſter*'s Glorious Birth.

II.

ok, *Mars*, She ſaid; look down, and ſee
A Child of Royal Race!
's crown the Bright Nativity
With ev'ry Princely Grace:

Thy

Thy Heav'nly Image let him bear,
And shine a *Mars* below;
Form You his Mind to warlike Care,
I'll foster Gifts bestow.

III.

Thus at his Birth Two Deities
Their Blessings did impart;
And Love was breath'd into his Eyes,
And Glory form'd his Heart.
His Childhood makes of War a Game;
Betimes his Beauty charms
The Fair; who burn with equal Flame
For Him, as He for Arms.

1699.

ON A PEACOCK

Finely cut in Vellum by MOLINDA.

WHEN Fancy did *Molinda*'s Hand invite,
Without the help of Colour, Shade, or Ligh
To form in Vellum, spotless as her Mind,
The fairest Image of the feather'd Kind,

Nature her ſelf a ſtrict Attendance paid,
Charm'd with th' Attainments of th' illuſtrious Maid,
Inſpir'd her Thought, and, ſmiling, ſaid, I'll ſee
How well this Fair One's Art can copy me.
So to her Fav'rite *Titian* once ſhe came,
To guide his Pencil, and atteſt his Fame,
With Tranſport granting all that ſhe cou'd give,
And bid his Works to wond'ring Ages live.
Not with leſs Tranſport here the Goddeſs ſees
The curious Piece advance by ſlow Degrees;
At laſt ſuch Skill in ev'ry Part was ſhown,
It ſeem'd a true Creation of her own;
She ſtarts to view the finiſh'd Figure riſe,
And ſpread his ample Train, enrich'd with Eyes;
To ſee, with lively Grace, his Form expreſt,
The ſtately Honours of his riſing Creſt,
His comely Wings, and his ſoft ſilky Breaſt!
The Leaves of creeping Vines around him play,
And Nature's Leaves leſs perfect ſeem than they.
O matchleſs Bird! whoſe Race, with niceſt Care,
Heav'n ſeems in Pleaſure to have form'd ſo fair!
From whoſe gay Plumes e'en *Phœbus* with Delight,
Sees his own Rays reflected doubly bright!
Tho' num'rous Rivals of the Wing there be
That ſhare our Praiſe, when not compar'd to Thee,

Soon

Soon as thy riſing Glories ſtrike our Eyes,
Their Beauty ſhines no more, their Luſtre dies.
So when *Molinda*, with ſuperior Charms,
Dazzles the Ring, and other Nymphs diſarms,
To Her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the Victory.
No wonder then, ſince ſhe was born t'excell,
This Bird's fair Image ſhe deſcribes ſo well:
Happy, as in ſome Temple thus to ſtand,
Immortaliz'd by her ſucceſsful Hand!

ON
LUCINDA's Tea-Table.

POETS invoke, when they rehearſe
In happy Strains their pleaſing Dreams,
Some Muſe unſeen to crown their Verſe,
And boaſt of *Heliconian* Streams:

But here, a real Muſe inſpires
(Who more reviving Streams imparts)
Our Fancies with the Poets Fires,
And with a nobler Flame our Hearts.

While from her Hand each honour'd Gueſt
Receives his Cup with Liquor crown'd,
He thinks 'tis *Jove*'s immortal Feaſt,
And *Venus* deals the *Nectar* round.

As o'er each Fountain, Poets ſing,
Some lovely Guardian-Nymph has Sway,
Who from the conſecrated Spring,
Wild Beaſts and Satyrs drives away:

So hither dares no Savage preſs,
Who Beauty's Sov'reign Pow'r defies;
All, drinking here, her Charms confeſs,
Proud to be conquer'd by her Eyes.

When *Phœbus* try'd his HERBS in vain
On *Hyacinth*, had She been there,
With TEA She wou'd have cur'd the Swain,
Who only then had dy'd for Her.

January 1, 1701.

The MARCH.

Victoria comes! She leaves the forag'd Groves!
Her flying Camp of *Graces* and of *Loves*
Strike all their Tents, and for the March prepare,
And to new Scenes of Triumph wait the Fair.
Unlike the Slaves which other Warriors gain,
That loath Subjection, and wou'd break their Chain,
Her rural Slaves their abſent Victor mourn,
And wiſh not Liberty, but her Return.
The conquer'd Countries droop, while ſhe's away,
And ſlowly to the Spring their Contribution pay,
While cooing Turtles, doubly now alone,
With their loſt Loves another Loſs bemoan.
Mean time in peopled Cities Crouds preſs on,
And jealous ſeem who ſhall be firſt undone.
Vict'ries, like Fame, before th' Invader fly,
And Lovers yet unſeeing haſte to die.
While She, with careleſs unelated Mind,
Hears daily Conqueſts which She ne'er deſign'd:
In Her a ſoft, yet cruel Heart is found,
Averſe to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound.

Writ

Written in a LADY'S *Prayer-Book.*

SO fair a Form, with ſuch Devotion join'd!
A Virgin Body, and a ſpotleſs Mind!
Pleas'd with her Pray'rs, while Heav'n propitious ſees
The lovely Vot'reſs on her bended Knees,
Sure it muſt think ſome Angel loſt its Way,
And happ'ning on our wretched Earth to ſtray;
Tir'd with our Follies, fain wou'd take its Flight,
And begs to be reſtor'd to thoſe bleſt Realms of Light.

ODE *on the* SPRING.

For the Month of May.

I.

WANTON *Zephyr*, come away!
On this ſweet, this ſilent Grove,
Sacred to the Muſe and Love,
gentle whiſper'd Murmurs play!
ome let thy ſoft, thy balmy Breeze
iffuſe the Vernal Sweets around
om ſprouting Flow'rs, and bloſſom'd Trees;
hile Hills and echoing Vales reſound

With Notes, which wing'd Muſicians ſing
In Honour to the Bloom of Spring.

II.

Lovely Seaſon of Deſire!
Nature ſmiles with Joy to ſee
The Amorous Months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial Fire.
The brighteſt Object in the Skies,
The faireſt Lights that ſhine below,
The Sun, and *Mira*'s Charming Eyes,
At thy Return more Charming grow:
With double Glory they appear,
To warm and grace the Infant Year.

HORACE, ODE III. Book III.

I.

The Deſign of this Ode was to inſinuate to Auguſtus *the Danger of tranſferring the Seat of the Empire from* Rome *to* Troy, *which we are inform'd he once entertain'd thoughts of.*

THE Man, to Right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poiſing on Virtue's Baſe his Mind,
Reſts in himſelf ſecure,
Indiſſolubly firm in Good;

Let

Let Tempests rise, and Billows rage,
All Rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming Fury of the Flood,
When bellowing Winds their jarring Troops engage,
Or wastful civil Tumults roll along
With fiercer Strength, and louder Roar,
Driving the Torrent of the Throng,
And gath'ring into Pow'r.
Let a proud Tyrant cast a killing Frown;
Or JOVE in angry Thunder on the World look down;
Nay, let the Frame of Nature crack,
And all the spacious Globes on high,
Shatter'd with Universal Rack,
Come tumbling from the Sky:
Yet he'll survey the horrid Scene
With steady Courage, and undaunted Mien,
The only thing Serene!

II.

Thus POLLUX, and great HERCULES,
Roam'd thro' the World, and blest the Nations round,
Till, rais'd at length to heav'nly Palaces,
Mankind, as GODS, their BENEFACTORS crown'd.
With these, AUGUSTUS shall for ever shine,
And stain his rosy Lips in Cups Divine.
Thus his fierce Tigers dauntless BACCHUS bear;
The glaring Savages resist in vain,

Impatient of the Bit, and fretting on the Rein;
Thro' yielding Clouds he drives th'impetuous Car.
Great ROMULUS purſu'd the ſhining Trace,
And leapt the Lake, where all
The reſt of Mortals fall,
And with his * Father's Horſes ſcour'd the ſame bright airy Race.

III.

Then in full Senate of the Deities,
Settling the Seats of Pow'r, and future Fate,
JUNO began the high Debate,
And with this righteous Sentence pleas'd the Skies:
'O *Troy!* ſhe ſaid, O hated *Troy!*
'A † Foreign Woman, and a ‡ Boy,
'Leud, partial, and unjuſt,
'Shook all thy proudeſt Tow'rs to Duſt;
'Inclin'd to Ruin from the time,
'Thy King did mock two Pow'rs Divine,
'And rais'd thy fated Walls in Perjury.
'But doubly damn'd by that Offence,
'Which did MINERVA's Rage incenſe,
'And offer'd Wrong to Me.
'No more the treach'rous Raviſher
'Shines in full Pomp and youthful Charms;

* Romulus *was ſuppoſed to be the Son of* Mars *by the Prieſteſs* Ilia. † Helen. ‡ Paris.

Nor

'Nor PRIAM's impious House with HECTOR's Spear,
'Repels the Violence of *Grecian* Arms.

IV.

'Our Feuds did long embroil the Mortal Rout,
'At last the Storm is spent,
'My Fury with it ebbing out,
'These Terms of Peace content;
'To MARS I grant among the Stars a Place
'For his Son ROMULUS, of *Trojan* Race;
'Here shall he dwell in these Divine Abodes,
'Drink of the heav'nly Bowl,
'And in this shining Court his Name enrol,
'With the serene and ever-vacant Gods;
'While Seas shall rage between his *Rome*, and *Troy*,
'The horrid Distance breaking wide,
'The banish'd *Trojans* shall the Globe enjoy,
'And reign in ev'ry place beside;
'While Beasts insult my * Judge's Dust, and hide
'Their Litter in his cursed Tomb,
'The shining Capitol of *Rome*
'Shall overlook the World with awful Pride,
'And *Parthians* take their Law from that Eternal Dome.

V.

'Let *Rome* extend her Fame to ev'ry Shore;
'And let no Banks or Mounds restrain

* Paris.

'Th' impetuous Torrent of her wide Command;
'The Seas from *Europe*, *Africk* part in vain;
'Swelling above those Floods, her Pow'r
'Shall, like its *Nile*, o'erflow the *Libyan* Land.
'Shining in poliſh'd Steel, ſhe dares
'The glitt'ring Beams of Gold deſpiſe,
'Gold, the great Source of human Cares,
'Hid wiſely deep from mortal Eyes,
'Till, ſought in evil hour by Hands unbleſt,
'Opening the dark Abodes,
'There iſſu'd forth a direful Train of Woes,
'That give Mankind no Reſt;
'For Gold, devoted to th' Infernal Gods,
'No native human Uſes knows.

VI.

'Where-e'er great JOVE did place
'The Bounds of Nature yet unſeen,
'He meant a Goal of Glory to the Race
'The *Roman* Arms ſhall win:
'Rejoicing, onward they approach
'To view the Outworks of the World,
'The madding Fires, in wild Debauch, [whirl'd!
'The Snows and Rains unborn, in endleſs Eddies

VII.

''Tis I, O *Rome*, pronounce theſe Fates behind,
'But will thy Reign with this Condition bind,
'That

'That no false Filial Piety,
'In idle Shapes deluding Thee,
'Or Confidence of Pow'r,
'Tempt thee again to raise a *Trojan* Tow'r;
'*Troy*, plac'd beneath malignant Stars,
'Haunted with Omens still the same,
'Rebuilt shall but renew the former Flame,
'JOVE's Wife and Sister leading on the Wars,
'Thrice let her shine with Brasen Walls,
'Rear'd up by heav'nly Hands;
'And thrice in fatal Dust she falls,
'By faithful *Grecian* Bands;
'Thrice the dire Scene shall on the World return,
'And Captive Wives again their Sons and Husbands mourn.

But stop, presumptuous Muse, thy daring Flight,
Nor hope, in thy weak *Lyrick* Lay,
The heav'nly Language to display,
Or bring the Counsels of the Gods to Light.

GREENWICH-PARK.

THE *Paphian* Isle was once the blest Abode
Of Beauty's Goddess and her Archer-God.
There blissful Bow'rs and amorous Shades were seen,
Fair Cypress Walks, and Myrtles ever green.
'Twas there, surrounded by a hallow'd Wood,
Sacred to LOVE a splendid Temple stood;
Where Altars were with costly Gums perfum'd,
And Lovers Sighs arose, and Smoke from Hearts consum'd.
'Till thence remov'd, the Queen of Beauty flies
To *BRITAIN*, fam'd for bright victorious Eyes.
Here fix'd, She chose a sweeter Seat for LOVE,
And *GREENWICH-PARK* is now her *Cyprian* Grove.
Nor fair *Parnassus* with this Hill can vie,
Which gently swells into the wond'ring Sky,
Commanding all that can transport our Sight,
And varying with each View the fresh Delight.
From hence my Muse prepares to wing her Way,
And wanton, like the *Thames*, thro' smiling Meads won'd stray,

Describe

Deſcribe the Groves beneath, the *Sylvan* Bow'rs,
The River's winding Train, and great *Auguſta*'s Tow'rs.
But ſee! —— a living Proſpect drawing near
At once tranſports, and raiſes awful Fear!
LOVE's Fav'rite Band, ſelected to maintain
His choiceſt Triumphs, and ſupport his Reign.
Muſe, pay thy Homage here —— Yet oh beware!
And draw the glorious Scene with artful Care,
For fooliſh Praiſe is Satire on the Fair.
Behold where bright *URANIA* does advance,
And lightens thro' the Trees with ev'ry Glance!
A careleſs Pleaſure in her Air is ſeen;
Diana ſhines with ſuch a graceful Mien,
When in her darling Woods ſhe's feign'd to rove,
The Chaſe purſuing, and avoiding Love.
At flying Deer the Goddeſs boaſts her Aim,
But *Cupid* ſhews the Nymph a nobler Game.
Th' unerring Shafts ſo various fly around,
'Tis hard to ſay which gives the deepeſt Wound:
Or if with greater Glory We ſubmit,
Pierc'd by her Eyes, her Humour, or her Wit.
See next her charming Siſter, young and gay,
In Beauty's Bloom like the ſweet Month of *May!* ——
The ſportful Nymph once in the neighb'ring Grove
Surpris'd by Chance the ſleeping God of LOVE;

His Head reclin'd upon a Tuft of Green,
And by him ſcatter'd lay his Arrows bright and keen;
She ty'd his Wings, and ſtole his wanton Darts,
Then, laughing, wak'd the Tyrant Lord of Hearts;
He ſmil'd, —— and ſaid —— 'Tis well, inſulting Fair!
Yet how you ſport with ſleeping LOVE beware!
My Loſs of Darts I quickly can ſupply,
Your Looks ſhall triumph for LOVE's Deity:
And tho' you now my feeble Pow'r diſdain,
You once perhaps may feel a Lover's Pain.

Tho' *Helen*'s Form, and *Cleopatra*'s Charms,
The Boaſt of Fame, once kindled dire Alarms:
Thoſe dazzling Lights the World no more muſt view,
And ſcarce wou'd think the bright Deſcription true,
Did not that Ray of Beauty, more divine,
In *MIRA*'s Eyes by Tranſmigration ſhine.
Her Shape, her Air, Proportion, lovely Face,
And matchleſs Skin contend with Rival Grace;
And VENUS' ſelf, proud of th' officious Aid,
With all her Charms adorns th' illuſtrious Maid.

But hark! —— What more than Mortal Sounds are theſe?
Be Still ye whiſp'ring Winds, and moving Trees!
A ſecond *MIRA* does all Hearts ſurprize,
At once victorious with her Voice and Eyes.

Her

Her Eyes alone can tender'ſt Love inſpire,
Her heav'nly Voice improves the young Deſire.
So Weſtern Gales in fragrant Gardens play
On Buds produc'd by the Sun's quickning Ray,
And ſpread 'em into Life, and gently chide their Stay.
We court that Skill, by which We're ſure to die,
The modeſt Fair wou'd fain our Suit deny,
And ſings unwillingly, with trembling Fear,
As if concern'd our Ruin is ſo near;
So generous Victors ſofteſt Pity know,
And with Reluctance ſtrike the fatal Blow.

Engaging *CYNTHIA*'s arm'd with every Grace;
Her lovely Mind ſhines chearful thro' her Face,
A ſacred Lamp in a fair Cryſtal Caſe.
Not *Venus*-Star, the brighteſt of the Sphere,
Smiles ſo ſerene, or caſts a Light ſo clear.
O happy Brother of this wondrous Fair!
The beſt of Siſters well deſerves thy Care;
Her ſighing Lovers, who in Crouds adore,
Wou'd wiſh thy Place, did they not wiſh for more.
What Angels are, when We deſire to know,
We form a Thought by ſuch as She below,
And thence conclude they're bright beyond Compare,
Compos'd of all that's Good, and all that's Fair.
There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling Throng
Of Nymphs, who to theſe happy Shades belong.

O VENUS! lovely Queen of soft Desires!
For ever dwell where Such supply thy Fires!
May Virtue still with Beauty share the Sway,
And the glad World with willing Zeal obey!

TO *MOLINDA.*

TH' inspiring Muses and the God of Love,
Which most shou'd grace the fair *Molinda* strove;
Love arm'd her with his Bow and keenest Darts,
The Muses more enrich'd her Mind with Arts.
Tho' *Greece* in shining Temples heretofore
Did *Venus* and *Minerva*'s Pow'rs adore,
The Antients thought no single Goddess fit
To reign at once o'er Beauty and o'er Wit;
Each was a separate Claim; till now we find
The different Titles in *Molinda* join'd.
From hence, when at the Court, the Park, the Play,
She gilds the Evening, or improves the Day,
All Eyes regard her with transporting Fire,
One Sex with Envy burns, and one with fierce Desire:
But when, withdrawn from Publick Show and Noise,
In silent Works her Fancy she employs,

A ſmiling Train of Arts around her ſtand,
And court Improvement from her curious Hand.
She, their bright Patroneſs, o'er all preſides,
And with like Skill the Pen and Needle guides;
By this we ſee gay ſilken Landskips wrought,
By that the Landskip of a beauteous Thought:
Whether her Voice in tuneful Airs ſhe moves,
Or cuts diſſembled Flow'rs and paper Groves,
Her Voice tranſports the Ear with ſoft Delight,
Her Flow'rs and Groves ſurprize the raviſh'd Sight;
Which e'en to Nature's Wonders we prefer,
All but that Wonder Nature form'd in Her.

A LETTER *to a Friend in the Country.*

WHILST thou art happy in a bleſt Retreat,
And free from Care doſt rural Songs repeat,
Whilſt fragrant Air fans thy Poetick Fire,
And pleaſant Groves with ſprightly Notes inſpire,
(Groves, whoſe Receſſes and refreſhing Shade
Indulge th' Invention, and the Judgment aid)
I, 'midſt the Smoke and Clamours of the Town,
That choke my Muſe and weigh my Fancy down,
Paſs my unactive Hours; —

In

In ſuch an Air, how can ſoft Numbers flow,
Or in ſuch Soil the ſacred Laurel grow?
All we can boaſt of the Poetick Fire,
Are but ſome Sparks that ſoon as born expire.
Hail happy Woods! Harbours of Peace and Joy!
Where no black Cares the Mind's Repoſe deſtroy!
Where grateful Silence unmoleſted reigns,
Aſſiſts the Muſe and quickens all her Strains.
Such were the Scenes of our firſt Parents Love,
In *Eden*'s Groves with equal Flames they ſtrove,
While warbling Birds, ſoft whiſp'ring Breaths of Wind,
And murmuring Streams, to grace their Nuptials join'd.
All Nature ſmil'd; the Plains were freſh and green,
Unſtain'd the Fountains, and the Heav'ns ſerene.
Ye bleſt Remains of that illuſtrious Age!
Delightful Springs and Woods! ——
Might I with You my peaceful Days live o'er,
You, and my Friend, whoſe Abſence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle Brook's unruffled Tide
Shou'd the delicious flowing Minutes glide;
Diſcharg'd of Care, on unfrequented Plains,
We'd ſing of rural Joys in rural Strains.
No falſe corrupt Delights our Thoughts ſhou'd move,
But Joys of Friendſhip, Poetry and Love,
While others fondly feed Ambition's Fire,
And to the Top of human State aſpire,

—— That

That from their Airy Eminence they may
With Pride and Scorn th' inferior World ſurvey,
Here we ſhou'd dwell obſcure, yet happier far than they.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu, &c.

Imitated in Paraphraſe.

I.

HENCE ſlaviſh Fear! thy *Stygian* Wings diſplay!
Thou ugly Fiend of Hell, away!
Wrapp'd in thick Clouds, and Shades of Night,
To conſcious Souls direct thy Flight!
There brood on Guilt, fix there a loath'd Embrace,
And propagate vain Terrors, Frights,
Dreams, Goblins, and imagin'd Sprights,
Thy viſionary Tribe, thy black and monſtrous Race.
Go, haunt the Slave that ſtains his Hands in Gore!
Poſſeſs the perjur'd Mind, and rack the Uſurer more,
Than his Oppreſſion did the Poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble Wretches, you prepare
The glitt'ring Forgery of War;

The

The poiſon'd Shaft, the *Parthian* Bow, and Spear
Like that the warlike *Moor* is wont to wield,
Which pois'd and guided from his Ear
He hurls impetuous thro' the Field:
In vain you lace the Helm, and heave in vain the Shield;
He's only ſafe, whoſe Armour of Defence
Is Adamantine Innocence.

III.

If o'er the Steepy *Alps* he go,
Vaſt Mountains of eternal Snow,
Or where fam'd *Ganges* and *Hydaſpes* flow;
If o'er parch'd *Libya*'s deſart Land,
Where, threatning from afar,
Th' affrighted Traveller
Encounters moving Hills of Sand;
No Senſe of Danger can diſturb his Reſt;
He fears no human Force, nor ſavage Beaſt;
Impenetrable Courage ſteels his manly Breaſt.

IV.

Thus, late within the *Sabine* Grove,
While free from Care, and full of Love,
I raiſe my tuneful Voice, and ſtray
Regardleſs of myſelf and Way,
A grizly Wolf, with glaring Eye,
View'd me unarm'd, yet paſs'd unhurtful by.

A fiercer

A fiercer Monſter ne'er, in Queſt of Food,
Apulian Foreſts did moleſt;
Numidia never ſaw a more prodigious Beaſt;
Numidia, Mother of the yellow Brood,
Where the ſtern Lion ſhakes his knotted Mane,
And roars aloud for Prey, and ſcours the ſpacious Plain.

V.

Place me where no ſoft Breeze of Summer Wind
Did e'er the ſtiffen'd Soil unbind,
Where no refreſhing Warmth e'er durſt invade,
But *Winter* holds his unmoleſted Seat,
In all his hoary Robes array'd,
And rattling Storms of Hail, and noiſy Tempeſts beat.
Place me beneath the ſcorching Blaze
Of the fierce Sun's immediate Rays,
Where Houſe or Cottage ne'er were ſeen,
Nor rooted Plant or Tree, nor ſpringing Green;
Yet, lovely *LALAGE*, my generous Flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly ſing of Thee,
Charm'd with the Muſick of thy Name,
And guarded by the Gods of *Love* and *Poetry*.

HORACE

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO *GROSPHUS*.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, &c.

Imitated in Paraphrase.

INDULGENT Quiet! Pow'r Serene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O say, thou calm propitious Queen,
Say, in what solitary Grove,
Within what hollow Rock, or winding Cell,
By human Eyes unseen,
Like some retreated *Druid* dost thou dwell?
And why, illusive Goddess! why,
When we thy Mansion would surround,
Why dost thou lead us thro' inchanted Ground,
To mock our vain Research, and from our Wishes fly?

II.

The wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fear,
For Thee the Gods implore,
When the tempestuous Sea runs high,
And when, thro' all the dark benighted Sky,
No friendly Moon or Stars appear
To guide their Steerage to the Shore:

For

For Thee the weary Soldier prays;
Furious in Fight the Sons of *Thrace*,
And *Medes*, that wear majestick by their Side
A full-charg'd Quiver's decent Pride,
Gladly with Thee would pass inglorious Days,
Renounce the Warrior's tempting Praise,
And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold,
With Gems, and Purple Vests, and Stores of plunder'd Gold.

III.

But neither boundless Wealth, nor Guards that wait
Around the Consul's honour'd Gate,
Nor Anti-chambers with Attendants fill'd,
The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate,
Or banish sullen Cares, that fly
Across the gilded Rooms of State,
And their foul Nests, like Swallows, build
Close to the Palace-Roofs, and Tow'rs that pierce the Sky.
Much less will Nature's modest Wants supply;
And happier lives the homely Swain,
Who, in some Cottage, far from Noise
His few Paternal Goods enjoys,
Nor knows the sordid Lust of Gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting Pain
His hovering Sleeps destroys.

IV. Vain

IV.

Vain Man! that in a narrow Space
At endleſs Game projects the daring Spear!
For ſhort is Life's uncertain Race;
Then why, capricious Mortal! why
Doſt thou for Happineſs repair
To diſtant Climates, and a foreign Air?
Fool! from thyſelf thou canſt not fly,
Thyſelf, the Source of all thy Care.
So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious Downs in vain;
The feather'd Torment ſticks within his Side,
And from the ſmarting Wound a Purple Tide
Marks all his Way with Blood, and dyes the graſſy Plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds that thro' the Skies
Thick-driving Snows and gather'd Tempeſts bear;
Purſuing Care the ſailing Ship out-flies,
Climbs the tall Veſſel's painted Sides;
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
But with the marching Horſemen rides,
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes all
Places yield.

VI. Then

VI.

Then, since no State's compleatly blest,
Let's learn the Bitter to allay
With gentle Mirth, and wisely gay
Enjoy at least the present Day,
And leave to Fate the rest.
Nor with vain Fear of Ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed Doom.
Soon did *Achilles* quit the Stage,
The Heroe fell by sudden Death;
While *Tithon* to a tedious wasting Age
Drew his protracted Breath.
And thus old partial Time, my Friend,
Perhaps unask'd to worthless Me
Those Hours of longthen'd Life may lend,
Which he'll refuse to Thee.

VII.

Thee shining Wealth and plenteous Joys surround,
And, all thy fruitful Fields around,
Unnumber'd Herds of Cattle stray.
Thy harness'd Steeds with sprightly Voice
Make neighb'ring Vales and Hills rejoice,
While smoothly thy gay Chariot flies o'er the swift measur'd Way.
To Me the Stars, with less Profusion kind,
An humble Fortune have assign'd,

And

And no untuneful *Lyrick* Vein,
But a ſincere contented Mind,
That can the vile malignant Crowd diſdain.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

From the FRENCH.

ONCE, on a ſolemn Feſtal Day
Held by th' Immortals in the Skies,
FLORA had ſummon'd all the Deities
That rule o'er Gardens, or ſurvey
The Birth of Greens and ſpringing Flow'rs,
And thus addreſs'd the Genial Pow'rs.

Ye ſhining Graces of my Courtly Train,
The Cauſe of this Aſſembly know!
In Sov'reign Majeſty I reign
O'er the gay flow'ry Univerſe below;
Yet, my increaſing Glory to maintain,
A Queen I'll chuſe, with ſpotleſs Honour fair,
The delegated Crown to wear.

Let

Let me your Counsel and Assistance ask,
T' accomplish this momentous Task.

The Deities that stood around,
At first return'd a murm'ring Sound;
Then said, Fair Goddess, do you know
The factious Feuds this must create,
What jealous Rage and mutual Hate
Among the Rival Flow'rs will grow?
The vilest Thistle that infests the Plain,
Will think his tawdry painted Pride
Deserves the Crown; and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with Traitor-Plots molest your Reign.
Vain are your Fears, *FLORA* reply'd,
'Tis fix'd — and hear how I'll the Cause decide.

Deep in a Venerable Wood,
Where Oaks, with Vocal Skill endu'd,
Did wondrous Oracles of old impart,
Beneath a little Hill's inclining Side
A *Grotto*'s seen, where Nature's Art
Is exercis'd in all her smiling Pride.
Retir'd in this sweet grassy Cell,
A Lovely *Wood-Nymph* once did dwell.
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal Fire

Shone in her Eyes, and did her Charms inspire;
A *Dryad* bore the beauteous Nymph, a *Sylvan* was her Sire.

Chaste, wise, devout, she still obey'd
With humble Zeal Heav'n's dread Commands,
To ev'ry Action ask'd our Aid,
And oft before our Altars pray'd:
Pure was her Heart, and undefil'd her Hands.
She's dead — and from her sweet Remains
The wondrous Mixture I wou'd take,
This much-desir'd, this perfect Flow'r to make.
Assist, and thus with our transforming Pains,
We'll dignify the Garden-Beds, and grace our fav'rite Plains.

Th' applauding Deities with Pleasure heard,
And for the grateful Work prepar'd.
A busy Face the God of Gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the Party too,
From various Sweets th' exhaling Spirits drew;
While, in full Canisters, *Pomona* bore
Of richest Fruits a plenteous Store;
And *Vesta* promis'd wondrous Things to do.
Gay *Venus* led a lively Train
Of *Smiles* and *Graces*: The plump God of Wine

From Clusters did the flowing Nectar strain,
And fill'd large Goblets with his Juice divine.
Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd Shade
Where liv'd and dy'd the spotless Maid:
On a soft Couch of Turf the Body lay;
Th' approaching Deities prais'd all around,
Prepar'd the Sacred Rites to pay
In Silence, and with Awe profound.
FLORA thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray.
Jove! mighty *Jove!* whom all adore;
Exert thy Great Creative Pow'r!
Let this Fair Corpse be Mortal Clay no more;
Transform it to a Tree, to bear a beauteous Flow'r ——
Scarce had the Goddess spoke; when see!
The Nymph's extended Limbs the Form of Branches wear:
Behold the wondrous Change, the fragrant Tree!
To Leaves was turn'd her flowing Hair;
And rich diffus'd Perfumes regal'd the wanton Air.

Heav'ns! what new Charms, what sudden Light
Improves the *Grot*, and entertains the Sight!
A sprouting Bud begins the Tree t' adorn;
The large, the sweet Vermilion Flow'r is born!
The Goddess thrice on the fair Infant breath'd,
To spread it into Life, and to convey

The fragrant Soul, and ev'ry Charm bequeath'd,
To make the Vegetable Princess gay;
Then kiss'd it thrice: The gen'ral Silence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing Accents spoke.

Ye Flow'rs at my Command attendant here,
Pay Homage, and your Sov'reign ROSE revere!
No Sorrow on your drooping Leaves be seen;
Let all be proud of such a Queen,
So fit the Floral Crown to wear,
To glorify the Day, and grace the youthful Year!
——Thus speaking, She the new-born Fav'rite crown'd;
The Transformation was compleat;
The Deities with Songs the Queen of Flow'rs did greet:
Soft Flutes and tuneful Harps were heard to sound;
While now to Heav'n the well-pleas'd Goddess flies
With her bright Train, and reasends the Skies.

SIX CANTATA'S OR POEMS *for* MUSICK.

After the Manner of the *Italians*.

Set to Muſick by Mr. *PEPUSCH*.

Non ante vulgatas per artes,
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis. Hor.

CANTATAS

OR

Poems for MUSICK.

After the Manner of the Italian.

Set to Musick by Mr. PEPUSCH.

THE PREFACE.

(*As it was printed before the Musick.*)

TO THE LOVERS OF MUSICK.

MR. Pepusch *having desired that some Account shou'd be prefix'd to these* Cantata's, *relating to the Words, it may be proper to acquaint the Publick, that they are the first Essays of this kind, and were written as an Experiment of introducing a sort of Composition which had never been naturaliz'd in our Language. Those who are so fondly partial to the Italian Tongue, will scarce allow Musick to speak any other; but if Reason may be admitted to have any Share in these Entertainments, nothing is more necessary than that the Words shou'd be understood, without which the End of Vocal Musick is lost. The Want of this sometimes occasions Complaint, and is the Cause, if not the only Reason, that the best Works of*

Scarlati *and other* Italians, *except those perform'd in* Opera's, *are generally but little known or regarded here. Besides, it may be obſerv'd, without any Diſhonour to a Language which has been adorn'd by ſome Writers of excellent Genius, and was the firſt among the Moderns in which the Art of Poetry was reviv'd and brought to any Perfection, that in the great number of their* Opera's, Serenata's, *and* Cantata's, *the Words are often much inferior to the Compoſition; and tho', by their abounding with Vowels, they have an inimitable Aptneſs and Facility for Notes, the Writers for Muſick have not always made the beſt uſe of this Advantage, or ſeem to have rely'd on it ſo much as to have regarded little elſe; ſo that Mr.* Waller's *Remark on another Occaſion, may be frequently apply'd to them.*

Soft Words, with nothing in them, make a Song.

Yet ſo great is the Force of Sounds well choſen and skilfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent Senſe, and a kind of aſſociated Pleaſure ariſes from the Words tho' they are but mean, ſo the Impreſſion cannot fail of being in proportion much greater, when the Thoughts are natural and proper, and the Expreſſions unaffected and agreeable.

Since therefore the Engliſh *Language, tho' inferior in Smoothneſs, has been found not incapable of Harmony, nothing wou'd perhaps be wanting towards introducing the moſt elegant Stile of Muſick, in a Nation which has given ſuch generous Encouragements to it, if our beſt Poets wou'd ſometimes aſſiſt this Deſign, and make it their Diverſion to improve a ſort of Verſe, in regular Meaſures purpoſely fitted for Muſick, and which, of all the Mo-*

dern kinds, ſeems to be the only one that can now properly be call'd Lyrick.

It cannot but be obſerv'd on this Occaſion, that ſince Poetry and Muſick are ſo nearly ally'd, it is a Misfortune that thoſe who excell in one, are often perfect Strangers to the other. If therefore a better Correſpondence were ſettled between the two Siſter Arts, they wou'd probably contribute to each others Improvement. The Expreſſions of Harmony, Cadence, *and a* good Ear, *which are ſaid to be ſo neceſſary in* Poetry, *being all borrow'd from* Muſick, *ſhew at leaſt, if they ſignify any thing, that it wou'd be no improper Help for a Poet to underſtand more than the Metaphorical Senſe of them. And on the other hand, a Compoſer can never judge where to lay the Accent of his Muſick, who does not know, or is not made ſenſible, where the Words have the greateſt Beauty and Force.*

There is one thing in Compoſitions of this ſort which ſeems a little to want explaining, and that is the Recitative *Muſick, which many People hear without Pleaſure, the Reaſon of which is, perhaps, that they have a miſtaken Notion of it. They are accuſtom'd to think that all Muſick ſhou'd be* Air, *and being diſappointed of what they expect, they loſe the Beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to obſerve therefore, that the* Recitative *Stile in Compoſition is founded on that Variety of Accent which pleaſes in the Pronunciation of a good Orator, with as little Deviation from it as poſſible. The different Tones of the Voice in Aſtoniſhment, Joy, Sorrow, Rage, Tenderneſs, in Affirmations, Apoſtrophes, Interrogations, and all the other Varieties of Speech, make a ſort of natural*

Musick which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with some Helps, by the Composer, but without approaching to what we call a Tune *or* Air; *so that it is but a kind of improv'd Elocution, or pronouncing of the Words in Musical Cadences, and is indeed wholly at the Mercy of the Performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his Skill or Ignorance, like the reading of Verse, which is not every one's Talent. This short Account may possibly suffice to shew how properly the* Recitative *has a place in Compositions of any length to relieve the Ear with a Variety, and to introduce the* Airs *with the greater Advantage.*

As to Mr. Pepusch's *Success in these Compositions, I am not at liberty to say any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expres'd the Sense of the Words. He is desirous the Publick shou'd be inform'd that they are not only the first he has attempted in* English, *but the first of any of his Works publish'd by himself; and as he wholly submits them to the judgment of the Lovers of this Art, it will be a Pleasure to him to find that his Endeavours to promote the Composing of Musick in the* English *Language, after a new Model, are favourably accepted.*

CANTATA I.

ON

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.



HEN Beauty's Goddeſs from the Ocean ſprung,
Aſcending, o'er the Waves ſhe caſt a Smile
On fair *Britannia*'s happy Iſle,
And rais'd her tuneful Voice, and thus ſhe ſung.

AIR.

Hail Britannia! *hail to thee,*
Faireſt Iſland of the Sea!
Thou my fav'rite Land ſhalt be,
Cyprus *too ſhall own my Sway,*
And dedicate to me its Groves;
Yet VENUS *and her Train of Loves*
Will with happier Britain *ſtay.*

Hail

Hail Britannia! *hail to thee,*
Faireſt Iſland of the Sea!
Thou my fav'rite Land ſhalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the Notes diffuſing wide,
And ſaw the Pow'r whom Gods and Men adore
Approaching nearer with the Tide,
And in a Rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my Shore!

AIR.

Lovely Iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's Palm is thine confeſt.
Thy Daughters all the World outſhine,
Nor VENUS *Self is ſo divine.*
Lovely Iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's Palm is thine confeſt.

CANTAT

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE,—from the ſilent Grove *Alexis* flies,
And ſeeks with ev'ry pleaſing Art
To eaſe the Pain, which lovely Eyes
Created in his Heart.
To ſhining Theatres he now repairs,
To learn *Camilla*'s moving Airs,
Where thus to Muſick's Pow'r the Swain addreſs'd his Pray'rs.

AIR.

Charming Sounds! that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſick, O compoſe my Anguiſh!
Ev'ry Paſſion yields to thee:
Phœbus, *quickly then relieve me;*
Cupid *ſhall no more deceive me;*
I'll to ſprightlier Joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the fooliſh Swain;
He knew, when *Daphne* once he lov'd,
How weak, t' aſſwage an Am'rous Pain,
His own Harmonious Art had prov'd,
And all his Healing Herbs how vain.

Then

Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking Strings,
Preluding to his Voice, and ſings.

AIR.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee,
MUSICK IS THE VOICE OF LOVE.
If the tender Maid believe thee,
Soft Relenting,
Kind Conſenting,
Will alone thy Pain remove.

CANTATA III.

ON THE

SPRING.

[With Violins.]

AIR.

FRAGRANT FLORA! *haſte, appear,*
Goddeſs of the youthful Year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now;
On thy Buds of Roſes playing,
All thy breathing Sweets diſplaying,
Hark, his amorous Breezes blow! Fra-

Fragrant FLORA, *haste, appear!*
Goddess of the youthful Year!
Zephyr *gently courts thee now.*

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful Hill, in the fair Bloom of Spring,
The tuneful *Collinet* his Voice did raise,
The Vales remurmur'd with his Lays,
And list'ning Birds hung hov'ring on the Wing.
In whisp'ring Sighs soft *Zephyr* by him flew,
While thus the Shepherd did his Song renew.

AIR.

Love and Pleasures gaily flowing,
Come this charming Season grace!
Smile, ye Fair! your Joys bestowing,
Spring and Youth will soon be going,
Seize the Blessings ere they pass.
Love and Pleasures gaily flowing,
Come this charming Season grace!

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful Voice and Fame
Had reach'd the wond'ring Skies;
From Heav'n the God of Musick came,
And own'd a pleas'd Surprize;
Then in a soft melodious Lay,
Apollo did these grateful Praises pay.

AIR.

Matchless Charmer! thine shall be
The highest Prize of Harmony.
Phœbus *ever will inspire thee,*
And th' applauding World admire thee;
All shall in thy Praise agree.
Matchless Charmer! thine shall be
The highest Prize of Harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The God then summon'd ev'ry Muse t'appear,
And hail their Sister of the Quire;
Smiling they stood around, her soothing Strains to hear,
And fill'd her happy Soul with all their Fire.

AIR.

AIR.

O Harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our Cares allay!
When all thy moving Graces meet,
How softly dost thou steal our easy Hours away!
O Harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our Cares allay!

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE *CORYDON* the lonely Shepherd try'd
His tuneful Flute, and charm'd the Grove,
The jealous Nightingales, that strove
To trace his Notes, contending dy'd;
At last he hears within a Myrtle Shade
An Echo answer all his Strain,
Love stole the Pipe of sleeping *Pan*, and play'd,
Then with his Voice decoys the list'ning Swain.

AIR.

AIR. [With a Flute.]

Gay Shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleasing Scenes attend thee,
O this way speed thy Pace!
If Musick can delight thee,
Or Visions fair invite thee,
This Bow'r's the happy Place:
Gay Shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleasing Scenes attend thee,
O this way speed thy Pace!

RECITATIVE.

The Shepherd rose, he gaz'd around,
And vainly sought the Magick Sound;
The God of *Love* his Motion spies,
Lays by the Pipe, and shoots a Dart
Thro' *CORYDON*'s unwary Heart,
Then, smiling, from his Ambush flies;
While in his Room, divinely bright,
The reigning Beauty of the Groves surpris'd the Shepherd's [Sight.

AIR.

Who from LOVE his Heart securing,
Can avoid th' inchanting Pain?
PLEASURE calls with Voice alluring,
BEAUTY softly binds the Chain.
Who from LOVE his Heart securing,
Can avoid th' inchanting Pain?

But

CAN-

CANTATA VI.

THE COQUET.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY *CLOE*, proud and young,
The faireſt Tyrant of the Plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring Swain.
He ſadly ſigh'd — She gaily ſung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his Pain.

AIR.

Leave me, ſilly Shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand Charms in me;
Then ceaſe thy Pray'rs, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view ſuch Charms in thee.
Leave me, ſilly Shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand Charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

AMYNTOR, fir'd by this Diſdain,
Curs'd the proud Fair, and broke his Chain;
He rav'd, and at the Scorner ſwore,
And vow'd, he'd be Love's Fool no more —
But *CLOE* ſmil'd, and thus ſhe call'd him back again.

AIR.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a Man, I love thee,
And without a Blush resign
But ungrateful is the Passion,
And destroys our Inclination,
When, like Slaves, our Lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a Man, I love thee,
And without a Blush resign.



THE

THE PRAISES OF HEROICK VIRTUE.

From the Fragments of * TYRTÆUS.

Translated in the Year 1701, *on Occasion of the King of* FRANCE's *breaking the Peace of* RESWICK.

O *SPARTAN* Youths! what fascinating Charms
Have froze your Blood? Why rust your idle Arms?
When with awaken'd Courage will you go,
And Minds resolv'd, to meet the threatning Foe?
What! shall our vile Lethargick Sloth betray
To greedy Neighbours an unguarded Prey?
Or can you see their Armies rush from far,
And sit Secure amidst the Rage of War?
Ye Gods! how Great, how Glorious 'tis to see
The Warrior-Heroe fight for Liberty,

For

* TYRTÆUS *was General of the* Spartans, *in their Wars with the* Messenians, *and is said by his Martial Songs to have animated the Soldiers, and by those, as well as by his Conduct and Courage, to have led them on to Victory. He is mention'd by Sir* William Temple *and Lord* Roscommon, *as an Example of the wonderful Force of the ancient Poetry. He liv'd in the* 35*th* Olympiad, *about* 640 *Years before* Christ, *and is supposed to have been Contemporary with the Prophet* JEREMIAH.

For his dear Children, for his tender Wife,
For all the valu'd Joys, and ſoft Supports of Life?
Then let him draw his Sword, and take the Field,
And fortify his Breaſt behind the ſpacious Shield.
Nor fear to die; in vain you ſhun your Fate,
Nor can you ſhorten, nor prolong its Date;
For Life's a meaſur'd Race, and he that flies
From Darts and fighting Foes, at home Inglorious dies:
No grieving Crowds his Obſequies attend;
But all applaud and weep the Soldier's End,
Who, deſperately brave, in Fight ſuſtains
Inflicted Wounds, and honourable Stains,
And falls a Sacrifice to Glory's Charms:
But if a juſt Succeſs ſhall crown his Arms,
For his Return the reſcu'd People wait,
To ſee the Guardian Genius of the State;
With Rapture viewing his Majeſtick Face,
His dauntleſs Mien, and ev'ry Martial Grace,
They'll bleſs the Toils he for their Safety bore,
Admire him living, and when dead adore.

Under the PRINT of TOM BRITON, *the Musical Small-coal Man.*

THO' mean thy Rank, yet in thy humble Cell,
Did gentle Peace, and Arts Unpurchas'd dwell.
Well-pleas'd *Apollo* thither led his Train,
And *Musick* warbled in her sweetest Strain:
Cyllenius so, as Fables tell, and *Jove*,
Came willing Guests to poor *Philemon's* Grove.
Let useless *Pomp* behold, and blush to find
So low a Station, such a liberal Mind.

SONG.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

IN young *ASTREA's* sparkling Eye,
Resistless *LOVE* has fix'd his Throne;
A thousand Lovers bleeding lie
For Her, with Wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy Beauty speeds her Flight
To distant Groves from whence she came;
So Lightning vanishes from Sight,
But leaves the Forest in a Flame!

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. *D. PURCELL.*

AIR.

LOVE, I defy thee!
VENUS, I fly thee!
I'm of chaste DIANA's Train.
Away, thou winged Boy!
Thou bear'st thy Darts in vain,
I hate the languid Joy,
I mock the trifling Pain.
LOVE, I defy thee!
VENUS, I fly thee!
I'm of chaste DIANA's Train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright *VENUS* and her Son stood by,
And heard a proud disdainful Fair
Thus boast her wretched Liberty;
They scorn'd she should the Raptures share,
Which their happier Captives know,
Nor wou'd *CUPID* draw his Bow
To wound the Nymph, but laugh'd out this Reply.

AIR

AIR.

Proud and fooliſh! hear your Fate!
Waſte your Youth, and ſigh too late
For Joys, which now you ſay you hate.
When your decaying Eyes
Can dart their Fires no more,
The Wrinkles of Threeſcore
Shall make you vainly Wiſe.
Proud and fooliſh! hear your Fate!
Waſte your Youth, and ſigh too late
For Joys, which now you ſay you hate.

SONG.

WOU'D you gain the tender Creature,
Softly — gently — kindly — treat Her;
Suff'ring is the Lover's Part:
Beauty by Conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but Half the Bleſſing,
Lifeleſs Charms without the Heart.

CUPID *and* SCARLATI.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. *PEPUSCH.*

RECITATIVE.

ON ſilver *TYBER*'s vocal Shore,
The fam'd *SCARLATTI* ſtrook his Lyre,
And ſtrove, with Charms unknown before,
The Springs of tuneful Sound t'explore,
Beyond what Art alone cou'd e'er inſpire;
When ſee, — the ſweet Eſſay to hear,
VENUS with her Son drew near,
And, pleas'd to ask the Maſter's Aid,
The Mother Goddeſs ſmiling ſaid.

AIR.

Harmonious Son of PHOEBUS, *See!*
'Tis LOVE, *'tis little* LOVE *I bring.*
The Queen of Beauty ſues to Thee,
To teach her wanton Boy to ſing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd Musician heard with Joy,
And, proud to teach th' immortal Boy,
Did all his Songs and heav'nly Skill impart:
The Boy, to recompense his Art,
Repeating did each Song improve,
And breath'd into his Airs the Charms of Love,
And taught the Master thus to touch the Heart.

AIR.

Love, inspiring
Sounds persuading,
Makes his Darts resistless fly:
Beauty, aiding
Arts aspiring,
Gives them Wings to rise more high.

A CANTATA.

Set with Symphonies by SIGNIOR *NICOLINI HAYM.*

AIR.

YE tender Pow'rs! how ſhall I move
A careleſs Maid that laughs at Love?
CUPID, *to my Succour fly!*
Come with all thy thrilling Darts,
Thy melting Flames to ſoften Hearts;
Conquer for me, or I die!
Ye tender Pow'rs! how ſhall I move
A careleſs Maid that laughs at Love?
CUPID, *to my Succour fly!*

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy Shade,
A penſive Lover to his Aid
Invok'd the God of warm Deſire;
LOVE heard him, and to gain the Maid
Did this ſucceſsful Thought inſpire.

AIR.

AIR.

Take her Humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her fav'rite Follies join,
That's the Charm will make her thine,
Caſt thy ſerious Airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, ſporting,
Sooth her Hours with Am'rous Play.
Take her Humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her fav'rite Follies join,
That's the Charm will make her thine.

PASTORA,

A

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. *PEPUSCH.*

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd *Arcadia*'s flow'ry Plains,
The gay *PASTORA* once was heard to ſing;
Cloſe by a Fountain's Cryſtal Spring
She warbled out her merry Strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, wou'd you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every Humour try;
Sometimes flatter, ſometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and ſometimes cry.
Shepherds, wou'd you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt ev'ry Humour try.
Soft Denials
Are but Trials,
You muſt follow when we fly.
Shepherds, wou'd you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt ev'ry Humour try.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON, who long ador'd this ſprightly Maid,
Yet never durſt his Love relate,
Reſolv'd at laſt to try his Fate.
He ſigh'd; — She ſmil'd; — He kneel'd and pray'd; —
She frown'd; — He roſe, and walk'd away,
But ſoon returning look'd more gay,
And ſung and danc'd, and on his Pipe a chearful Echo play'd.

AIR. [With an Echo of Flutes.]

PASTORA *fled to a ſhady Grove;*
DAMON *view'd her,*
And purſu'd her;
CUPID *laugh'd, and crown'd his Love.*

The

The Nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see
That DAMON *ran as swift as She.*
PASTORA *fled to a shady Grove,*
DAMON *view'd her,*
And pursu'd her;
CUPID *laugh'd, and crown'd his Love.*

A PASTORAL MASQUE.

SCENE, *A Prospect of a Wood.*

Enter a Shepherd, and sings.

YE Nymphs and Shepherds of the Grove,
That know the pleasing Pains of Love,
Eager for th' expected Blessing,
Sighing, panting for possessing!
Leave your Flocks, and haste away,
With solemn State
To celebrate
CUPID *and* HYMEN's *Holiday.*

Enter a Band of Shepherds on one ſide with Garlands; on the other ſide, Shepherdeſſes with Caniſters of Flowers.

CHORUS.

From the echoing Hills, and the jovial Plains,
Where Pleaſure and Plenty and Happineſs reigns,
We leave our Flocks, and haſte away
With ſolemn State
To celebrate
CUPID *and* HYMEN's *Holiday.*

[A DANCE here.]

SCENE opening diſcovers a pleaſant Bower, with the God of *Love* aſleep, attended by *Cupids*, ſome playing with his Bow, others ſharpening his Arrows, *&c.* On each ſide the Bower, Walks of Cypreſs-Trees, and Fountains playing; a diſtant Landskip terminates the Proſpect.

Verſe for a Shepherdeſs, with Flutes.

See the mighty Pow'r of Love
Sleeping in a Cyprian *Grove!*
Nymphs and Shepherds, gently ſhed
Spices round his ſacred Head;

On his lovely Body show'r
Leaves of Roses, Virgin Lillies,
Cowslips, Vi'lets, Daffadillies,
And with Garlands dress the Bow'r.

Rittornel of Flutes. After which *Cupid* rises, and sings with his Bow drawn.

Yield to the God of soft Desires!
Whose gentle Influence inspires
Every Creature
Throughout Nature
With sprightly Joys and genial Fires.

CHORUS of the SHEPHERDS and NYMPHS.

Hail thou potent Deity!
Every Creature
Throughout Nature
Owns thy Pow'r as well as we.

Enter *Hymen* in a Saffron-colour'd Robe, a Chaplet of Flowers on his Head, and in his Hand the Nuptial Torch; attended by Priests.

HYMEN.

Behold a greater Pow'r than He,
Behold the Marriage Deity!

CHORUS, by HYMEN's Attendants.

Behold the Marriage Deity!

CUPID, smiling.

Behold the God of Houshold Strife,
That spoils the happy Lover's Life,
And turns a Mistress to a Wife!

HYMEN.

Foolish and inconstant Boy!
Thine's a transitory Joy;
Sudden Fits in Pleasure's Fever;
HYMEN's *Blessings last for ever.*

CUPID.

HYMEN's *Bondage lasts for ever;*
Love's free Pleasures failing never.

HYMEN.

Love's stol'n Pleasures, insincere,
Purchas'd at a Rate too dear,
Shame and Sorrow will destroy,
If HYMEN *license not the Joy.*

[Both together.]

Then let us join Hands and unite.

Last

Last CHORUS of the SHEPHERDS and NYMPHS.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where CUPID *and* HYMEN *in Consort agree!*
We'll revel all Day with Sports and Delight,
And HYMEN *and* CUPID *shall govern the Night.*

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy Throne of Beauty now resign!
Behold on Earth a conqu'ring Fair,
Who more deserves Love's Crown to wear!
Not thy own Star so bright in Heav'n does shine,
Ask of thy Son her Name, who with his Dart
Has deeply grav'd it in my Heart;

Or

Or ask the God of tuneful Sound,
Who ſings it to his Lyre,
And does this Maid inſpire
With his own Art, to give a ſurer Wound.

AIR.

Hark! the Groves her Songs repeat;
Echo *lurks in hollow Springs,*
And, tranſported while She ſings,
Learns her Voice, and grows more ſweet;
Cou'd Narciſſus *ſee or hear Her,*
From his Fountain he wou'd fly,
And, with Awe approaching near Her,
For a real Beauty die.
Hark! the Groves her Songs repeat;
Echo *lurks in hollow Springs,*
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her Voice, and grows more ſweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet *VENUS* once again my Suit attend!
And when from Heav'n you ſhall deſcend,
This ſhining Empreſs to array,
When you preſent her all your Train of Loves,
Your Chariot, and your murm'ring Doves,
Tell her She wants one Charm to make the reſt more gay;
Then Smiling to th' harmonious Beauty ſay,

AIR

AIR.

To a lovely Face and Air,
Let a tender Heart be join'd.
Love can make you doubly fair;
Muſick's ſweeter when you're kind.
To a lovely Face and Air,
Let a tender Heart be join'd.

A FRAGMENT.

IN every Age, to brighter Honours born,
Which lovelieſt Nymphs and ſweeteſt Bards adorn,
Beauty and Wit each other's Aid require,
And Poets ſing what firſt the Fair inſpire;
The Fair for ever thus their Charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful Song.
Thus *SACHARISSA* ſhines in *WALLER*'s Lays,
And She, who rais'd his Genius, ſhares his Praiſe.
Each does in each a mutual Life infuſe,
Th' inſpiring Beauty, the recording Muſe.
. . . . . .

CLAU-

CLAUDIANUS.

In Epithalamio Honorii & Mariæ.

CUNCTATUR ſtupefacta Venus. Nunc ora Puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice Matrem.
Hæc modo creſcenti, plenæ par altera Lunæ:
Aſſurgit ceu forte minor ſub Matre virenti
Laurus; & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva Comas; vel Flore ſub uno,
Ceu geminæ Pæſtana Roſæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura Die, ſaturataque Vernis
Roribus, indulget Spatio: latet altera Nodo,
Nec teneris audet Foliis admittere Soles.

TRANSLATED.

VENUS *coming to a Nuptial Ceremony, and entering the Room, ſees the Bride and her Mother ſitting together,* &c. *On which Occaſion* CLAUDIAN *makes the following Deſcription.*

THE Goddeſs paus'd; and, held in deep Amaze,
Now views the Mother's, now the Daughter's Face;
Different

Different in each, yet equal Beauty glows,
That, the *full Moon*, and This, the *Crescent* shows:
Thus, rais'd beneath its Parent Tree is seen
The *Laurel Shoot*, while, in its early Green,
Thick-sprouting Leaves and Branches are essay'd,
And all the Promise of a future Shade.
Or, blooming thus, in happy *Persian* Fields,
One common Stock *two Lovely Roses* yields:
Mature by Vernal Dews, This dares display
Its Leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the Day;
That, folded in its tender Nonage lies,
A beauteous Bud, nor yet admits the Skies.

A

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. *PEPUSCH*.

AIR.

FOOLISH LOVE! I scorn thy Darts,
And all thy little wanton Arts,
To captivate unmanly Hearts.

Shall

Shall a Woman, proud and coy,
Make me languish for a Toy?
Foolish LOVE! *I scorn thy Darts,*
And all thy little wanton Arts,
To captivate unmanly Hearts.

RECITATIVE.

Thus *STREPHON* mock'd the Pow'r of Love
and swore
His Freedom he wou'd still maintain,
Nor ever wear th' inglorious Chain,
Or slavishly adore.
But when *LAMIRA* cross'd the Plain,
The Shepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his Strain.

AIR.

LOVE, *I feel thy Pow'r Divine,*
And blushing now my Heart resign!
Ye Swains, my Folly don't despise!
But look on fair LAMIRA's *Eyes,*
Then tell me if you can be wise.
LOVE, *I feel thy Pow'r Divine,*
And blushing now my Heart resign!

THE SOLDIER *in* LOVE.

A

CANTATA.

Set with Symphonies by Mr. *PEPUSCH.*

AIR.

WHY, *too amorous Hero! why*
Doſt thou the War forego,
At CELIA's *Feet to lie,*
And ſighing tell thy Woe?
Can you think that Sneaking Air
Fit to move th' unpitying Fair?
She laughs to ſee thee trifle ſo.
Why, too amorous Hero! why
Doſt thou the War forego,
At CELIA's *Feet to lie,*
And ſighing tell thy Woe?

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

CLEANDER heard not this Advice,
Nor wou'd his Languishing refrain.
But while to *CELIA* once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his Image in a Glass he spies,
And blushing at the Sight, he grew a Man again.

AIR. [With a Trumpet.]

Hark! the Trumpet sounds to Arms!
I come, I come, the Warrior cries,
And from scornful CELIA *flies,*
To court VICTORIA's *Charms.*
CELIA *beholds his alter'd Brow,*
And wou'd regain her Lover now.
Hark! the Trumpet sounds to Arms!
I come, I come, the Warrior cries,
And from scornful CELIA *flies,*
To court VICTORIA's *Charms.*

AN ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSICK.

Perform'd at *Stationers-Hall*, 1703.

Descende Cœlo, & dic age tibiâ
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu Voce nunc mavis acutâ,
Seu fidibus, Citharæque Phœbi. Hor.

[*Begin with a* CHORUS.]

1.

AWAKE, Celestial Harmony!
Awake, Celestial Harmony!
Turn thy Vocal Sphere around,
Goddess of Melodious Sound.
Let the *Trumpet's* shrill Voice,
And the *Drum's* thundring Noise,
Cry dull Mortal from Sorrows profound.

See

See, See!
The mighty Pow'r of Harmony!
Behold how soon its Charms can chase
Grief and Gloom from ev'ry Face!
How swift its Raptures fly,
And thrill thro' ev'ry Soul, and brighten ev'ry

II.

Proceed, sweet Charmer of the Ear!
Proceed; and thro' the mellow *Flute*,
The moving *Lyre*,
And solitary *Lute*,
Melting Airs, soft Joys inspire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a Lover's Pray'r;
Joys to flatter dull Despair,
And softly sooth the Amorous Fire.

CHORUS.

Melting Airs, soft Joys inspire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a Lover's Pray'r;
Joys to flatter dull Despair,
And softly sooth the Amorous Fire.

III.

III.

Now let the sprightly *Violin*
A louder Strain begin;
And now
Let the deep-mouth'd *Organ* blow,
Swell it high, and sink it low.
Hark! — how the *Treble* and *Bass*
In wanton *Fuge's* catch other chace,
nd swift *Divisions* run their airy Race!
hro' all the travers'd Scale they fly,
winding Labyrinths of Harmony;
urns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

winding Labyrinths of Harmony,
hro' all the travers'd Scale they fly;
urns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

IV.

e Sons of Art once more renew your Strains;
In loftier Verse, and loftier Lays,
Your Voices raise
To *MUSICK*'s Praise!
A Nobler Song remains.
Sing how the Great Creator-God
On Wings of flaming Cherubs rode,

To make a World; and round the Dark Abyss,
Turn'd the * Golden Compasses,
The Compasses in Fate's High Storehouse found;
Thus far extend, He said, be this,
O World, thy Measur'd Bound.
Mean while a thousand Harps were play'd on high
Be this thy Measur'd Bound,
Was echo'd all around:
And now arise, Ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!
A Thousand Voices made Reply,
Arise, Ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!

V.

What can *MUSICK*'s Pow'r controul?
When Nature's sleeping Soul
Perceiv'd th' Enchanting Sound,
It wak'd, and shook off foul Deformity;
The mighty Melody
Nature's secret Chains unbound;
And Earth arose, and Seas, and Sky.
Aloft expanded Spheres were flung,
With Shining Luminaries hung;
A Vast Creation stood display'd,
By Heav'n's Inspiring *MUSICK* made.

CH

* *MILTON.*

CHORUS.

O wondrous Force of Harmony!

VII.

Divinest Art, whose Fame shall never cease!
Thy Honour'd Voice proclaim'd the Saviour's Birth;
When Heav'n vouchsaf'd to treat with Earth,
MUSICK was Herald of the Peace.
Thy Voice cou'd best the Joyful Tidings tell;
Immortal Mercy! Boundless Love!
A God descending from Above,
To conquer Death and Hell.

VII.

There yet remains an Hour of Fate,
When *MUSICK* must again its Charms employ;
The Trumpet's Sound
Shall call the Num'rous Nations under Ground.
The Num'rous Nations straight
Appear; and some with Grief, and some with Joy
Their Final Sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other Arts shall pass away:
Proud Architecture *shall in Ruins lie,*
And Painting *fade and die,*

Nay

Nay Earth, and Heav'n itself, in wasteful Fire decay.
MUSICK alone, and POESY,
Triumphant o'er the Flame, shall see
The World's Last Blaze.
The Tuneful Sisters shall Embrace,
And Praise and Sing, and Sing and Praise,
In never-ceasing Choirs to all Eternity.

APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

A

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*

RECITATIVE.

DAPHNE, the Beautiful, the Coy,
Along the winding Shore of *Peneus* flew,
To shun Love's tender, offer'd Joy;
Tho' 'twas a God that did her Charms pursue.
While thus *APOLLO*, in a moving Strain,
Awak'd his Lyre, and softly breath'd his Amorous Pain.

AIR.

AIR.

Faireſt Mortal! Stay and hear;
Cannot Love with Muſick join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting Mind?
Turn thee, leave thy trembling Fear;
Faireſt Mortal! Stay and hear;
Cannot Love with Muſick join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting Mind?

RECITATIVE.

The River's echoing Banks with Pleaſure did prolong
The ſweetly warbled Sounds, and murmur'd with the Song.
DAPHNE fled ſwifter, in Deſpair,
To 'ſcape the God's Embrace:
And to the Genius of the Place,
She ſigh'd this wondrous Pray'r:

AIR.

Father PENEUS, *hear me, aid me!*
Let ſome ſudden Change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy Shore.
Ceaſe, APOLLO, *to perſuade me;*
I am DAPHNE *now no more.*
Father PENEUS, *hear me, aid me!*
Let ſome ſudden Change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy Shore.

RECITATIVE.

APOLLO wond'ring stood to see
The Nymph transform'd into a Tree.
Vain were his Lyre, his Voice, his Tuneful Art,
His Passion, and his Race Divine;
Nor cou'd th' Eternal Beams that round his Temples shine,
Melt the Cold Virgin's frozen Heart.

AIR.

Nature alone can Love inspire;
Art is vain to move Desire.
If Nature once the Fair incline,
To their own Passion they resign.
Nature alone can Love inspire;
Art is vain to move Desire.

A THOUGHT *in a* GARDEN.

Written in the Year 1704.

DELIGHTFUL Manſion! Bleſt Retreat!
Where all is Silent, all is Sweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her Wings,
The raptur'd Muſe more tuneful Sings,
While *May* leads on the Chearful Hours,
And opens a New World of Flow'rs.
Gay Pleaſure here all Dreſſes wears,
And in a Thouſand Shapes appears.
Purſu'd by Fancy, how ſhe roves
Thro' Airy Walks, and Muſeful Groves;
Springs in each Plant and bloſſom'd Tree,
And Charms in all I hear and ſee!
In this *Elyſium* while I ſtray,
And Nature's faireſt Face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new-born, and Life more bright;
Time ſteals away, and ſmooths his Flight;
And Thought's bewilder'd in Delight.

Where are the Crowds I saw of late?
What are those Tales of *Europe*'s Fate?
Of *Anjou*, and the *Spanish* Crown;
And Leagues to pull Usurpers down?
Of Marching Armies, Distant Wars;
Of Factions, and Domestick Jars?
Sure these are last Night's Dreams, no more;
Or some Romance, read lately o'er;
Like *Homer*'s antique Tale of *Troy*,
And Pow'rs Confed'rate to destroy
Priam's proud House, the *Dardan* Name,
With Him that stole the ravish'd Dame,
And, to possess another's Right,
Durst the whole World to Arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my Eye-lids close,
These dull Impressions help me lose:
Let Fancy take her Wing, and find
Some better Dream to sooth my Mind;
Or waking, let me learn to Live;
The Prospect will Instruction give.
For see, where beauteous *Thames* does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful Tide;
Free from Extremes of Ebb and Flow,
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:

Such let my Life's smooth Current be,
Till, from Time's narrow Shore set free,
It mingle with th' Eternal Sea;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling Thing it was before.

A WISH TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

I.

JANUS, great Leader of the rolling Year,
Since all that's past no Vows can e'er restore,
But Joys and Griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er,
No longer now deserve a Smile or Tear;
Close the fantastick Scenes — but grace
With brightest Aspects thy Forface,
While Time's new Offspring hastens to appear:

With lucky Omens guide the coming Hours,
Command the Circling Seasons to advance,
And form their renovated Dance,
With flowing Pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friendly Pow'rs.

II.

Thy Month, O *Janus!* gave me first to know
A Mortal's trifling Cares below;
My Race of Life began with thee.
Thus far, from great Misfortunes free,
Contented, I my Lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid Laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common Ills in vain,
Which Folly cannot shun, nor wise Reflexion cure.

III.

But oh!—more anxious for the Year to come,
I wou'd foreknow my future Doom.
Then tell me, *Janus*, canst thou spy
Events that yet in Embrio lie
For me, in Time's mysterious Womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear
A Thousand Accidents severe;
I'll fortify my Soul the Load to bear,

If Love rejected add not to its Weight,
To finish me in Woes, and crush me down with Fate.

IV.

But if the Goddess, in whose charming Eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark Book,
My Joy, my Grief, my All of future Fortune lies;
If She must with a less propitious Look
Forbid my humble Sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing Frown;
If, *Janus*, this thou seest in Store,
Cut short my mortal Thread, and now
Take back the Gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my Burden down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a Wretch no more.

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*

WHILE on your blooming Charms I gaze,
Your tender Lips, your ſoft enchanting Eyes,
And all the *VENUS* in your Face,
I'm fill'd with Pleaſure and Surprize:
But, cruel Goddeſs! when I find
DIANA's Coldneſs in your Mind,
How can I bear that fix'd Diſdain?
My Pleaſure dies, and I but live in Pain.

AIR.

Tyrant CUPID! *when, relenting,*
Will you touch the Charmer's Heart?
Sooth her Breaſt to ſoft Conſenting,
Or remove from mine the Dart!
Tyrant CUPID! *when, relenting,*
Will you touch the Charmer's Heart?

RECITATIVE.

But ſee! while to my Paſſion Voice I give,
Th' applauded Beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving Tale to take Delight,
And looks, as She wou'd let me live;

And yet She chides, but with so sweet an Air,
That while She Love denies, She yet forbids Despair.

AIR.

Fear not, doubting Fair! t'approve me;
Can you love me?
Frown not, if you answer No,
If you answer, frown not, No.
When again I ask, pursuing,
If you'll stay and see my Ruin?
Fly — but let me with you go!
Blush not, doubting Fair, t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Smile, and ev'ry Fear forego.

AN ODE FOR VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSICK.

To the Memory of the most Noble

WILLIAM

DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

OBIIT ANNO MDCCVII.

Set to MUSICK by Mr. PEPUSCH.

[Overture of soft Musick.]

* BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

YE generous Arts and Muses join; [flow,
While down your Cheeks the streaming Sorrows
Let murm'ring Strings with the soft Voice combine
T' express the Melody of Woe.

And

* SIGNIORA MARGARITA.

And thou, *AUGUSTA!* rise and wait
With decent Honours on the Great;
Condole my Loss, and weep *DEVONIO's* Fate.

AIR. [With Flutes.]

Queen of Cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous Smile,
Turn to tender Grief thy Joy.
From thy Shore of Thames *replying,*
Gentlest Echoes fainting, dying,
Shall their Sorrow too employ,
Queen of Cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous Smile,
Turn to tender Grief thy Joy.

* *AUGUSTA.*

RECITATIVE.

'Tis Fame's chief Immortality,
BRITANNIA, to be mourn'd by thee.
I know the Doom; from midnight Skies
Ill Omens late did strike my Eyes;
Near the radiant Northern Cart
I took'd, and saw a falling Star.

AIR.

* *Mrs.* TOFTS.

AIR.

Lands remote the Loss will bear;
From Rocks reporting,
Seas transporting,
Will the wasted Sorrow bear.
Winds that fly
Will softly sigh,
A Star has left the British Sphere.
Lands remote, &c.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Great GEORGE! whose Azure Emblems of Renown
Are the fair Gifts of *Britain*'s Crown,
Patron of my illustrious Isle!
Thou saw'st thy Order late expreſt
With added Brightness on *DEVONIO*'s Breast;
Meet the Companion Knight, and own him with a Smile.

DUETTO for *BRITANNIA* and *AUGUSTA*.

Brit. *To shade his peaceful Grave*
Let growing Palms extend!
Aug. *To grace his peaceful Grave*
Let hov'ring Loves attend!

Both

Both. { *To shade,* &c.
{ *To grace,* &c.

Brit. *And wakeful Fame defend,*

Aug. *And grateful Truth commend*

Both. *The Generous and the Brave!*

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now shall *AUGUSTA*'s Sons their Skill impart,
And summon the dumb Sister Art,
In Marble Life to show,
What the Patriot was below.
Here, let a weeping *Cupid* stand,
And wound himself with his own Dart;
There place the Ducal Crown, the Sword, the Wand,
The Mark of *ANNA*'s Trust and his Command.

AIR.

Lofty Birth and Honours Shining,
Bring a Light on Noble Minds,
Ev'ry Courtly Grace combining,
Ev'ry Gen'rous Action joining,
With Eternal Laurel binds.
Lofty Birth and Honours Shining,
Bring a Light on Noble Minds.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair LIBERTY attend,
And in *DEVONIO's* Loss bewail a Friend.
See! o'er his Tomb perpetual Lamps she lights,
Then, on his Urn the Goddess writes:

* " Preserve, O Urn! his silent Dust,
" Who faithful did obey
" Princes like *ANNA* good and just,
" Yet scorn'd his Freedom to betray;
" And, hated by all TYRANTS, chose
" The Glory to have Such his Foes.

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of *Britain!* give thy Sorrows o'er.
A grateful Tribute thou hast paid
To thy *DEVONIO's* noble Shade;
Now, vainly weep the Dead no more!

For

* *The Duke order'd this Inscription to be placed upon his Monument,*

WILLIELMUS, DUX DEVONIÆ,
BONORUM PRINCIPUM FIDELIS SUBDITUS,
INIMICUS, ET INVISUS TYRANNIS.

For see — the Duke and Patriot still survives,
And in his GREAT SUCCESSOR lives.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new arising Light,
Hee Paternal Grandeur shine,
Descending, thro' th' Illustrious Line,
In the same Royal Favours bright.

Last DUETTO with all the Instruments.

Brit. *Gently smooth thy Flight, O Time!*
Aug. *Smoothly wing thy Flight, O Time!*
Both. *And as thou flying growest old,*
Still this happy Peace behold
In BRITANNIA's *Court Sublime.*
Brit. *Leading their smiling Hours,*
Aug. *Long produce their smiling Hours,*
Both. *Bliss thy all auspicious Pow'rs.*
Brit. *Gently smooth thy Flight, O Time!*
Aug. *Smoothly wing thy Flight, O Time!*
Both. *And as thou flying growest old,*
Still this happy Peace behold
In BRITANNIA's *Court Sublime.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. MILLS *at the* QUEEN's *Theatre, on his* BENEFIT-NIGHT, February 16, 1709; *a little before the* DUKE *of* MARLBOROUGH's *going for* Holland.

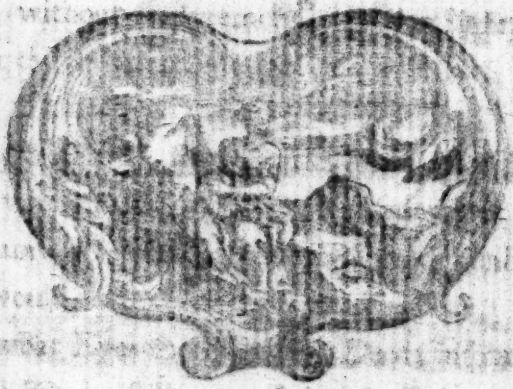
WHETHER our Stage all others does excell
In Strength of Wit, we'll not presume to tell:
But this, with Noble, Conscious Pride, we'll say,
No Theatre such Glories can display,
Such Worth conspicuous, Beauty so divine,
As in One *British* Audience mingled shine.
Who can, without Amazement, turn his Sight,
And mark the Awful Circle here to Night?
Warriors, with ever-living Laurels, brought
From Empires Sav'd, from Battles bravely fought,
Here sit; whose matchless Story shall adorn
Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en Ages yet unborn.
Yet who would not expect such Martial Fire,
That sees what Eyes those Gallant Deeds inspire?
Valour and Beauty still were *Britain*'s Claim,
Both are her great Prerogatives of Fame;
By both the Muses live, from both they catch their Flame.

Then

Then as by You, in ſolid Glory bright,
Our envy'd Iſle thro' *EUROPE* ſpreads her Light,
And riſing Honours ev'ry Year ſuſtain,
And mark the Golden Track of *ANNE*'s diſtinguiſh'd Reign;
So, by your Preſence here, we'll ſtrive to raiſe
To Nobler Heights our Action and our Plays;
And Poets from your Favours ſhall derive
That Immortality they boaſt to give.



THE



THE TENTH BOOK OF LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, TRANSLATED.

Pompey, *flying to* Ægypt, *after his Defeat at* Pharſalia, *was by the King's Conſent baſely murder'd by* Pothinus, *and his Head preſented to* Cæſar, *as he approach'd the* Ægyptian *Coaſt, in purſuit of his Enemy. The Poet having repreſented this Cataſtrophe in the two former Books; the Argument of the Tenth Book is as follows.* Cæſar *lands in* Ægypt. *He goes to* Alexandria; *viſits the Temple, and the Sepulchre of the Kings, in which* Alexander the Great *was buried. The Poet, in a beautiful Digreſſion, declaims againſt the Ambition of that Monarch.* Ptolemy *the young King of* Ægypt *meets* Cæſar *at his Arrival, and receives him into his Palace. His Siſter* Cleopatra, *who had been kept a Priſoner in* Pharos, *makes her Eſcape, and privately getting Admittance to* Cæſar, *implores his Protection. By his Means ſhe is reconcil'd to her Brother; after which ſhe entertains* Cæſar *at a Feaſt. The Supper being ended,* Cæſar *requeſts of* Achoreus *the Prieſt an Account of the Antiquities of* Egypt, *particularly of the River* Nile. Achoreus's *Reply. The Courſe of that River deſcrib'd, with an Enumeration of the various Opinions concerning its Spring, and the Cauſes of its Overflowing.* Pothinus *plots the Death of* Cæſar. *His Meſſage to* Achillas *to invite him to join in this attempt.* Achillas *marches againſt* Alexandria *with an Army compos'd of* Ægyptians *and* Romans, *and beſieges* Cæſar *in the Palace, who ſeizes* Ptolemy *as a Pledge for his own Security. A Herald, ſent from the King to enquire the Cauſe of this Tumult, is ſlain. An Attack being made,* Cæſar *defends himſelf, burns the* Ægyptian *Ships in the Harbour, and poſſeſſes himſelf of* Pharos, *where he puts* Pothinus *to death.* Arſinoe, *younger Siſter of* Ptolemey, *by the Aid of* Ganimede *her Governor, arriving in the Camp, cauſes* Achillas *to be ſlain.* Ganimede *renews the Attack againſt* Cæſar, *who is block'd up in* Pharos, *and reduc'd to the greateſt Extremity.*

THE TENTH BOOK OF LUCAN's PHARSALIA, TRANSLATED.

WHEN conqu'ring *Cæsar* follow'd to the Land
His Rival's Head, and trod the barbarous Strand,
His Fortune strove with guilty *Ægypt*'s Fate
In doubtful Fight, and this the dire Debate;
Shall *Roman* Arms great *Lagus'* Realm enthrall?
Or shall the Victor, like the Vanquish'd, fall
By *Ægypt*'s Sword? *Pompey*, thy Ghost withstood
Th' impending Blow, and say'd the Gen'ral's Blood,

Lest

Left *Rome*, too happy after Loſs of three,
Shou'd rule the *Nile*, ben'ſelf from Bondage free.
Secure, and with this barbarous Pledge content,
To *Alexandria* now the Conqu'ror went.
The Croud that ſaw his Entry, while, before,
Advancing Guards the Rods of Empire bore,
In murmur'd Sounds their jealous Rage diſclos'd,
At *Roman* Rites and foreign Law impos'd.
Obſerving *Cæſar* ſoon his Error ſpy'd,
That not for him his mighty Rival dy'd,
Yet ſmooth'd his Brow, all Marks of Fear ſuppreſs'd,
And hid his Cares, deep bury'd in his Breaſt.
Then with intrepid Mien he took his Way,
The City Walls and Temples to ſurvey,
Works which thy ancient Pow'r, great MACEDON,
diſplay.
He view'd the ſplendid Fanes with careleſs Eyes,
Shrines rich with Gold and ſacred Myſteries,
Nor fix'd his Sight, but, eager in his Pace,
Deſcends the Vault, which holds the Royal Race.
Philip's mad Son, the PROSP'ROUS ROBBER, bound
In Fate's eternal Chains, here ſleeps profound,
Whom Death forbad his Rapines to purſue,
And in the World's Revenge the Monſter ſlew.
His impious Bones, which thro' each Climate toſt,
The Sport of Winds, or in the Ocean loſt,

Had

Had met a juſter Fate; this Tomb obtain'd,
And Sacred, to that Kingdom's End, remain'd.
O! ſhou'd auſpicious Years roll round again,
And Godlike LIBERTY reſume her Reign,
Preſerv'd to Scorn the Reliques wou'd be ſhown
Of the bold Chief, whoſe boundleſs Pride alone
This curſt Example to Ambition gave,
How many Realms One Mortal can enſlave!
Diſdaining what his Father won before,
Aſpiring ſtill, and reſtleſs after more,
He left his Homes; while Fortune ſmooth'd his Way,
And o'er the fruitful *Eaſt* enlarg'd his Sway.
Red SLAUGHTER mark'd his Progreſs, as he paſt;
The guilty Sword laid Human Nature waſte,
Diſcolour'd *Ganges*, and *Euphrates'* Flood,
With *Perſian* This, and That with *Indian* Blood.
He ſeem'd in Terror to the Nations ſent,
The Wrath of Heav'n, a Star of dire Portent,
And ſhook, like Thunder, all the Continent!
Nor yet content, a Navy he provides,
To Seas remote his Triumphs now he guides,
Nor Winds nor Waves his Progreſs cou'd withſtand;
Nor *Libya's* ſcorching Heat, and deſart Land,
Nor rolling Mountains of collected Sand,
Had Heav'n but giv'n him Line, he had outrun
The farthest Journey of the Setting Sun,

March'd

March'd round the Poles, and drank discover'd *Nile*
At his Spring-Head — But winged Fate the while
Comes on with Speed, the Fun'ral Hour draws near;
Death only cou'd arrest his mad Career,
Who to his Grave the World's Sole Empire bore,
With the same Envy 'twas acquir'd before;
And, wanting a Successor to his Reign,
Left all to suffer Conquest once again.

Yet *Babylon* first yielded to his Arms,
And *Parthia* trembled at his proud Alarms.
Oh Shame to tell! cou'd haughty *Parthia* fear
The *Græcian* Dart, and not the *Roman* Spear?
What tho' the *North*, and *South*, and *West* are ours,
Th' unconquer'd *East* defies our feeble Pow'rs,
So fatal once to *Rome*'s great *Crassi* known,
A Province now to *Pella*'s puny Town.

Now from *Peluſium*, where expanding wide
Nile pours into the Sea his ample Tide,
Came the Boy-King; His Presence soon appeas'd
The People's Rage, and giddy Tumult ceas'd.
In *Ægypt*'s Palace, *Cæsar* sleeps Secure;
This Princely Hostage does awhile ensure
His Terms of Peace; when lo! the Sister-Queen,
In a small Boat conceal'd, securely mean,
With Gold corrupts the Keeper of the Port,
And undiscover'd lands, and lurks within the Court.

The

THE ROYAL WHORE! her Country's worst Disgrace,
The Fate and Fury of the *Roman* Race!
As *Helen*'s soft incendiary Charms
Provok'd the *Grecian* and the *Trojan* Arms,
No less did *Cleopatra*'s Eyes inspire
Italian Flames, and spread the kindled Fire.
A Rabble Rout, a vile enervate Band
Presum'd th' Imperial Eagles to withstand;
Canopus march'd, a Woman at their Head,
And then, if ever *Rome* knew aught of Dread,
E'en mighty *Rome* with Terror heard the Jar
Of clatter'd Cymbals tinkling to the War,
And shook her lofty Tow'rs, and trembled from afar.
What Triumphs had proud *Alexandria* seen,
Had great *Octavius* then a Captive been,
When hov'ring VICT'RY, at *Leucate*'s Bay,
Hung on her Wings, and 'twas a Strife that Day,
If the lost World a DISTAFF shou'd obey.
From that curst Night this daring Hope arose,
That shameful Night, the Source of future Woes,
Which first commenc'd polluted Loves, between
A *Roman* Gen'ral and *Ægyptian* Queen.
O who can *Anthony*'s wild Passion blame?
E'en *Cæsar*'s flinty Heart confess'd the soft'ning Flame.
The foul Adult'rer, reeking with the Stains
Of impious Slaughter on *Thessalian* Plains,

Unwash'd from Blood, amidst the Rage of War
In Joys obscene forgets his cruel Care.
Tho' *Pompey*'s Ghost yet haunt those barbarous Walls,
And howling in his Ears for Vengeance calls,
Secure in Guilt, he hugs a Harlot's Charms,
And mingles lawless Love with lawless Arms,
Nor mindful of his chaster Progeny,
A Bastard-Brother, *Julia*, gives to thee.
His rallying Foes on *Libyan* Plains rejoin;
Luxurious *Cæsar*, shamefully Supine,
Forgoes his Gains, and for a Kiss or Smile
Sells the dear Purchase of his martial Toil.
Him *Cleopatra* sought t'espouse her Care;
Presuming of her Charms, the mournful Fair
In wild Disorder loos'd her lovely Hair,
And, with a Face inviting sure Relief,
In tender Accents thus disclos'd her Grief:
Great *Cæsar*, look! of *Lagus*' Royal Race,
So thou restore me to my rightful Place,
I kneel a Queen. Expell'd my Father's Throne,
My Hope of Succour is in You alone.
You rise a prosp'rous Star to *Ægypt*'s Aid;
Oh shine propitious on an injur'd Maid!
My Sex has oft the *Pharian* Scepter sway'd,
For so the Laws admit. Let *Cæsar* read
Our Parent's Will; my Brother's Crown and Bed

Are mine to share, and were the Youth but free
From saucy Tutors, he wou'd marry me.
But by *Pothinus'* Nod his Passions move,
Pothinus wields his Sword, and manages his Love.
Forbid that Crime; I freely quit my Claim,
But save from such Reproach our House and Name,
Rescue the Royal Boy from mean Command,
Restore the Scepter to his trembling Hand,
This vile Domestick's lawless Pride restrain,
Remove the Traitor-Guard, and teach the King to reign.
Th' imperious Slave, who kill'd great *Cæsar's* Foe,
Inur'd to Blood wou'd murder *Cæsar* too,
But far, far hence, ye Gods, avert the threatned Blow!
Let *Pompey's* Head suffice *Pothinus'* Fame,
Nor let a nobler Death increase our Shame!
Here paus'd the Queen, and spoke in Looks the rest;
Not Words alone cou'd move his savage Breast;
Her Eyes enforce her Pray'rs; soft Beauty pleads
And brib'd the Judge; a Night of Guilt succeeds.
Then soon for Peace th' affrighted Brother sought,
And with rich Gifts his Reconcilement bought.
Affairs united thus, the Court ordains
A solemn Feast, where Joy tumultuous reigns.
Here *Cleopatra's* Genius first was shown,
And Arts till then to frugal *Rome* unknown.

The Hall a Temple ſeem'd; corrupter Days
Scarce to the Gods wou'd ſuch a Structure raiſe.
Rich was the fretted Roof, and cover'd o'er
With pond'rous Gold; all Onyx was the Floor.
Nor Marble Plates alone the Walls incas'd,
Beauteous to Sight, and all th' Apartment grac'd,
But ſolid Pillars of thick Agate ſtood,
And Ebony ſupply'd for common Wood.
Iv'ry the Doors, with *Indian* Tortoiſe ſeen
Inlaid, and ſtudded Emerald between.
The Beds too ſhone, profuſe of Gems, on high,
Their Cov'rings *Tyrian* Silk, of double Dye,
Embroider'd part with Gold, with Scarlet part,
A curious Mixture of *Ægyptian* Art.

And now the Croud of menial Slaves appears,
Of various Skin, and Size, and various Years.
Some, ſwarthy *Africans* with frizled Hair;
Black *Æthiops* theſe; and thoſe, like *Germans*, fair,
With yellow Locks, which, *Cæſar* owns, outſhine
In Colour e'en the Natives of the *Rhine*;
Beſide th' unhappy Youth by Steel unmann'd,
And ſoften'd from their Sex, a beardleſs Band;
An abler Train was rang'd in adverſe Rows,
Yet ſcarce their Cheeks did the firſt Down diſcloſe.

The Princes took their Seats; amid the reſt
Sat lordly *Cæſar*, their ſuperior Gueſt,

Proud *Cleopatra*, not content alone
T'enjoy a Brother Spouſe, and ſhare his Throne,
Had ſtain'd her Cheeks, and arm'd with artful Care
Her fatal Eyes, new Conqueſt to prepare;
Bright Jewels grac'd her Neck, and ſparkled in her Hair.
O'ercharg'd with Spoils which the *Red-Sea* ſupply'd,
Scarce can She move beneath the pond'rous Pride.
Sidonian Silk her ſnowy Breaſts array'd,
Which thro' the Net-work Veil a thouſand Charms diſplay'd.
Here might be ſeen large Oval Tables, wrought
Of *Citron* from *Atlantick* Foreſts brought,
Their Treſſels Iv'ry; not ſo rich a Sort
Was *Cæſar's* Prize in vanquiſh'd *Juba's* Court.
Blind Oſtentatious Madneſs! to diſplay
Your Wealth, to whom e'en Civil War's a Play,
And tempt an armed Gueſt to ſeize the Prey!
Grant Riches not the Purpoſe of his Toil,
Nor with rapacious Arms to hunt for Spoil,
Think him a Heroe of that chaſter Time,
When Poverty was Praiſe, and Gold a Crime;
Suppoſe *Fabricius* preſent at the Show,
Or the rough Conſul choſen from the Plough,
Or virtuous *Curius*; each wou'd wiſh to come
With ſuch a Triumph back to wond'ring *Rome*.

What Earth and Air, the Sea and *Nile* afford,
In Golden Veſſels heaps the plenteous Board;
Whate'er ambitious Luxury cou'd find
Thro' the ſearch'd Globe, and more than Want enjoin'd;
Herds of *Ægyptian* Gods, and Fowl of various Kind.
In Cryſtal Ew'rs *Nilus* ſupplies around
His pureſt Streams; vaſt glitt'ring Bowls abound
With Wine from *Meroe*'s Iſle, whoſe noble Age
Fermenting, ſparkles with ungovern'd Rage:
With twiſted Wreaths, which fragrant Flow'rs compoſe,
Delightful Nard, and ever-blooming Roſe,
They crown their Brows; and ſtrow their oily Hair
With Spice from neighb'ring Fields, not yet expir'd in Air.
Here *Cæſar* learns the fruitful World to drain,
While conſcious Thoughts his ſecret Soul arraign;
Bluſhing he inward mourns the dire Debate,
With his poor Son, but mourns, alas! too late,
And longs for War with *Ægypt*'s wealthy State.
At length, the Tumult of the Banquet o'er,
When ſated Luxury requir'd no more,
Cæſar protracts the ſilent Hours of Night,
And, turning to *Achoreus* cloth'd in white,
High on a lofty Couch —— Say, holy Seer!
Whoſe hoary Age thy Guardian Gods revere,

Devoted

Devoted to their Rites! wilt thou relate
The Rise and Progress of the *Pharian* State?
Describe the Land's Extent, what Humours sway
The Peoples Minds, and to what Pow'rs you pray?
What Customs keep, and what Devotion pay,
Whate'er your ancient Monuments contain,
Produce to Light, and willing Gods explain.
If *Plato* once obtain'd a like Requeſt,
To whom your Sires their myſtick Rites confeſt,
This let me boaſt, perhaps you have not here
A meaner Gueſt, or leſs judicious Ear.
Fame of my Rival led me firſt to you,
To *Ægypt*'s Coaſt, yet join'd with Fame of You:
I ſtill had vacant Hours amidſt my Wars,
To read the Heav'ns, and to review the Stars.
Henceforth all Calendars muſt yield to mine,
And e'en *Eudoxus* ſhall the Palm reſign.
But more than all, the Love of Truth, which fires
My glowing Breaſt, ah ardent With inſpires
To learn, what numerous Ages ne'er cou'd know,
Your River's Source, and Cauſes of its Flow.
Indulge my Hope *Nile*'s ſecret Birth to view,
No more in Arms I'll civil Strife purſue.
He paus'd; when thus *Acoreus* made Reply;
Ye rev'rend Shades of our great Anceſtry!

While I to *Cæsar* Nature's Works explain,
And open Stores yet hid from Eyes profane,
Be it no Crime your Secrets to reveal!
Let others hold it pious to conceal
Such mighty Truths. I think the Gods design'd
Works such as these to pass all human Kind,
And teach the wondring World their Laws and heav'nly Mind.

At Nature's Birth, a various Pow'r was given
To various Stars, that cross the Poles of Heav'n,
And slack the rolling Sphere! With Sov'reign Rays
The *Sun* divides the Months, the Nights, the Days;
Fix'd in his Orb the wandring Course restrains
Of other Stars, and the great Dance ordains.
The changeful *Moon* intends th' alternate Tides.
Saturn o'er Ice and snowy Zones presides;
Mars rules the Winds, and the wing'd Thunder guides.
Jove's a Sky serene and temp'rate Air;
The Seeds of Life are *Venus'* kindly Care.
O'er spreading Streams, *Cyllenius*, is thy Reign,
And when that Part of Heav'n thou dost attain,
Where *Cancer* with the *Lion* mingles Rays,
And *Sirius* all his fiery Rage displays,
Beneath whose hot Survey, deep in his Bed,
Obscure from Sight, old *Nilus* veils his Head;

When thou from thence, in thy coeleſtial Courſe,
Ruler of Floods, doſt ſtrike the River's Source,
The conſcious Streams break out, and flowing ſoon
Obey thy Call, as Ocean does the Moon;
Nor check their Tide, till Night has from the Sun
Regain'd thoſe Hours th' advancing Summer won.
Vain was the Faith of old, that melted Snow
From *Æthiopian* Hills produc'd this Flow;
For let the Natives Sun-burnt Skins declare,
That no bleak *North* breathes wintry Tempeſts there,
But Vapours from the *South* poſſeſs the parching Air.
Beſides, ſuch Torrents as by Snows increaſe,
Begin to ſwell when Spring does firſt releaſe
Thoſe wint'ry Stores; *Nile* ne'er provokes his Streams,
Till the hot *Dog-Star* ſhoot his angry Beams;
Nor then reſumes his Banks, till *Libra* weighs
In equal Scale the meaſur'd Nights and Days.
Hence He the Laws of other Streams declines,
Nor flows in Winter, when at diſtance ſhines
The moderate Sun; commanded to repair
In Summer's Heat, to cool th' intemp'rate Air.
When ſcorch'd *Siene* feels her *Cancer's* Fire,
Then leſt the World, conſum'd in Flame, expire,
Nile to its Aid his wat'ry Forces draws,
And ſwells againſt the *Lion's* burning Jaws,

Moist'ning the Plains, till *Phœbus* late descends
To Autumn's cooler Couch, and *Meroe*'s Shade extends.
Who can the Cause of such great Changes read?
E'en so our Parent Nature had decreed
Nile's constant Course, and so the World has need.
As vainly too Antiquity apply'd
Th' *Etesian* Winds to raise this wondrous Tide,
Which blow at stated Seasons of the Year
For several Days, and long possess the Air;
Or thought vast Clouds, which driv'n before them fly
Beyond the *South*, discharg'd the burden'd Sky
On *Nilus*' Head, and thence his Current swell'd;
Or that those Winds the River's Course repell'd,
Which stopp'd, and press'd by th' entring Sea, disdains
His Banks, and issuing boils along the Plains.
Some think vast Pores, and Gaps in Earth abound,
Where Streams in silent Veins creep under Ground,
Led from the chilling *North*, the Line to meet,
When pointed Beams direct on *Meroe* beat,
While the parch'd Earth a watry Succour craves;
Then *Po* and *Ganges* roll their smother'd Waves
Deep thro' the Vaults beneath; and *Nile* supply'd
Discharges at One Vent their mingled Tide,
Nor can the gather'd Flood in One straight Channel
ride.

Some

Some think the Sea, which round all Lands extends
His liquid Arms, these gushing Waters sends;
That Length of Course the Saltness wears away;
Or thus; since *Phœbus* and the Stars, we say,
Drink Ocean's Streams; when, near hot *Cancer*'s Claws,
The thirsty Sun a larger Portion draws,
That more than Air digests, attracted so,
Falls back by Night, and causes *Nile* to flow.

Might I in so perplex'd a Cause engage,
I think, since Nature grew mature in Age,
Some Waters, *Cæsar*, have deriv'd their Birth
From Veins by strong Convulsions broke in Earth;
And some coæval with the World began,
And starting thro' appointed Channels ran,
When this whole Frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
Ordain'd its Laws, and its first Motions steer'd.

The Kings of *Greece*, of *Ægypt*, and the *East*,
Ardent like You, were with this Wish possest,
And ev'ry Age has labour'd to attain
The wondrous Truth, but labour'd still in vain,
For Nature lurks obscure, and mocks their Pain.

Philip's great Son, whose consecrated Name
Memphis adores, the first in Regal Fame,
Envious of this, detach'd a chosen Band
To range th' Extreme of *Æthiopia*'s Land;

They

They pass the scorching Soil, and only view
Where hotter Streams their constant Way pursue.
The farthest *West* our great *Sesostris* saw,
While harness'd Kings his lofty Chariot draw,
Yet drank your *Rhodanus* and *Padus* first
At both their Springs, ere *Nile* obey'd his Thirst.
Cambyses, mad with Lust of Pow'r t' o'er-run
The long-liv'd Nations of the rising Sun,
To promis'd Spoils a num'rous Army led;
His famish'd Soldiers on each other fed,
Exhausted he return'd, nor saw great *Nilus'* Head:
Nor boasting Fame pretends to make it known,
Where'er thou flow'st, thy Spring's possest by none,
And not * One Land can call thee, *Nile*, her own.
Yet what the God, who did thy Birth conceal,
Has giv'n to know, to *Cæsar* I'll reveal.
First from the *Southern* Pole thy Stream we trace,
Which rolling forward with a speedy Pace,
Under hot *Cancer* is directly driv'n
Against *Bootes'* Wain, far in the *North* of Heav'n.
Yet

* *If the Reader is curious to know the Source of the Nile, he may consult* Peter Pais's *Account of it in the Description of* Africa; *by* Dr. Olphert Dapperl, *and Father* Telles *the Jesuit in his History of* Æthiopia; *or Monsieur* Le Bruyn's *Voyage to the* Levant, *printed for* Jacob Tonson, 1702, p. 161, *where the Accounts of both the Authors are quoted at large, and compared.*

Yet winding in thy Course from *East* to *West*,
Arabia now, now *Libya*'s Sands are blest
With thy cool Flood; which first the *Seres* spy,
Yet seek thee too; thy Current, rolling by,
Thro' *Æthiopia* next, a Stranger, flows.
Nor can the World perceive to whom it owes
Thy sacred Birth, which Nature hid from all,
Lest any Nation shou'd behold thee small,
And, cov'ring deep thy Infant Head, requir'd
That None shou'd find what is by All admir'd.
Thou, by a Law to other Streams unknown,
In Summer's Solstice o'er thy Banks art thrown,
And bring'st in thy full Tide a Winter of thy own.
To thee alone 'tis giv'n thy Waves to roll
Athwart the Globe, enlarg'd to either Pole;
These Nations seek thy Fountain, those wou'd trace
Thy Gulph. With spacious Arms thou dost embrace
Hot *Meroe*, fruitful to a sooty Race,
And proud of Ebon Woods; yet no Retreat
Their useless Shades afford to shun th' excessive Heat.
Then thro' the Regions of the scorching Sun,
Not lessen'd by his Thirst, thy Waters run.
O'er barren Sands they take a tedious Course,
Now rolling in one Tide their gather'd Force;
Now wandring in their way, and sprinkled round,
O'er yielding Banks thy wanton Billows bound.

Thy

Thy Channel here its scatter'd Troops regains,
Between th' *Ægyptian* and *Arabian* Plains,
Where *Philas* bounds the Realm; with easy Pace
Thy slipp'ry Waves thro' Defarts cut their Race,
Where Nature by a Tract of Land divides
Our Sea, distinguish'd from the *Red-Sea*'s Tides.
Who that beholds thee here so gently flow,
Wou'd think thou ever cou'dst tempestuous grow?
But when o'er rugged Cliffs and Ways unev'n
In steepy Cataracts thou'rt headlong driv'n,
Thy rushing Waves resisted, fiercer fly,
And batter'd Froth rebounding fills the Sky.
The Hills remurmur with the dashing Sound,
Thy Billows ride triumphant far around,
And rear their conqu'ring Heads with hoary Honours crown'd.
Hence shaken *Abatos* first feels thy Rage,
And Rocks, which in our great Forefathers Age
Were call'd the River's Veins; because they show
His first Increase, and Symptoms of his Flow.
Vast Piles of Mountains here encompass wide
His Streams, to *Libya*'s thirsty Land deny'd,
Which thus inclos'd in a deep Valley glide.
At *Memphis* first he sees the open Plains,
Then flows at large, and his low Banks disdains.

While

While thus Secure, as if no Danger nigh,
Till Night's Black Steeds had travell'd half the Sky,
They pass the Hours of Rest, *Pothinus'* Mind
From brooding Mischief can no Leisure find.
Season'd in Sacred Blood, what Crime can feare
The Wretch, that late cou'd such a Murder dare?
Great *Pompey's* Ghost dwells in his Breast, t'inspire
New Monsters there; and Furies add their Fire.
He hopes ignoble Hands shall wear those Stains,
Which Heav'n for injur'd *Roman* Chiefs ordains,
And that blind Fortune to a Slave that Day,
The Senate's Vengeance shou'd bequeath away,
The Debt for Civil War, which *Cæsar* once shall pay.
But oh! Ye righteous Pow'rs exert your Care!
The guilty Life in BRUTUS' Absence spare!
Nor let vile *Egypt*, *Rome's* great Justice boast,
And this Example to the World be lost!
Vain is th' Attempt; yet, scorning secret Snares,
Steel'd by his Crimes, the desp'rate Villain dares,
With open War th' unconquer'd Chief provoke,
And dooms his Head already to the Stroke,
Designs to bid the slaughter'd Father go,
And seek his Son in dreary Shades below.
Yet first he sends a trusty Slave, to bear
This hasty Message to *Achillas'* Ear,

His

His Partner-Ruffian in great *Pompey*'s Fall,
Whom the weak King had made his General,
And, thoughtless of his own Defence, resign'd
A Pow'r against himself and all Mankind.

Go, Sluggard, to thy Bed of Down, and steep
Thy heavy Eyelids in luxurious Sleep!
While *Cleopatra* does the Court invade,
And *Pharos* is not privately betray'd,
But giv'n away; dost thou alone forbear
To grace the Nuptials of thy Mistress here?
Th' incestuous Sister shall her Brother wed,
Ally'd already to the *Roman*'s Bed,
And sharing both by turns; *Egypt*'s her Hire,
Already paid, and *Rome* she may require.
Cou'd *Cleopatra*'s Sorceries decoy
E'en *Cæsar*'s Age, and shall we trust a Boy?
Whom if one Night she fold within her Arms,
Drunk with lewd Joys, and fascinating Charms,
Whatever pious Name the Crime allay,
Between each Kiss, He'll give our Heads away,
And we by Racks or Flames must for her Beauty pay.
In this Distress Fate no Relief allows;
Cæsar's her Lover, and the King her Spouse;
And She herself, no doubt, the Doom has past
On us, and all who wou'd have left her chast.

But by the Deed which we together shar'd,
In vain, if not by new Attempts repair'd.
By that strict League a Hero's Blood has bound,
Bring speedy War, and all their Joys confound.
Rush boldly on; with Slaughter let us stain
Their Nuptial Torch; the cruel Bride be slain
E'en in her Bed, and which see'r supplies
In present turn the Husband's Place, he dies.
Nor *Cæsar*'s Name our Purpose shall appall;
Fortune's the common Mistress of us all.
And She, that lifts him now above Mankind,
Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
We share his brightest Glory, and are great
By *Pompey*'s Death, as He by his Defeat.
Look on the Shore, and read good Omens there,
And ask the bloody Waves what we may dare.
Behold what Tomb the wretched Trunk supplies,
Half hid in Sand, half naked to the Skies!
Yet this was *Cæsar*'s Equal whom we slew,
And doubt we then new Glory to pursue?
Grant that our Birth's obscure; yet, shall we need
Kings or rich States confed'rate to the Deed?
No, Fate's our own, and Fortune in our way,
Without our Toil, presents a nobler Prey:
Appease we now the *Romans* while we may!

This second Victim shall their Rage remove
For *Pompey*'s Death, and turn their Hate to Love.
Nor dread we mighty Names, which Slaves adore;
Stripp'd of his Army what's this Soldier more
Than Thou or I? —— to-night then let us end
His Civil Wars; to-night the Fates shall send
A Sacrifice to Troops of Ghosts below,
And pay that Head, which to the World they owe.
At *Cæsar*'s Throat let the fierce Soldiers fly,
And *Ægypt*'s Youth with *Rome*'s their Force apply,
Those for their King, and these for Liberty.
No more, but haste, and take the Foe Supine,
Prepar'd for Lust, and gorg'd with Food and Wine.
Be bold, and think the Gods to thee commend
The Cause, which *Brutus*' Pray'rs and *Cato*'s will defend.
To Mischief swift, *Achillas* soon obey'd
This Summons, yet his sudden March betray'd
By no loud Signal, nor the Trumpet's Jar:
In silent Haste he lead a barb'rous Train of War.
Degen'rate Crouds of *Romans* fill his Bands,
So lost in Vice, so chang'd in foreign Lands,
That they, who shou'd have scorn'd the King's Commands,
Forgetful of their Country and their Fame,
Under a vile Domestick's Conduct came.

No Faith, no Honour can the Herd restrain,
That follow Camps, and fight for forein Gain;
Like Ruffians bribe they ne'er the Cause enquire,
That Side's the Juſt, which gives the largeſt Hire.
If by your Swords proud *Cæſar* were to bleed,
Strike for your ſelves, Ye Slaves! nor fell the Deed!
Oh wretched *Rome!* where'er thy *Eagle* flies,
New Civil Wars, new Fury will ariſe,
E'en on *Nile* Banks, far from *Theſſalian* Plains,
Amidſt thy Troops their Country's Madneſs reigns.
What more could the bold Houſe of *Lagus* dare,
Had *Pompey* found a juſt Protection there!
No *Roman* Hand's exempt, but each muſt ſpill
His Share of Blood, and Heav'n's Decrees fulfill;
Such vengeful Plagues it pleas'd the Gods to ſend,
And with ſuch num'rous Wounds the *Latian* State to rend.
Not for the Son or Father now they fight;
A baſe-born Slave can Civil Arms excite,
Achillas mingles in the *Roman* Strife;
And, had not Fate protected *Cæſar's* Life,
Theſe had prevail'd; each Villain ready ſtood,
This waits without, and that within, for Blood.
The Court, diſſolv'd in Feaſting, open lay
To treach'rous Snares, a careleſs eaſy Prey.
Then o'er the Royal Cups had *Cæſar* bled,
And on the Board had fall'n his ſever'd Head,

But

But leſt, amid the Darkneſs of the Night,
Their Swords unconſcious, in the huddled Fight,
Might ſlay the King, the Slaves awhile took Breath,
And ſlipp'd th' important Hour of *Caſar*'s Death.
They thought to make him ſoon the Loſs repay,
And fall a Sacrifice in open Day.
One Night is giv'n him; by *Pothinus*' Grace
He ſees the Sun once more renew his Race.
Now the fair Morning-Star began to ſhow
The Sign of Day from *Caſſa*'s lofty Brow,
And e'en the Dawn made Sultry *Ægypt* glow.
When from afar the marching Troops appear,
Not in looſe Squadrons ſcatter'd here and there,
But one broad Front of War, as if that Day
To meet an equal Force, and fight in juſt Array.
While *Caſar* thinks not the Town-Walls Secure,
He bars the Palace-Gates, compell'd t' endure
Th' inglorious Siege, and in a Corner hide
Inclos'd, nor dares to the whole Court confide.
In haſte he arms his Friends; his anxious Breaſt,
Now fir'd with Fury, now with Doubt depreſt,
Much fears th' Aſſault, yet more that Fear diſdains;
So when ſome gen'rous Savage, bound with Chains,
Is ſhut within his Den, he howls with Rage,
And breaks his Teeth againſt the maſſy Gage:

And thus, if by new Weight of Hills impos'd
Sicilian Ætna's breathing Jaws were clos'd,
E'en thus th' imprison'd God of Fire wou'd rave,
And drive his Flames rebellowing round the Cave.
Behold the Man, who lately scorn'd to dread
The Senate's Army to just Battle led,
The Flow'r of *Roman* Lords, and *Pompey* at their Head,
Who, in a Cause forbidding Hope, cou'd trust
That Providence for Him shou'd prove unjust,
Behold him now Oppress, forlorn of Aid,
Driv'n to a House, and of a Slave afraid!
He, whom rough *Scythians* had not dar'd abuse,
Nor savage *Moors*, who barbarously use
In Sport, to try inhospitable Arts
On Strangers bound, their living Mark for Darts;
Tho' *Rome*'s extended World, tho' *India* join'd
With *Tyrian Gades* seems a Realm confin'd,
A Space too scanty to his vaster Mind,
Now, like a Boy or tender Maid, he flies,
When sudden Arms th' invaded Works surprize;
He traverses the Court, each Room explores,
His Hope is all in Bars and bolted Doors.
Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there,
He leads the Captive King his Fate to share,
Or expiate that Death the Slaves for Him prepare.

If Darts or missive Flames shall fail, he'll throw
Their Sov'reign's Head against th' advancing Foe.
So, when *Medea* fled her native Clime,
And fear'd just Vengeance on her impious Crime,
With ready Steel the cruel Sorceress stood,
To greet her Father with her Brother's Blood,
Prepar'd his Head, to stop, with dire Affright,
A Parent's Speed, and to assure her Flight.
Yet *Cæsar*, that unequal Arms might cease,
Suspends his Fury, and essays a Peace.
A Herald from the King is sent, t' assuage
His Rebel Servants, and upbraid their Rage,
And in their absent Tyrant's Name t' enquire
The secret Author of this kindled Fire.
But scornful of Reproach, th' audacious Crew
The sacred Laws of Nations overthrew,
And for his Speech the Royal Envoy slew.
Inhuman Deed! that swells the guilty Score
Of *Ægypt*'s Monsters, well increas'd before.
Not *Thessaly*, not *Juba*'s savage Train,
Pharnaces' impious Troops, not cruel *Spain*,
Nor *Pontus*, nor the *Syrtes*' barb'rous Land,
Dar'd an Attempt like this voluptuous Band.
Th' Attack is form'd, the Palace closely pent;
Huge Jav'lins to the shaken Walls are sent,

A Storm

A Storm of flying Spears; yet from below
No batt'ring Rams resistless drive their Blow,
No Engine's brought, no Fires; the giddy Croud
In Parties roam, and with brute Clamours loud,
In several Bands their wasted Strength divide,
And here and there to force an Entrance try'd;
In vain, for FORTUNE fights on *Cæsar*'s Side.
Then, where the Palace 'midst surrounding Waves
Projects luxuriant, and their Fury braves,
The Ships to their united Force apply,
And swiftly hurl the Naval War on high.
Yet present ev'ry where with Sword or Fire,
Cæsar th' Approaches guards, and makes the Foes retire.
To all by turns he brings successful Aids,
Inverts the War, and, tho' besieg'd, invades.
Fireballs, and Torches dreft with unctuous Spoil
Of Tar combustible, and frying Oil,
Kindled he launch'd against the Fleet; nor slow
The catching Flames invest the smould'ring Tow,
The pitchy Planks their crackling Prey become;
The painted Sterns, and Rowers Seats consume.
There, Hulks half-burnt sink in the Main; and here,
Arms on the Waves and drowning Men appear.
Nor thus sufficid, the Flames from thence aspire,
And seize the Buildings with contagious Fire.

Swift

Swift o'er the Roofs, by Winds increas'd, they fly;
So ſhooting Meteors blaze along the Sky,
And lead their wand'ring Courſe with ſudden Glare,
By ſulph'rous Atoms fed in Fields of thinneſt Air.
Affrighted Crouds the growing Ruin view;
To ſave the City from the Siege they flew,
When *Cæſar*, wont the lucky Hour to chuſe
Of ſudden Chance in War, and wiſely uſe,
Loſt not in ſlothful Reſt the fav'ring Night,
But ſhipp'd his Men, and ſudden took his Flight.
Pharos he ſeiz'd, an Iſland heretofore,
When Prophet *Protus Ægypt*'s Scepter bore,
Now by a Chain of Moles contiguous to the Shore.
Here *Cæſar*'s Arms a double Uſe obtain;
Hence from the ſtraiten'd Foe he bars the Main,
While to his Friends th' important Harbour lies
A ſafe Retreat, and open to Supplies.
Nor longer now the Doom ſuſpended ſtands,
Which Juſtice on *Pothinus*' Guilt demands.
Yet not as Guilt, unmatch'd like his, requires,
Not by the ſhameful Croſs, or torturing Fires,
Nor torn by rav'nous Beaſts the howling Wretch expires.
The Sword diſhonour'd did his Head divide,
And by a Fate like *Rome*'s beſt Son he dy'd.

Arſinoe

Arsinoe now, by well-concerted Snares
'Scap'd from the Palace, to the Foe repairs;
The trusty *Ganymede* assists her Flight.
Then o'er the Camp she claim'd a Sov'reign's Right;
Her Brother absent, she assumes the Sword,
And frees the Tyrant from his Houshold Lord;
By her just Hand *Achillas* meets his Fate,
Rebel accurs'd! in Blood and Mischief great!
Another Victim, *Pompey*, to thy Shade;
But think not yet the full Atonement made,
Tho' *Ægypt*'s King, tho' all the Royal Line
Shou'd fall, thy murmuring Ghost wou'd still repine,
Still unreveng'd thy Murder wou'd remain,
Till *Cæsar*'s purple Life the Senate's Swords shall stain.
Nor does the Swelling Tempest yet subside.
The Chief remov'd that did its Fury guide,
To the same Charge bold *Ganymede* succeeds,
Prosp'rous awhile in many hardy Deeds.
So long th' Event of War in Balance lay,
So great the Dangers of that doubtful Day,
That *Cæsar* from that Day alone might claim
Immortal Wreaths, and all the Warrior's Fame.
Now while to quit the straiten'd Mole he strove,
And to the vacant Ships the Fight remove,
War's utmost Terrors press on ev'ry side;
Before the Strand besieging Navies ride;

Behind, the Troops advance. No way is seen
T'escape, or scarce a glorious Death to win.
No room with slaughter'd Foes to strew the Plain,
And bravely fall amidst a Pile of Slain.
A Captive to the Place he now appears,
Doubtful if Death shou'd move his Hope, or Fears.
In this Distress a sudden Thought inspir'd
His hardy Breast, by great Examples fir'd;
Bold *Scæva*'s Action he to Mind recalls,
And Glory won near fam'd *Dyrrachium*'s Walls;
Where, whilst his Men a doubtful Fight maintain,
And *Pompey* strove the batter'd Works to gain,
Amidst a Field of Foes, that hemm'd him round,
Alone the brave Centurion kept his Ground.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

☞ *Here the Original Poem breaks off abruptly, having been left unfinish'd by the Author.*

THE

FIRST ACT

OF THE

MISER,

A

COMEDY.

Translated from the *French* of Monsieur DE MOLIERE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Harpagon, *the Miſer, Father of* Cleanthes *and* Eliſa, *in Love with* Mariana.

Cleanthes, *the Miſer's Son, and* Mariana's *Lover.*

Eliſa, *The Miſer's Daughter, in Love with* Valerio.

Valerio, Eliſa's *Lover, ſerves* Harpagon *in Diſguiſe.*

Mariana, Cleanthes's *Miſtreſs.*

Anſelm, *Father of* Valerio *and* Mariana.

Froſine, *A Woman of Intrigue.*

Simon, *a Broker.*

Maſter Humphrey, *Coachman and Cook to* Harpagon.

La Fleche, Cleanthes's *Footman.*

Dame Claudia, *Servant-Maid to the Miſer.*

Brindavoin, *and* La Merluche, } *the Miſer's Footmen.*

A Commiſſary and his Clerk.

SCENE, PARIS.

THE MISER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VALERIO and ELISA.

VALERIO.

WHAT! melancholy, my charming *Elisa*, after the obliging Assurances you have so generously given me? Alas! you sigh in the midst of my Joy. Is it because you think you have made me too happy, and do you so soon repent the Engagement, into which you have been forc'd by the Ardour of my Passion?

Elisa. No, *Valerio*, I can repent nothing I do for you. I am drawn by too sweet a Violence, and I have not so much as the Power to wish it otherwise. But, to confess freely, I am in pain for the Consequence, and am much afraid I love you more than I ought.

Val. Alas! what can you fear from your Generosity to me?

Elisa. Oh, a thousand things at once. The Resentments of a Father, the Reproaches of Relations, the Censures of the World —— But more than all, *Valerio*, the Change of your Heart, and that unpardonable Coldness with which your Sex commonly repays the warmest Proofs of an innocent Love.

Val. My dear Charmer, 'tis to wrong me infinitely to judge of me by others of my Sex. No, suspect any thing of me rather than that I can ever fail in my Regard to you. I am too passionately your Lover, and must and will continue so, as long as I am any thing.

Elisa. Ah, *Valerio*, don't I know every Lover says the same? All Men are alike in their Speeches, but 'tis their Actions only can shew the difference.

Val. True. And since nothing else discovers what we are, suspend your Judgment of my Heart, at least, till you have seen my Actions, and don't be so severe as to forecast Crimes for me in your groundless Fears, and disturb'd Imagination. For Heaven's sake no more of these stabbing Suspicions, this killing Jealousy! But give me only time to convince you, by a thousand and a thousand Demonstrations, with what perfect Honour I love you.

Elisa. Alas! with what Ease we yield to the Persuasions of those we love! Yes, *Valerio*, I believe your Heart incapable of abusing me; I am perswaded you love me truly, and that you'll be constant. I will not doubt this, and I am only uneasy in the Apprehension of the Reproaches I may be expos'd to.

Val.

Val. But why this Uneasiness?

Elisa. Indeed I should have nothing to fear if all the World look'd on you with my Eyes; and I own I find enough in your Person to justify whatever I do on your account. My Heart has for its Apology your universal Merit, back'd by a Sense of Gratitude, in which Heaven engages me towards you. I represent to my self every Moment that dreadful Danger, which first gave rise to our mutual Affection; the surprising Generosity that mov'd you to hazard your own Life, to rescue mine from the Fury of the Waves; the tender Cares you express'd for me after you had sav'd me out of the Water; and, in short, the assiduous Sacrifices of an ardent Love, which neither Time nor Difficulties have extinguish'd; and which, in spite of your Country and Kindred, keeps you here, and puts you upon disguising your Quality for my sake, and taking the mean Character of one of my Father's Domesticks, that you may have Opportunities to see me. You may be sure all this must have a wonderful Effect upon me, and abundantly justifies me to my self, in the Engagements I have consented to. But possibly it is not enough to justify me to others, and I am not sure the World will enter into my Sentiments.

Val. Of all you have been pleas'd to mention, 'tis only by my Love I make any Pretensions of Merit; and as to your Scruples, your Father himself takes but too much pains to justify you to the World; for his monstrous Avarice and Barbarity to his Children are sufficient to authorise the most extraordinary Actions in the World. Forgive me, my Charmer, the freedom of

this Reflexion. You know 'tis a Subject that won't bear a Compliment. But if my Hopes ſucceed, and I can be ſo happy as to find once more my Parents, I warrant you we'll ſoften him. —— I'm impatient for News, and if it does not come quickly, I'll go ſearch for it.

Eliſa. No, *Valerio*, I beg you don't ſtir from this Place, but make it your whole ſtudy to poſſeſs your ſelf of my Father's Heart.

Val. You ſee the Method I take, and the dextrous Complaiſance I have been forc'd to uſe, to wind my ſelf into his Service; under what a Maſque of Sympathy and Likeneſs of Opinions I conceal my ſelf, to pleaſe him; and, in ſhort, what a ridiculous Part I play every Day to court his Affection. I have made, indeed, a wonderful Progreſs; and 'tis plain from me, that to gain Mankind, no way is ſo proper as to appear to 'em in the Likeneſs of their Inclinations, to give into their Maxims, extol their Faults, and applaud ev'ry thing they do. There's no need to fear being over complaiſant; for, tho' the manner in which one cheats 'em is very viſible, the moſt cunning Wits are Bubbles to Flattery, and the moſt ridiculous Stuff in the World goes down, when 'tis ſeaſon'd with Praiſe. I own Sincerity ſuffers a little in the Part I act; but when we depend upon Men, we muſt accommodate our ſelves to 'em; and ſince there's no other way to ſecure 'em, thoſe are not to blame that offer the Flattery, but thoſe that require it.

Eliſa. But why don't you ſtrive to engage my Brother too, for our Security, in caſe the Maid ſhould betray us?

Val.

Val. 'Tis impossible to manage doubly. The Father's Temper and the Son's are so opposite, that 'tis difficult to make two such Confidences agree. But you may undertake him, and make use of the Affection between you, to win him to our Interests. He's here —— I'll withdraw. Now's your time to speak to him; but pray impart no more than what you think may serve us.

Elisa. I don't know whether I can have the Courage to trust him with a Secret of this kind. — [*Exit* Valerio.

SCENE II.

Cleanthes, Elisa.

Clean. Sister, I'm glad to find you alone; I long'd to talk with you, and make you my Confident.

Elisa. I'm at your Service, Brother, pray what have you to tell me?

Clean. O —— a thousand things —— in one Word —— I love.

Elisa. You love?

Clean. Yes, I love. But before I proceed any further, I'm sensible I depend upon a Father; that the Name of Son subjects me to his Will; and that we ought not to dispose of our selves without the Consent of those to whom we owe our Being; that Heaven has made them Masters of our Vows, and 'tis our Duty not to dispose of 'em, but by their Direction; that being free from the Prepossession of any foolish Affection, they are less likely

to be deceiv'd than we, and see better what is for our Advantage; and that therefore we should rather trust our selves to their prudent Conduct, than to that of our own blind Passion, since the rashness of Youth often precipitates us into Misfortunes. I tell you all this, Sister, to save you the trouble of preaching it to me; for after all, my Love is deaf and obstinate, and, for Heaven's sake, let me have no Remonstrances.

Elisa. Pray answer me one thing —— Are you engag'd to the Lady?

Clean. Not yet — but I'm resolv'd I will — and therefore I beg you again —— don't say a Word to dissuade me.

Elisa. Sure, Brother! you take me for a strange Creature.

Clean. No — but you don't know what 'tis to love. You're a stranger to the soft Violence of a tender Passion —— and your Wisdom keeps me in Awe ——

Elisa. Your humble Servant! — But no more of my Wisdom. —— Every body loses it once, at least, in their Lives, and perhaps, if you knew all, you'd find I've a less Share than your self.

Clean. Ah, would to Heav'n your Heart, as well as mine ——

Elisa. First, if you please, go on with your Story. Who is the Fair you adore?

Clean. A young Lady that lives near this Place, and seems born to inspire Love in all that see her. Nature never form'd a more lovely Creature; and I was all Transport the first Moment I saw her. *Mariana* is her

her Name, and she lives under the Tuition of a very good Soul of a Mother, who is almost perpetually sick, and for whom this lovely Daughter has Sentiments of Friendship beyond Imagination. She waits on her, bewails, and comforts her with a Tenderness that wou'd touch your Soul. She sets about every thing with the most charming Air in the World; and in all her Actions there shines a ravishing Softness, a most engaging Generosity, an adorable Goodness, a — Wou'd to Heaven, Sister, you had but seen her.

Elisa. I see enough, Brother, in what you tell me; and to comprise all her Perfections, you need but say, you love her.

Cleon. I have privately discover'd, that they are not over-rich, and that, in short, they find some difficulty to manage, with all their Discretion, the little Estate they have to maintain 'em. Now do but imagine, Sister, what a Pleasure it wou'd be, to raise the Fortune of a Person one loves; to give handsomly some little Aids to the modest Necessities of a virtuous and worthy Family. And judge what Uneasiness it must be to find, that, by a Father's Avarice, I'm in no condition of tasting this Pleasure, or of shewing this fair Creature any Instance of my Affection.

Elisa. Yes, Brother, I'm very sensible what must be your Affliction.

Cleon. Alas! 'tis greater than can be believ'd; for what can be more barbarous than this cruel Penury we are forc'd to submit to, than this strange starving Condition we are kept in? — And what signifies an Estate, if

we

we can't touch a *Sous* till we are paſt enjoying it? If I am forc'd to entangle my ſelf all manner of ways for my preſent Subſiſtence, and run every Day in Debt, to be able to put tolerable Clothes on my Back? In ſhort, I had a mind to ſpeak to you, to help me ſound my Father upon my preſent Sentiments; and, if I find him reſolute againſt 'em, I'm reſolv'd to be gone with this dear charming Creature into ſome other Place, and live upon the Bounty of Providence. In order to this, I'm laying out every where for a Sum of Money I deſign to take up. And if your Affairs, Siſter, are like mine, and my Father will oppoſe our Deſires, we'll both leave him, and free our ſelves from this Tyranny we have ſo long endur'd from his inſupportable Avarice.

Eliſa. Indeed he gives us every Day more Cauſe to lament the Loſs of our Mother, and——

Clean. I hear his Voice, let's withdraw a little, to finiſh our Treaty, and then we'll join our Forces to attack his rigid Humour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Harpagon, *driving* La Fleche *before him.*

Harp. Out o' my Doors, I ſay, and anſwer not a Word; be gone, vaniſh! —Rid my Houſe of a Raſcal, good Mr. Legerdemain! True Limb of the Gallows!

La Fleche. [*aſide.*] Was there ever ſuch an old Monſter? —I'll take my Oath he has a Devil in him.

Harp. Ha! How's that? D'ye mutter, Sirrah?

La Fleche.

La Fleche. I may well mutter, Sir. Pray what am I turn'd off for?

Harp. Hum — I muſt give you a Reaſon, Sir? take that — [*Beats him.*] — Be gone, Sirrah, inſtantly, or I'll —

La Fleche. Why, what have I done to you, Sir — my Crime?

Harp. Done, Sir? — Your Crime? Your Crime, Sir — is that I'll have you depart this Moment.

La Fleche. I have my young Maſter, your Son's Orders to attend him.

Harp. Ay, you ſhall attend him in the Street, Sirrah, and not think to plant your ſelf here, like a Soldier in a Centry-Box, to watch ev'ry thing that paſſes, and make your Profit on't. I'll ſuffer no Dog of a Spy, no ſharpſighted Traitor, whoſe hungry Eyes are ever rolling after me and my Actions, devouring all my Poſſeſſions, and prying in every Corner for ſomething to ſteal.

La Fleche. Steal? that's very well, by my Troth! Why what can one ſteal from you, Sir? Every thing you have, except your own Perſon, is under Lock and Key; and you yourſelf ſtand Centry Day and Night.

Harp. I'll lock up what I pleaſe, Sirrah, and ſtand Centry as long as I think fit. — Why, what an obſerving Raſcal is this! I tremble to think whether he knows any thing of my hidden Treaſure. [*Aſide.*] — Lock and Key? Ha! — What, you cou'd be Rogue enough now, I warrant, to give out that I have Money by me? Ha!

La Fleche.

La Fleche. You have Money by you?

Harp. No, Sirrah — I did not ſay — I ſaid — Did I ſay I had Money, you Rogue? I ſaid, you cou'd be malicious enough to ſpread any ſuch wicked Report of me.

La Fleche. Hum — What ſignifies it whether you have Money, or not, if 'tis the ſame thing to us?

Harp. What! you're playing the Reaſoner, are you? — I'll reaſon you, with a Vengeance. [*Strikes at him.*] Go, march off, Sirrah — once more, I ſay — out o' my Houſe.

La Fleche. Ah! I'm gone, Sir.

Harp. Gone, Sir! — hold — I ſha'n't part with you ſo, Sir.

La Fleche. Hey-day! I muſt neither ſtay, nor go!

Harp. Let's ſee your Hands.

La Fleche. My Hands? — What wou'd the old Fool have? [*Aſide.*

Harp. Open 'em.

La Fleche. There.

Harp. T'other Hand.

La Fleche. There.

Harp. What's that in your Boſom?

La Fleche. You may ſee, if you pleaſe.

[Harpagon *ſearches his Boſom, and afterwards his Breeches.*

Harp. A Pox of theſe wide-knee'd Breeches! — Your Tailors that invent Faſhions, are all Thieves by Trade. 'Tis pity this rafcally Faſhion has not brought ſomebody to the Gallows.

La Fleche.

La Fleche. [*Softly.*] How well does this jealous-pated Dotard deserve what he fears! What a Pleasure it wou'd be if I could but find any thing to steal from him!

Harp. How! how!

La Fleche. What?

Harp. What's that you say, Miscreant, about stealing?

La Fleche. What Ears he has! [*Aside.*] —— You're resolv'd, I say, to search me from Head to Foot, to see if I've stole any thing from you.

Harp. Ay. That's what I intend, before you and I part, Friend. ——

La Fleche. The Devil take Avarice, and all that are possess'd with it!

Harp. What's that?

La Fleche. What's what?

Harp. Why that you said, Rascal? Ha! Avarice? What!

La Fleche. I say, Avarice is the Devil, and I wish he had every Miser.

Harp. Who d'ye mean, Sirrah?

La Fleche. I mean Misers.

Harp. What Misers?

La Fleche. What! Why Villains, Rogues.

Harp. But who d' ye mean, I say, by this?

La Fleche. Why, what need you be uneasy?

Harp. I am uneasy, as I ought.

La Fleche. You don't think I mean you?

Harp.

Harp. I think what I think. But I'll know, Sirrah, who 'tis you talk to.

La Fleche. Talk to, Sir! Why I talk to — my Hat.

Harp. O! do you, Sir, and I shall talk to your Head-piece. [*Striking him.*

La Fleche. You beat me for curſing Miſers, do you?

Harp. No, Raſcal. I beat you for prating, and being ſauey.

La Fleche. Why, Sir.

Harp. Hold your Tongue!

La Fleche. I nam'd no body.

Harp. Speak a Word more, and I'll ſo cudgel thee —

La Fleche. I wiſh every pitiful —

Harp. Will you prate on, Sir! [*Beating him.*

La Fleche. Ay — if I durſt.

Harp. Ho! Ho!

La Fleche. Here's another Pocket, Sir! [*Shewing his Waſtecoat.*

Harp. Give it me, you had beſt, without ſearching.

La Fleche. What?

Harp. That you took from me.

La Fleche. I've took nothing from you.

Harp. Indeed.

La Fleche. Indeed.

Harp. Then go and be hang'd.

La Fleche. A civil Diſmiſſion!

Harp. I'll leave it upon your Conſcience, Sirrah. [*Exit La Fleche.*] This Dog of a Footman is the Plague of my Life. I hate the Sight of ſuch a ſharp-fet beggarly Raſcal.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Eliſa, Cleanthes, Harpagon.

Harp. [*Not obſerving them.*] Well, 'tis no ſmall trouble to have a great Sum in one's Houſe: How happy are they who have their Money out ſafe at a good Intereſt, and keep no more than to ſerve their daily Expences. Why, a Man muſt turn Projector, to invent a Place fit to hide his Caſh! For, in ſhort, there's no truſting to your Iron Cheſts. Your Strong-Boxes are ſo many Baits to draw in Thieves, and they are the firſt to be ſearch'd after and gutted. And yet — let me ſee — this Money I receiv'd Yeſterday — Have I lodg'd it ſafe! — My Heart miſgives me. — Hum, my Garden! Ten thouſand Crowns! 'tis a great deal to bury in One Place. — Ten thouſand Crowns in Gold — to keep by one at once — 'tis ſure enough to — [*Sees* Eliſa *and* Cleanthes *talking.*] O Heaven! I ſhall betray myſelf! My Concern tranſported me; and I'm afraid I talk'd aloud. — What wou'd you have?

Clean. Nothing, Sir.

Harp. Have you been long here?

Eliſa. We are but juſt come, Sir.

Harp. You heard a —

Eliſa. What? Father.

Harp. Why — here — a —

Eliſa. What?

Harp. What I was ſaying.

Eliſa. No.

Harp.

Harp. 'Twas ſo.

Eliſa. Excuſe me.

Harp. I find you heard ſomething then. I was ſaying to my ſelf, that ---- a —— how —— hard it is to meet with any Money theſe difficult times. And —— a —— that a Man who had ten thouſand Crowns by him, wou'd be a very happy Man.

Clean. We ſtole in ſoftly, Sir, for fear of interrupting you.

Harp. I tell you this, becauſe I wou'd not have you miſtake me, as if I ſaid I had ten thouſand Crowns.

Clean. We don't preſume to pry into your Affairs, Sir.

Harp. Wou'd I had ſaid ſo, and 'twere true!

Clean. I don't believe, Sir ——

Harp. Wou'd I had ten thouſand Crowns!

Clean. Sir ——

Harp. 'Twou'd be better with me than 'tis.

Eliſa. Theſe are Matters that ——

Harp. I have Occaſion enough for 'em, Heaven knows.

Eliſa. You are ——

Harp. I ſhou'd not have ſuch Reaſons to complain, as I do, of the Times.

Clean. Bleſs me, Sir, what d'ye mean? You have no Reaſon to complain. Thank Heaven you have a Competency, as every body knows.

Harp. How's that? I a Competency! 'Tis falſe, and they're all Rogues that ſay ſo.

Eliſa.

Eliſa. Don't be in a Paſſion, Sir.

Harp. Very fine, indeed! My own Children turn Rebels, and betray me!

Clean. Is it Rebellion, Sir, to ſay you have a Competency?

Harp. Yes, 'tis Rebellion to ſay I have a Competency. Such wicked Reports, and your extravagant Expences, Sir, will bring a Crew of Rogues one of theſe Days to cut my Throat. People will imagine I'm ſtuff'd with Piſtoles, and that I have Money within me, like the Fellow's Wooden God.

Clean. But pray, Sir, how am I extravagant in my Expences?

Harp. How! Why, by the Equipage you keep, Sir, which 'tis a Shame to ſee. There's your Siſter's bad enough, as I told her Yeſterday; but you are worſe. Such Abominations call for Vengeance from Heaven. And, take you from Head to Foot, there's more Expence about your ſingle Perſon, than would clothe a Troop of Guards. Look you, Sir, in ſhort, I don't like your ways; I've told you ſo a hundred times. You affect in every thing an Air of Quality; and I'm ſure, to be able to flaunt it as you do, you muſt have robb'd me.

Clean. [*Smiling.*] Robb'd you! Which way?

Harp. Nay, how do I know? Which way can you make ſuch a Figure as you do?

Clean. O, Sir, I am lucky at Play, and I put all the Money I get on my Back.

Harp.

Harp. Ay, that's like you wicked young Rakes. Lucky at Play? Why, if you are lucky at Play, you ſhou'd make an honeſt uſe on't, and put the Money you get out to Intereſt. I'd fain know what occaſion you have to be cover'd with Lace thus from Head to Foot. What the Devil means this huge Periwig, when you may ſave the Money, and wear your own Hair. I'll engage that theſe ſingle Articles come to twenty Piſtoles; and twenty Piſtoles are worth *per Annum*, eighteen Livres, Six Sous, and eight Deniers, at a moderate Intereſt.

Clean. Very true, Sir, you are in the right.

Harp. Let us leave this Subject, and talk of other Matters —— [*Aſide.*] Hum! I believe they make Signs to one another, in order to ſteal my Purſe. What can be the meaning of thoſe Geſtures?

Eliſa. My Brother and I were debating which of us ſhou'd ſpeak firſt to you. We have both ſomething to ſay to you.

Harp. And I have alſo ſomething to ſay to both of you.

Clean. Marriage is the Subject, on which we want to diſcourſe with you.

Harp. And I likewiſe want to diſcourſe with you about Marriage.

Eliſa. Ah! my Father.

Harp. Why that Sigh? Is it the Word, Child, or the Thing that frights you?

Clean. We have both of us reaſon to be alarm'd at the Thoughts of Marriage, in the manner you may intend it,

it, and doubt our Inclinations mayn't concur with your Choice.

Harp. Have a little Patience, and don't put your ſelves into a panick. I know what is fit for both of you; and you ſhall have no reaſon to complain of my Conduct. But, to begin at the right end, pray tell me, did you ever ſee a young Woman call'd *Mariana*, who lives in this Neighbourhood?

Clean. Yes, Sir.

Harp. And you?

Eliſa. I've heard her ſpoke of.

Harp. What do you think of this Girl, Son?

Clean. I think her a charming Creature.

Harp. Her Face?

Clean. Beautiful and ſprightly.

Harp. Her Air and Manner?

Clean. Admirable, without doubt.

Harp. What ſay you? Does not ſuch a Girl deſerve Attention?

Clean. Yes, Sir.

Harp. That it is a deſirable Match?

Clean. Intirely ſo.

Harp. That ſhe promiſes fair to be a notable Houſewife?

Clean. Without Diſpute.

Harp. And that a Husband might live agreeably with her?

Clean. Certainly.

Harp. There is however one ſmall Difficulty; which is, that I doubt ſhe has not ſo much Money as one might expect.

Clean.

Clean. Ah! Father, Money is a trifling Concern, when set in competition with the worth of a virtuous Woman.

Harp. Pardon me, pardon me. —— However there is this to be said for it, that if she has not so much Money as we could wish, we must endeavour to balance it by something else.

Clean. 'Tis rightly judg'd.

Harp. To conclude, I'm very glad to find you of the same Opinion with me; for her Sweetness of Temper and sage Deportment have won my Heart; and, in short, I am resolv'd to marry her — with this Proviso, That she is not absolutely without a Fortune.

Clean. Good Gods!

Harp. What now?

Clean. Do you say you are resolv'd ——

Harp. To marry *Mariana*.

Clean. Who, you, you?

Harp. Yes, I, I, I. What is the meaning of all this?

Clean. A sudden Dizziness has seiz'd my Brain. I must beg leave to retire.

Harp. Drink but a large Glass of Water, and it will soon be over. — See here one of your washy Beaux, that has no more Heart than a Chick. [*Exit* Clean.] This, Daughter, is what I intend for my self. As to your Brother, I have in my Eye a certain Widow for him, who was mention'd to me this Morning; and I'll give you to Signior *Anselm*.

Elisa.

Eliſa. To Signior *Anſelm*?

Harp. Yes. A ſtay'd, prudent, and wiſe Man, who is not above Fifty Years old; and, they ſay, is very rich.

Eliſa. [*Curt'ſying.*] I am not diſpos'd to marry, Father, if you pleaſe.

Harp. [*Mimicking her Curt'ſy.*] And I, my pretty Darling, am reſolv'd you ſhall marry, whether you pleaſe, or no.

Eliſa. I beg your Pardon, Father.

Harp. I beg your Pardon, Daughter.

Eliſa. I am Signior *Anſelm*'s very humble Servant; but, with your leave, I will not marry him.

Harp. I am your very humble Servant; but, with your leave, you ſhall marry him this very Night.

Eliſa. This very Night?

Harp. I ſay, this very Night.

Eliſa. It cannot be, Father.

Harp. It muſt be, Daughter.

Eliſa. No.

Harp. Yes.

Eliſa. No, I tell you.

Harp. Yes, I tell you.

Eliſa. You ſhall never oblige me to it.

Harp. I will oblige you to it.

Eliſa. I'll ſooner kill my ſelf than marry ſuch a Husband.

Harp. You ſhall not kill your ſelf; and you ſhall marry him. But what Aſſurance is this! Did ever any Daughter talk thus to a Father?

Eliſa.

Eliſa. Did ever any Father marry his Daughter in this manner?

Harp. 'Tis a Match liable to no Objection; and I dare venture a Wager, that every body will approve my Choice.

Eliſa. I'll venture a Wager, that no one reaſonable Perſon will approve it.

Harp. Here comes *Valerio*; ſhall we make him Umpire of this Diſpute?

Eliſa. With all my Heart.

Harp. But will you ſubmit to his Deciſion?

Eliſa. Yes. I'll be determin'd by him.

Harp. Agreed.

SCENE V.

Valerio, Harpagon, Eliſa.

Harp. Come hither, *Valerio*; we have made choice of you to be Judge who is in the right, my Daughter, or I?

Val. Without doubt, Sir, you are in the right.

Harp. Do you know what the Diſpute is about?

Val. No. But you can't poſſibly be in the wrong; Reaſon it ſelf inſpires you.

Harp. I deſign to marry her to-night to a Man no leſs rich, than prudent; and the Huſſy flouts me to the Face, and ſays ſhe won't have him. What do you think of this?

Val. What do I think of it!

Harp. Yes.

Val. Ah, ah!

Harp.

Harp. What?

Val. I ſay, that in the main I am of your Opinion, and you muſt certainly be in the right; but, on the other hand, neither is ſhe altogether in the wrong; and —

Harp. How! Signior *Anſelm* is a conſiderable Match. He is a Gentleman of a good Family, of a ſweet Temper, ſedate, prudent, and very rich; and has no Child living by his firſt Wife. ---- Where can ſhe meet with a better Match?

Val. True. But then ſhe might tell you, that you are a little too precipitate; and that you ſhou'd, at leaſt, allow her ſome time, to endeavour to reconcile her Inclination with ----

Harp. This is an Opportunity which we muſt take by the Forelock. Beſides, I ſhall have an Advantage here, not to be expected elſewhere; he promiſes to take her without a Portion.

Val. Without a Portion?

Harp. Yes.

Val. Oh! I have not a Word more to ſay. —You ſee, here is a demonſtrative Reaſon; you muſt ſubmit to this. [*To* Eliſa.

Harp. It will ſave me a great deal of Money.

Val. Without doubt; this will admit of no Contradiction. It is true, your Daughter might repreſent to you, that Marriage is a more important Affair than can be conceiv'd; that the Happineſs of her whole Life is at Stake; and that an Engagement, which Death alone can diſſolve, ſhould never be contracted but with the moſt mature Deliberation.

Harp. Without a Portion.

Val. You are in the right; it muſt be allow'd, indeed, that this decides every thing; tho' ſome People wou'd tell you, that, upon ſuch occaſions, the Inclinations of a Daughter ſhou'd be conſulted; and that the great Diſparity of Age, Temper, and Sentiments, makes ſuch a Marriage liable to melancholy Accidents.

Harp. Without a Portion.

Val. Oh! this admits of no Reply. We know it very well. Who the Deuce can withſtand it! Not but that there are a great many Fathers, who would prize more the Happineſs of their Daughters, than the Money they might give with them; who would never ſacrifice them to Intereſt, but ſtudy, above all things, to blend in a Match that ſympathetick Harmony of Tempers, which continually maintains the Peace, the Joy, and Honour of the Marriage State; and that ---

Harp. Without a Portion.

Val. True; this bears down every Argument; *Without a Portion!* How can ſuch a weighty Reaſon be reſiſted?

Harp. [*Looking towards the Garden.*] Hark! I think I hear a Dog barking. --- [*Aſide.*] I doubt ſomebody is prying after my Money. --- Stay here; I'll be back in a Moment.

Eliſa. Do you talk thus to him in jeſt, *Valerio?*

Val. I did it, that I might not provoke him, and to obtain our Ends the better. To thwart his Sentiments directly, wou'd have broke all our Meaſures: There are ſome People who can never be won but by taking a Compaſs; reſtiff

reſtiff Genius's, who ſpurn at the Truth, and ſtart from the Road of plain Reaſon; to reduce ſuch, it is neceſſary to ſooth and flatter them. If you pretend to comply with his Deſires, he will be the more unguarded; and ——

Eliſa. But this Marriage, *Valerio?*

Val. We'll think of ſome Evaſion to break it off.

Eliſa. What Evaſion, if it muſt be concluded to-night?

Val. Pretend you are ſick, and deſire it may be delay'd a little while longer.

Eliſa. But the Phyſicians will be ſent for, and the Cheat detected.

Val. Pooh! You are but in jeſt ſure. D'ye think they know any thing of the Matter? Take my Word for't you may have what Diſtemper you pleaſe, in ſpite of their Skill; they'll readily invent Reaſons to account for it.

Harp. Heaven be prais'd, all's ſafe. [*Aſide.*

Val. In all Events, we can have recourſe to Flight; that will protect us from every thing; and if your Love, fair *Eliſa*, is capable of Reſolution —— [*Perceiving* Harp.] Yes, it becomes a Daughter to obey her Father. She ought not to be ſolicitous about the Qualifications of a Huſband; but when that grand Argument, *Without a Portion*, is offer'd, ſhou'd chearfully accept the Man, to whom her Father gives her.

Harp. Good. That was well urg'd.

Val. Sir, I ask Pardon, for being a little warm, and taking the liberty to talk to her in this manner.

Harp. How! I am charm'd with it, and give you an abſolute Power over her. ----- [*To* Eliſa.] Ay, you may run away, but 'tis to no purpoſe. I inveſt him with the

Authority Heaven has beſtow'd on me, and expect your Obedience to whatever he injoins.

Val. Now, if you dare, reſiſt my Remonſtrances.—[*To* Harpagon.] Sir, I'll follow her, and continue to inculcate theſe wholeſom Leſſons.

Harp. Do ſo. I ſhall be oblig'd to you. Verily—

Val. It will be right to keep a ſtrict Rein over her.

Harp. True. We muſt——

Val. Don't trouble yourſelf about it. I believe I ſhall make Matters bear.

Harp. Do, do, I am going to take a little turn in the City, and will be here again preſently.

Val. Yes: Money is the moſt valuable Thing in the World; and you ought to be thankful to Heaven for the diſcreet Father it has given you. He knows what it is to live. When an Offer is made to take a Daughter without a Portion, no Queſtions ſhou'd be ask'd. This compriſes every thing. WITHOUT A PORTION ſupplies the place of Youth, Beauty, Birth, Honour, Wiſdom, and Probity.

Harp. There's my brave Boy! That was ſpoke like an Oracle. Happy the Man, who can have ſuch a Servant!

End of the Firſt Act.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ESSAYS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

OF STYLE.

Written at the Request of a FRIEND, *in the Year* M DC XCVIII.

WHEN, by the Help of Study, a ſufficient Stock of ſolid Learning is acquired, the next Buſineſs is to conſider how to make uſe of it to the beſt Advantage. There is nothing more neceſſary to this, than Good Senſe and Polite Learning; for as a Man may have the firſt without the latter, ſo 'tis poſſible one may have the latter, and yet be rather the worſe than the better for it, at leaſt to others, if not to himſelf. A plain unletter'd Man is always more agreeable Company, than a Fool in ſeveral Languages. For a *Pedant*, tho' he may take himſelf for a *Philoſopher*, is far more prejudiced than an illiterate Man; and *Sufficiency* (the chief Part of his Character,) beſides the Ill-manners of it, is

really (as Sir *William Temple* obſerves,) the worſt Compoſition out of the Pride and Ignorance of Mankind. Beſides, *Affectation*, its uſual Attendant, is every Body's Averſion, from the natural Hatred we have to all manner of Impoſture.

So that if there was nothing elſe to recommend Polite Learning, yet methinks this were enough, that it files off the Ruſt of the Academy, and is the ſame to the Mind, as Dancing to the Body, a Means of giving it a free Air and genteel Motion. In a Word, it adds the Gentleman to the Scholar, and when theſe two meet, they challenge all Mens Reſpect and Love.

Hiſtory and *Poetry* are the two chief Branches of thoſe Studies, that are diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of *Polite*. But becauſe, Sir, your Enquiry ſeems more particularly concerning *Language*, I ſhall confine my Diſcourſe to the Style of *Proſe*, as being that which is the moſt neceſſary. For *Poetry*, tho' it want not Arguments to recommend it, yet it may be diſpenſed with, and is either to be taken, or let alone at Pleaſure.

All the Qualifications of a good Style I think may be reduced under theſe four Heads, *Propriety*, *Perſpicuity*, *Elegance*, and *Cadence:* And each of theſe, except the laſt, has ſome relation to the Thoughts, as well as to the Words.

Propriety of Thoughts is two-fold; the firſt is when the Thoughts are proper in themſelves, and ſo it is oppoſed to Nonſenſe; and the other when they are proper to the Occaſion, and ſo it is oppoſed to Impertinence.

Propriety

Propriety of Words, the firſt Qualification of a good Style, is when the Words do juſtly and exactly repreſent, or ſignify, the Thoughts which they ſtand for. The Knowledge of this is not to be ſought for in Etymologies; for general Acceptation, which is the only Standard of Speech, has given many Words a quite different Senſe from their Original. Your beſt Direction then will be a diligent and careful Peruſal of the moſt correct Writers of the Language in their various Kinds, with the Converſation of People of Faſhion, that ſpeak well and without Affectation. The moſt correct Writers that I know, are Sir *William Temple*, Dr. *Sprat*, and Dr. *Tillotſon* for Proſe, and Mr. *Waller* for Verſe. I mention the laſt, becauſe Propriety both of Thoughts and Words is his chief Excellency, in which he has ſcarce any Equal. I have heard that Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* took the pains to ſtudy all the ſynonymous Words of the Language, with the nice Differences of them, which are commonly very little obſerved, yet contribute very much to the Propriety of Expreſſion. There is another Particular which I ſhall mention here, becauſe I think it differs but little from *Propriety*, and that is *Purity*, which I take more particularly to reſpect the Language, as it is now ſpoke or written. The Rule of this is *modern Uſe*, according to that of *Horace*,

Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidêre, cadentque
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula, ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma loquendi.

By this Rule, all obsolete Words are to be avoided. But to a Man of long Practice and Reputation in the Language, the Privilege may be allow'd sometimes of reviving old, or bringing in new Words, where the common ones are deficient. For this reason, we dare not censure so great a Man as *Milton* for his antiquated Words, which he took from *Spenser*. A good Instance, in my Opinion, of a new Word is the Verb *falsify*, which Mr. *Dryden* borrows from the *Italian*, to signify *not to be of Proof*.

——— *his Shield*
Is falsify'd, *and round with Javelins fill'd.*

But this Liberty, tho' indulg'd to the Force and Majesty of Verse, if it were made use of in Prose, which is the Style of Business, wou'd be Affectation; and is therefore, as was said before, carefully to be avoided.

Little need be said of the second Qualification, *viz. Perspicuity*. If your Thoughts be not clear, 'tis impossible your Words shou'd, and consequently you can't be understood: The chief Secret here is to express your self in such a manner as to transfer your Ideas into the Reader's Mind, and to set the thing before him in the very same Light, in which it appears to yourself. Here an Extreme is to be shunn'd, lest, while you aim to make your Meaning fully understood, you become Verbose. So that the Art lies in expressing your Thought clearly in as few Words as possible. Practice is the best way to attain this; and it may be useful to write

write ſome Eſſay, and lay it by, till you have forgot it; and then look it over as the Work of a Stranger. By this means you may diſcover a great many Faults which eſcaped you in the heat of Writing, and be able to correct them.

Elegance of *Thought* is what we commonly call *Wit*, which adds to Propriety, Beauty, and pleaſes our Fancy, while Propriety entertains our Judgment. This depends ſo much on Genius, that 'tis impoſſible to teach it by Rules. To the Elegance of Words, or Style, belong all the Figures of *Rhetorick*, and to uſe theſe to Advantage requires a Judgment well form'd by Obſervation. In this therefore, as in learning the Graces upon an Inſtrument of Muſick, good Examples are the beſt Inſtruction. Thus a Man may write *Metaphors*, *Tropes*, *Hyperbotes*, and all the other Figures, without the Trouble of ſtudying a Syſtem of *Rhetorick*; and I believe better too, for to attend to a great many Rules whilſt you are writing, is the way to make your Style ſtiff and conſtrain'd, whereas Elegance conſiſts very much in a genteel Eaſe and Freedom of Expreſſion; it is like a coy Miſtreſs, of ſo nice a Humour, that to court her too much, is the ſureſt way to loſe her; and as Succeſs in Love is owing to good Fortune, and the natural Happineſs of pleaſing, rather than to Fidelity and Attendance, ſo the Art of chuſing, out of ſeveral Expreſſions equally proper, that which is the moſt graceful, is beſt call'd a *Curioſa Felicitas*, which two Words ſeem to comprehend all that can be ſaid upon this Head.

The

The laſt Qualification I mention'd is *Cadence*, in Poetry call'd *the Numbers*. It conſiſts in a Diſpoſing of the Words in ſuch Order, and with ſuch Variation of Periods, as may ſtrike the Ear with a ſort of muſical Delight, which is a conſiderable Part of Eloquence. This is chiefly that which makes a Style ſmooth, and not merely the avoiding of harſh Words. The beſt way to attain it, is to prepare yourſelf, before you begin to write, by reading in ſome harmonious Style, that ſo you may get your Ear well in Tune.

Beſides all theſe Qualifications, there is ſomething in Language, which, to borrow a Word from Singing, may be call'd *a Manner*. This, like the Air of Faces, is a Mark of Diſtinction, by which every one has ſomewhat peculiar to it ſelf from all others. For, beſides the manifeſt Difference between Beauty and Deformity, there is a wonderful Variety even among good Faces, for which reaſon the Painters have learn'd, from many ſcatter'd Beauties, to collect one perfect Idea, which is hard to be found in any Individual.

To apply this; Sir *William Temple*, Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, and Dr. *Sprat* (to mention no more) are each of them allow'd Maſters in the Tongue, and yet every one has a different Manner, as may be ſeen by a ſhort Character of each.

The Style of Sir *William Temple* is very harmonious and ſweet, full of Spirit, and *Racineſs of Wit*, to uſe a Word of his own. His Similies are particularly fine, his Alluſions graceful, his Words ſignificant, and the whole has a kind of Charm, which amuſes the Reader

Reader with ſerious Pleaſure, puts him in a good Humour while he is reading, and leaves him thoughtful when he breaks off.

L'Eſtrange's Talent is Humour, in which his Vein flows very freely; agreeably to this he is a perfect Maſter of all the Idioms and Proverbial Expreſſions which are peculiar to our Tongue; theſe he often applies happily enough, tho' ſometimes not without Affectation; yet, generally ſpeaking, his Style is pleaſant, ſmooth and natural; and that Gaiety and ſeeming Negligence, which is peculiar to him, entertains you with a familiar ſort of Delight, like that of witty and facetious Company. There is the ſame Difference in the Styles of theſe two, as in thoſe of *Cicero* and *Terence* in the *Latin*; in the firſt you find more of the *Orator*, and in the latter more of the *Engliſhman*.

The elegant Dr. *Sprat* is, in my Judgment, one of the moſt genteel and exact Writers we have. His Style is grave and manly, infinitely preferable to Sir *Roger*'s, and having all that is beautiful in Sir *William Temple*, only (if 'tis poſſible) with more Correctneſs and Decency. There appears in him all the Sweetneſs and Fluency, handſom Turns and apt Expreſſions, that can be deſir'd. He has united the moſt charming Elegance to the ſtricteſt Propriety, and is witty without the leaſt Shadow of Affectation. The ſoft Cadence of his Periods, methinks, reſembles the Current of a pleaſant Stream; It makes but little Noiſe, yet affects you with a calm Delight, which, if it were heard louder, wou'd be loſt.

There

There are several other Writers, which may be read with great Profit; and above all, the Incomparable *Tillotson*, who always writes the best Sense, and in the best Manner. That which particularly recommends him is an Easiness and beautiful Simplicity in all his Expressions, which every one that reads him is apt to think may be imitated without much Difficulty, and yet nothing perhaps is so hard in the Experiment.

——— *ut sibi quivis*
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret.
Hor.

This brings to my Mind what Monsieur *Le Clerc* says, that 'tis much easier to imitate the loftiest Flights in *Seneca*'s Tragedies, or *Lucan*, than the Simplicity of *Terence*.

After you have observed the different manner of Style amongst the best Writers, and collected a general Idea from them all, you are to consider next the different Manner to be us'd by the same Writer, according to the Subject he treats of. The Severity of *Philosophy* requires a grave *didactick* Style, agreeable to the Plainness and Simplicity of Truth and Reason. *Morality* and *Divinity* are capable of all the Ornaments of Wit and Fancy. *History* is content with a plainer Dress, as being a Relation of Matters of Fact, the Reflexions upon which are to be short and pertinent, and the rest left to the various Humour and Judgment of every Reader.

But

But of all sorts of Writing there is none has that Variety and Liberty as *Letters* and *Essays*; the former, especially, include all Subjects whatsoever, and are varied not only according to the Subject, but also according to the Person to whom you write, so that it wou'd be an endless Labour to give Rules about them. Yet this, being a way of writing in which every one is necessarily exercis'd more or less, it deserves a particular Regard; nor will it be a difficult thing, at the Expence of a little Thought and Observation, to furnish yourself with Rules sufficient to all the Variety of Occasions that may occur.



OF

OF THE

PLEASURE

IN BEING DECEIVED.

ALL Men in general profess a Passion for Truth, and declare themselves very unwilling to be mistaken; and yet it is very certain, that in many things our Pleasure is owing to False Opinion, and a great Part of the Satisfaction and Entertainment of our Lives is founded in Mistakes.

In the Judgment we make of ourselves, we have a Principle of Self-Love always present with us, that very easily imposes on us; so that we are not only in danger of being deceiv'd by others, but are very often deceiv'd by ourselves, and do not know it. One wou'd think we shou'd be better acquainted with our own Home, than with our Neighbour's, and yet if Men made but as true a Judgment upon themselves, as they do sometimes on their Acquaintance, the greatest part of us would be very uneasy. An ill-natur'd Man shall very freely condemn that Quality in another; and yet in the same Instances, from which he wou'd fasten the Character on any body else, he can find a great many Reasons to acquit himself. I will not be reconcil'd to that Man,

Man, becauſe he has done me an Injury, which no reaſonable Perſon wou'd paſs by, —— tho' perhaps 'tis in truth a very ſlight one. I hate another, becauſe he is too bold with me in Raillery —— whereas I ought rather to be pleas'd with his Wit and Freedom. And I am affrontive to a third, not but that I am a very good-natur'd Perſon all this while, (pray do not miſtake me,) but becauſe he is proud, and aſſumes too much, and therefore ought to be humbled. And ſo in the Judgment we make of our own Underſtanding and Wit, the kind Deceiver which we carry about us, is very ready to give us a moſt worthy Character of our ſelves, and we are mighty complaiſant to its Suggeſtions, and receive them all for Truth. If a Man is guilty of ſome Action, which by the Event appears very fooliſh and indiſcreet, with what Eaſe does he excuſe himſelf, and lay the Blame rather to perverſe Fortune than ill Choice; or if he can't help ſeeing his Error, why, there's no Man in his Circumſtances, he ſays, but wou'd have fallen into the ſame. Thus in Matters of Wit, 'tis very diverting to hear how one ill Poet will rail at another; but this is very commonly ſeen, that we condemn thoſe things in the Writings of others, which give us Pleaſure in our own, and cannot believe all the while that we are byaſs'd, and influenc'd by our Self-Love; a Paſſion which Nature has implanted in us ſo very artificially, that, as I hinted before, we do not very often perceive its Motions, tho' it be the Spring of moſt of our Actions. Let us conſider, what dull unactive Animals Mankind wou'd be without this, how liſtleſs, how weary of them-

themselves, and how unwilling to undergo the common Fatigues of Life with any tolerable Constancy? 'Tis plain that without this, and without the Mistakes too occasion'd by it, we shou'd enjoy but very little Pleasure; for that Man who is not in humour with himself, can taste no Delight from any thing else; and supposing, in the Instances I have mention'd, you cou'd disabuse all Mankind, what a Company of sheepish, murmuring, dispirited Creatures shou'd we every where behold? In the mean time, while you let them alone, they are chearful, very well satisfy'd with themselves, and the Pleasure they enjoy is real, tho' founded in Mistake; like the poor Debtor, that falls asleep in Prison, and dreams of Heaps of Gold and large Possessions; he is as happy till he wakes, as if he were Master of all those Riches, which he enjoys only in Imagination.

And so likewise in our Opinion of other things, as well as in the Judgment we make of ourselves, we often lose our Pleasure by being disabus'd. The Gallant believes his Mistress a very Miracle of her Sex, and we wonder to see him in Rapture at a thousand imaginary Perfections in her, which no Mortal sees but himself. He is charm'd with her Beauty, her Air, her Smile; every Look has some strange unaccountable Grace, and when she speaks, sings, or dances, he is in an Ecstacy; there's no Humour upon Earth like her's, and her Wit, in his Opinion, is more than human. Now let some indifferent Person deliver his Thoughts of this Pattern of Perfection, and then perhaps you shall have the Character revers'd; then you shall hear that she is not far

from

from being homely, that her Airs are stiff, her Motions all affected, her Singing and Dancing, accomplish'd Awkwardness, her Humour perfect *Coquette*, that she is something silly withal, and intolerably proud; and yet 'tis plain the Gallant thinks her All Divine, and is as much charm'd as if she were really so; he believes she loves him too, whereas her Complaisance is from another Motive, viz. the Temptation of his Fortune and Estate; while he is in this Mistake, he abounds with Rapture, and cou'd not be better pleas'd if she lov'd him with all the Disinterest in the World.

In some Cases 'tis true the Consequences of our mistaken Opinions turn to our Prejudice, and then we are forc'd to pay too dear for our Pleasure in the End. 'Twou'd be for our Happiness in such Instances to be disabus'd in good time, and not let alone in our Dream, 'till our House and Bed are on Fire about us.

I am infinitely pleas'd in the Belief that this Man is my Friend, tho' possibly he is not sincere in his Profession; if I am in danger of giving him an Opportunity to ruin me by my Credulity, I will bless the good Providence which shall give me Eyes for my timely Preservation; but if he is never likely to do me any hurt, let me carry this Error to my Grave, and never be undeceiv'd, at the Expence of so much Uneasiness, as will necessarily attend the Discovery.

'Tis plain that all Happiness consists in Pleasure; Indolence of Body and Mind I think does not reach the Notion of Happiness, for that describes no more

than

than a dead Calm, or ſound Sleep; and tho', in ſuch a Condition, I cannot be ſaid to be unhappy, yet there muſt be ſomething of Motion, ſome agreeable Senſation to make me happy, and this is what is properly call'd Pleaſure. Tho' it does not follow, that all Pleaſure is Happineſs, or, allowing it to be Happineſs for the time, yet if the Inconveniencies that follow are enough to overballance it, no wiſe Man I think wou'd cloſe with it, or make ſo fooliſh a Bargain. So that this Notion of Happineſs does by no means remove the Boundaries of Virtue and Vice. Now whatever occaſions this Pleaſure, (provided it be in ſuch Inſtances, as are attended with no Inconveniences) contributes to my Happineſs; and what is it to me, tho' my Title to an Eſtate be queſtionable, if I do not ſuſpect it, and every body lets me alone in the quiet Poſſeſſion of it? Or where's the Damage, tho' all my Money be counterfeit, if I do not know it, and it paſs currently? I do not queſtion but Monſieur *Des Cartes* was as happy in contemplating his Syſtem of the *Vortices*, and ſome other of his Imaginary Notions, as if they had been true.

To give one Inſtance more from a feign'd, but very natural Character, in the moſt ingenious *Romance* that was ever written: *Don Quixote* took as much Delight in his freakiſh Fancies of Knight-Errantry, notwithſtanding all the Hardſhips they expos'd him to, as if every thing that he imagin'd had been real. And thoſe lying extravagant Adventures, which he had read with

ſo

ſo much Rapture, and profeſs'd to imitate, were as entertaining to him, as if they had been all authentick Hiſtory.

I have ſometimes queſtion'd whether we are not much in the wrong in our Judgments of Madmen, and whether ſome ſorts of Madneſs are not rather to be envy'd than pity'd. We have often ſeen a Madman very lively, chearful, abounding with pleaſant Fancies, perfectly ſatisfy'd with his own Condition, and with every thing about him, and a greater Prince in his Belief than the Emperor of *Germany*; and, for aught I know, the Emperor might exchange with him, and be no Loſer by the Bargain. For, what is it that prevails with us to think ſuch a Man unhappy? He is out of the Reach of Fortune, is provided for by the Care of others, has no vexatious Thoughts to diſquiet him, no racking Deſires, Jealouſies or Fears, no uneven Fits of Melancholy, but enjoys all the Pleaſures of Thought, and is Sovereign of a large Empire in the World of Imagination, where his Subjects never rebell, and no potent Neighbour raiſes War on him, to diſturb him in his Dominions. But the poor Wretch we ſay is miſtaken, — what then? his Pleaſure is not the leſs, and where are the ill Conſequences of his Miſtake? We are very charitable we think in pitying him for the Loſs of his Reaſon, yet perhaps he has not loſt it, for we ſee Madmen who reaſon very well in many things, but having long pored on ſome certain Ideas, they have ſo connected them in their Minds, that they miſtake 'em at laſt for Truths, and, as

Mr. *Locke*

Mr. *Locke* observes *, "They err as Men do that argue "right from wrong Principles. For (says he) by the "Violence of their Imaginations, having taken their "Fancies for Realities, they make right Deductions "from them. Thus you shall find a distracted Man "fancying himself a King, with a right Inference re- "quire suitable Attendance, Respect and Obedience. "Others who have thought themselves made of Glass, "have used the Caution necessary to preserve such "brittle Bodies. Hence it comes to pass that a Man, "who is very sober, and of a right Understanding "in all other things, may in one Particular be as "Frantick as any in *Bedlam*; if either by any sud- "den very strong Impression, or long fixing his Fan- "cy upon one sort of Thoughts, incoherent Ideas "have been cemented together so powerfully, as to re- "main united."

'Tis plain from this, that Madmen have not lost the Faculty of Reasoning; the most we can say is, that they are mistaken grossly in some things, that is, they put wrong Ideas together, and so make false Propositions, which they assent to as true, but argue and reason right from those Propositions, as that ingenious Writer tells us. And how many Madmen, according to this Account, do we meet with in our daily Conversation? tho' because their Madness is of another kind,

* *Human Understanding*, Book II. Chap. XI.

or

or in leſs Degree, we do not think fit to deliver them up to Keepers. But if you will ſtill have it that the Madman, according to the common way of ſpeaking, has loſt his Reaſon, you cannot deny but that he enjoys vaſt Pleaſure, which a Man that has all his Wits about him wants. And when all's done, what is this Reaſon of ours which we are apt to take ſuch mighty Pride in? We find it often, to our Sorrow, a very troubleſome and expenſive Companion, which coſts us dear to maintain; ſo that * Sir *William Temple* has remark'd very juſtly that "this Faculty, which diſtin-"guiſhes us chiefly from Brutes, and ſets us above "the reſt of the Creation, is at the ſame time the "great Default of Human Nature, and ſubjects us "to more Inquietudes than all the other Creatures." 'Tis by this, that we deſtroy our preſent Enjoyments from the uneaſy Apprehenſion of loſing them, and anticipate Evils, that lie hid in Futurity, as if they were actually arriv'd; and when they do arrive, magnify them with a thouſand melancholy Conſequences, and are ingenious in improving Sorrow. This is the boaſted Endowment of Reaſon, the Noble Privilege of rational Creatures! And therefore 'tis perhaps for our Repoſe, that Providence has in many things made us ſhort-ſighted, and liable to Miſtakes. For the ſame wiſe End it has cover'd from us future Events, that

* Temple's *Eſſay of Gardens.*

that

we may not feel them too soon, and be wretched before our time;

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. —— Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 29.

'Tis sufficient, if we are but secure in the more important Principles relating to the Conduct of Life, which seem to lie pretty plain before us, but, in Matters of lesser Moment, we ought not to complain, that we are sometimes deceived, since I think I have made it appear, that our Errors often contribute to our Happiness.

1701.

A LETTER TO MADAM DE V——

Just recover'd of the SMALL POX,

Who was preserv'd from being mark'd, by a Remedy prescrib'd to her by the Author.

Translated from the French *of Monsieur* Fontenelle.

YOUR Looking-Glass, Madam, at last confirms to you the Truth of my Predictions, and you have the Pleasure to see that you have escap'd without the least Mark of your Distemper. Be pleased to take Notice now, that you are my Debtor for the finest Complexion in the World; and that the Lillies and Roses, of which 'tis compos'd, belong to me. 'Tis I have preserv'd these Flowers; I have nurs'd them, and is it reasonable another should gather 'em? Nay, for aught I know, you are indebted to me for your Eyes too, and what Eyes yours are, all our Hearts are but too sensible. And then for your Nose, 'tis certain you may thank me it is not swell'd out of its Proportion, and

that's the ſame thing as if you ow'd it me entirely. Let it not offend you, Madam, that I preſent you with ſo exact a Bill of what you owe me. You are not of a Generoſity that can excuſe me from this Exactneſs; and tho' your whole Perſon is at preſent engag'd to me, I know not whether I ſhall reap any Advantage from my lawful Pretenſions. I beſeech you, do not tell me, that 'tis but your Face, at moſt, which is oblig'd to me, and that the reſt was in no danger of being ſpoil'd by the Small Pox. The Face! why that's every thing, Madam; 'tis the Face makes a Perſon handſom; 'tis That gives Security for the reſt which is unſeen, and its Beauty too is diffus'd to every Part which is ſeen; for, methinks, a fine Hand is not handſom if it don't belong to a fine Face. So that whoever has a Right to the Face, has a Right to all; and yet, if my Pretenſions were limited to That, or ſhould be reduced within thoſe Bounds, I muſt have Patience; but then as the Face is proper for a world of Things, I ſwear I will not abate you one Office it is capable of. Don't my Threatnings fright you, Madam, and make you wiſh rather to have had the Small-Pox in all its Extremity? Then you had brought off, at leaſt, a Face which had been indebted to no body. But be not concern'd; for I ſhall do my utmoſt to treat you in ſuch a manner, that you may have no Regret for its not having been ſpoil'd.

I had like to have been ſo generous as to have forgot one of the moſt conſiderable Articles in which you are my Debtor, ſo that I can only place it here by way of

Poſtſcript.

Poſtſcript. I foreſee dreadful Perſecutions coming upon me; I ſhall be expoſed to the Hatred of all the handſom Ladies, who know that my Receipt preſerv'd you from being mark'd. They had built mighty Hopes on your Diſtemper; they pretended, that after this there would be nothing Divine in your Beauty, and that your Face, as well as theirs, wou'd only be that of a *pretty Mortal*; for this is the worſt you were capable of being reduc'd to. So that, look you, Madam, the Moment you appear, I muſt hide my Head, ſince 'tis certain all the Women will be upon me, as if I had disfigur'd them, and I ſhould not have been in a worſe Condition if I had been a very pretty Girl. What do you think of it, Madam? Ought not you to make me Satisfaction for the Reſentment I muſt ſuffer from your whole Sex on your Account?

A

LETTER,

Design'd for the TATLER.

Now first printed.

To SEMPRONIA.

MADAM,

I HAVE just now been taking a Survey of my Friend, in order to observe how much he is improv'd by a generous and persevering Passion, to which he has for some time given up himself and all his Thoughts. To my great Surprize, instead of finding him rais'd into the gay Satisfaction of a successful Lover, I behold him sunk into the Sorrow and Solicitude of a [illegible] rejected; and in so perplex'd a Circumstance, as to suffer all the Pain of Despair, without the Relief of it; to be kept at once hopeless, and dependent. In this Case it is the greatest Charity to remonstrate for him, who plainly seems to want the Power, or Resolution, to do it for himself.

I take leave therefore, in his Behalf, most humbly to request that you will be pleas'd, upon the Receipt of this to restore him his Heart, since, by sufficient Knowledge in

in Affairs of this kind, I may venture to affirm, that (whatever he thinks) he is not yet poſſeſs'd of yours. He is, I know, for making you the Compliment of doing with him whatever you pleaſe; but I, who have a Friend's Right in him, cannot ſuffer him ſo profuſely to ſacrifice all his Happineſs to the Prevalency of an unprofitable Paſſion, for which he has no Reward. The Aſſiduity, and Conſtancy of his Service, which you ſeem to have accepted, and with which I do not hear you have ever ſhewn your ſelf diſpleas'd, have now given him a juſt Claim on you; and tho' he has not any Security for it but your own Generoſity, you cannot but know, Madam, that there are Debts of Honour in Love, which are of equal Obligation with any others, and which either ought not to have been contracted, or cannot be cancell'd without mutual Conſent.

It is certainly for the Intereſt of both Sexes to conſider, that nothing is more neceſſary to the Honour and very Being of a Paſſion, which is preferable to all others, than to baniſh out of it all Reſerve and Diſſimulation. Friendſhip, without this, is but a Name; and Love (the nobleſt Friendſhip) cannot ſubſiſt by Artifice and Expedients. Nature has provided no other Return for a Heart, but a Heart; and as the trueſt Gallantry in Men is an open Behaviour, that ſhews their very Souls in their Profeſſions; ſo the only Anſwer to it is a ſincere Acceptance, or a ready Denial; and if Kindneſs does not preſcribe the one, Juſtice demands the other. But it is the greateſt Cruelty to impoſe on a believing Heart, and make that an Amuſement only, which ſinks deep in another's Soul,

and robs an innocent Breast of all its Peace and Enjoyment.

I do not doubt, Madam, but you are sensible of this; and, were it consider'd as often as it ought in the Affair of Courtship, Honour, Justice, Generosity, Good-nature wou'd all at once arise, and forbid not only any design'd Infidelity, but any doubtful Conduct, which may tend to deceive, in Matters of so tender and important Concern. Trifling Difficulties, Irresolution, and Delay on either Side wou'd vanish, and nothing wou'd be thought worth regarding, in competition with the Satisfaction of rewarding an approv'd and faithful Passion, and putting experienc'd Merit in the just Possession of its Wishes.

I shall no otherwise offer to excuse the Freedom I have now presum'd to take, but by saying that I love my Friend, and am sure, if you do, you will pardon,

MADAM,

Your most humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

25th July,
1710.

RE-

REMARKS

On a POEM, entitled,

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

In a Letter to T. S. Esq;

SIR,

SINCE I ventur'd to hint to you my Opinion of the Imitation of *Nereus*'s Prophecy, and find it agrees in general with yours; See if I have expreſs'd your Thoughts of it in the following Remarks.

The Ode in *Horace* is of the ſublime kind, and one of the nobleſt Pieces of Poetry in that Author. He deſigns to expreſs, in a Prophetick Denunciation, the Miſery and Ruin which befell the *Trojans* for the Rape of *Helen*; the Subject therefore is not only great and heroick, but has a Mixture in it of the Pathetick: To raiſe it yet more, a Machine is employ'd, and *Nereus* brought up out of the Sea, ſtopping the Ship in which the Adulterer was ſailing for *Troy*, whilſt he ſets before him the fatal Conſequences of his Crime. The Speech

is

is fit for a God, and the Dignity of his Character is every where ſuſtain'd in it.

Conſider now whether there is any thing in the Caſt of this Ode, or the particular Sentiments, that wou'd ſuggeſt to you a merry Thought, or that ſeems proper, by way of Parodie, to be turn'd to a Subject of Humour. I cannot tell whether there is any Allegory in it, or that *Horace* meant any ſecret Application of this old Story to the Civil Wars, or Factions in his own Country; but this is certain, that the Moral is very noble and important; and the Application of it to the Earl of *Mar*, and to the Conſequences of the Rebellion, is an elegant and happy Thought. It is certain too, that this might have been extremely well executed in the ſerious way, and was capable of being work'd up into a very fine Poem. However, I may venture to affirm, that (which way ſoever is beſt) it ought to have been of a piece, either wholly grave, or wholly humourous. Inſtead of that, it is neither, and yet both. The Imitator chuſes to be pleaſant, but he follows a wrong Idea: In ſpite of his Deſign you ſee the Sublime and the Pathetick have the Prevalency in it: The Serious deſtroys the Burleſque, and the Burleſque infects and debaſes the Serious. Can any thing be more ſolemn or poetical than theſe Line?

Then roll'd his Eyeballs to and fro
O'er his Paternal Hills of Snow.

But then follows;

And into theſe tremendous Speeches,
Broke forth the Prophet without Breeches.

If the Sublime, which precedes, had been the true Sublime, there wou'd have been Humour in giving it this Turn of Ridicule; but as it is, it seems an improper Mixture. When the Speech of the Prophet, who is uſher'd in with ſuch a Deſcription, is call'd *tremendous*, you perceive immediately that it is an Irony, and you ſmile at the terrible Character of his Speech, compar'd with the contemptible Figure of the Man: And yet it happens after all, that his Speech, in ſome parts, is really tremendous, notwithſtanding this intended Mixture of Levity: And the whole was ſo originally, till taken out of the Mouth of the God *Nereus*, and put into the Mouth of a poor bleer-ey'd ſecond-ſighted *Scotchman*, deſcrib'd in Tatters, without his Breeches.

You will find ſuch another Inſtance of this improper Mixture in that Paragraph;

Douglas, *who draws his Lineage down*
From Thanes and Peers of high Renown, &c.

The Characters are here deſcrib'd with as much Dignity as thoſe in *Horace*;

Non Laertiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Neſtora ſuſpicis, &c.

And the whole is ſerious till after thoſe Lines;

And Monroe, *kindled into Rage,*
Sourly deſies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy Foot, tho' ne'er ſo many.

But now it ſinks into Raillery,

And Horſe to boot, if thou haſt any.

The

The laſt Paragraph of the Poem has the ſame Fault: For nothing can be more ſolemn than all the Verſes in it, even to the middle of the laſt Line, when, inſtead of ending ſeriouſly, *Jockey* is brought in to cloſe all with a Jeſt.

Theſe Inſtances, I think, ſhew, that the Humour is forc'd into the Poem, and has no more to do there, according to Nature and good Senſe, than *Penkethman* in the chief Scene of a Tragedy. Or, methinks, 'tis as if *Wilks*, in the middle of a grave Part, ſhou'd ſometimes fall into his manner of Sir *Harry Wildair* in the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

Give me leave to add a Remark or two about the Characters.

There is likewiſe ſome Inconſiſtency here: The God *Nereus* is too much ſunk in the *Scotch* Wizard, and yet not enough. His Figure is very naturally drawn; in the beginning of his Speech you hear and ſee the *Scotch-man*; and his propheſying the Plunder of the *High-land* Bonnets and Plads, are good Topographical Strokes of Nature and Humour: But from the Simplicity of this Character, you wou'd hardly expect that he ſhou'd grow afterwards witty and facetious; much leſs that he ſhou'd riſe into the Sublime, and ſpeak like the God *Nereus* in *Horace*'s Ode, with no leſs Dignity both of Sentiments and Expreſſions. Beſides, how comes he, after the firſt Paragraph of his Speech, all of a ſudden to forget his *Scotch*, and not to drop a Word more to the end of the Poem?

The

The Characters of the Loyal Chiefs are well drawn: *Ilay*, *Athol*, *Douglas*, *Forfar*, *Argyle*, are finely complimented. *Virgil* could not have muster'd his Heroes more honourably. But in all this Part (which I think is much the best Imitation of *Horace*) there is no Offer at Mirth or Humour, and no one of them has any Mixture of the Comick in his Figure, except *Sutherland* with *Voice so rusty*: Which Circumstance (though natural enough) might better perhaps have been omitted, since the other Characters have no such Sprinkling.

For the Reasons I have here given, I cannot but wish, since there are excellent Lines in this Imitation, that the whole had been Serious, and I am sure the Imitator wou'd have succeeded much better.

I am,

1715. *&c.*

J. R.

The End of the First Volume.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM